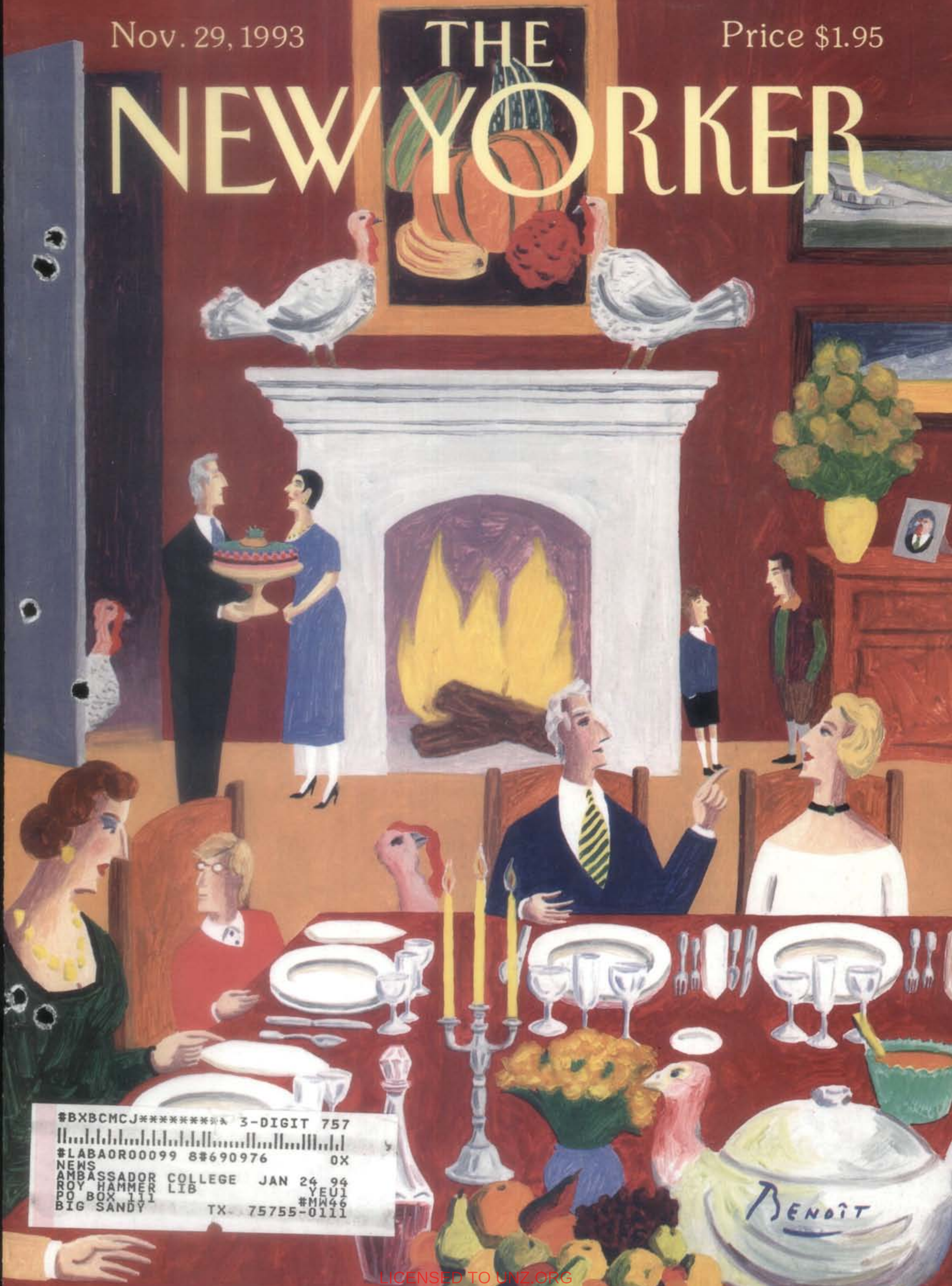
Nov. 29, 1993

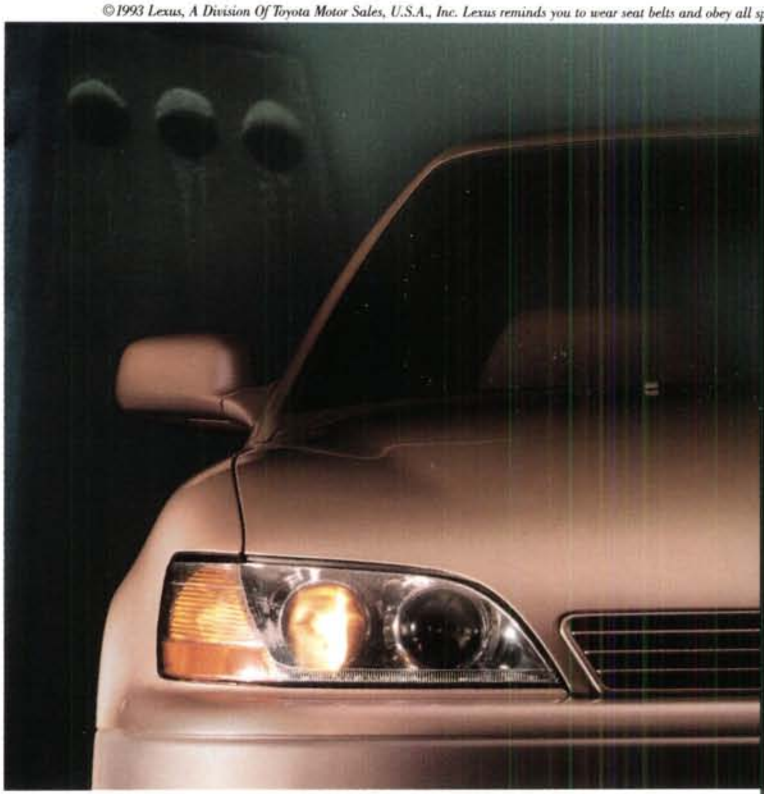
Price $1.95

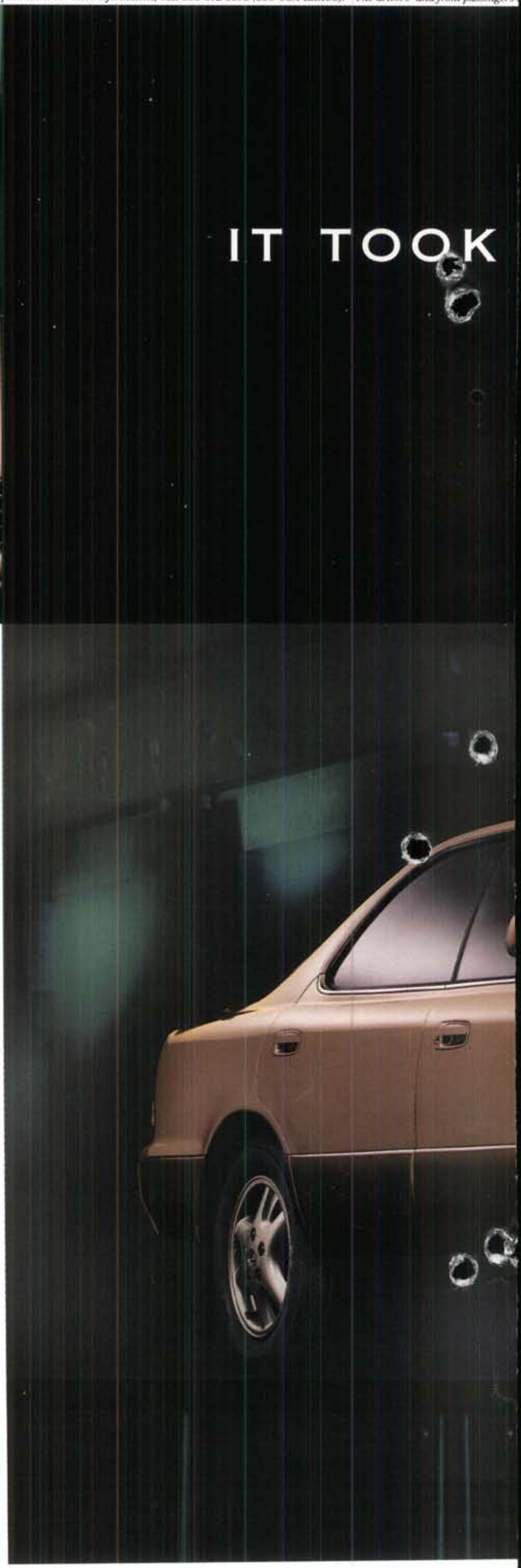
THE NEW YORKER



#BXBCMCJ*********A 3-DIGIT 757
#LABAOR00099 8#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 24 94
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #MW46
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

©1993 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seat belts and obey all speed laws. For more information, call 800-872-5398 (800-USA-LEXUS). *The driver's- and front passenger's-

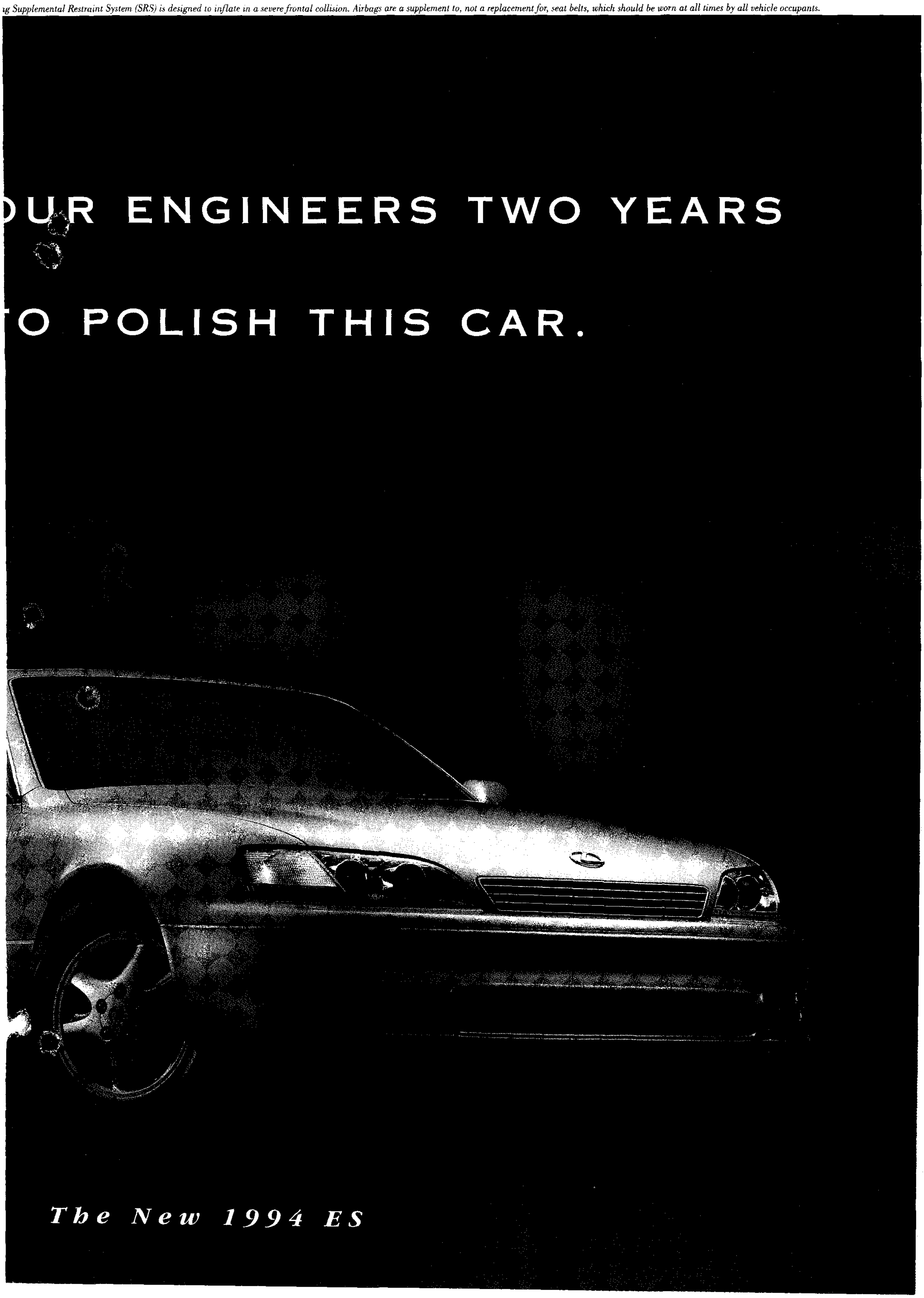




All-new aluminum engine, intelligent ECT-i transmission, multi-adjustable front passenger seat, dual airbags. And that's just the beginning. The 1994 Lexus ES. Improved. Revised. Refined. Embellished. In a word, new.*

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

g Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) is designed to inflate in a severe frontal collision. Airbags are a supplement to, not a replacement for, seat belts, which should be worn at all times by all vehicle occupants.


OUR ENGINEERS TWO YEARS
TO POLISH THIS CAR.
The New 1994 ES

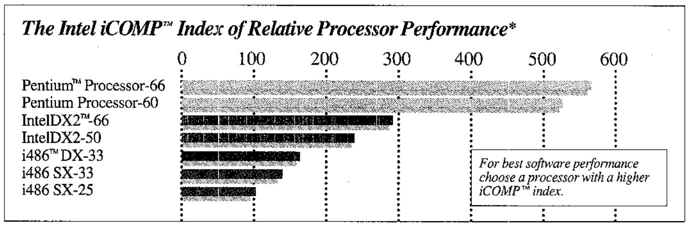
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS CARMEN SANDIEGO?
Quicken for Windows
Organizes Finances Painlessly
SIGNATURE EDITION
Battle Chess
Borlan
Par
for Wi
ALDUS PAGEMAKER
WordPerfect for Windows
Lotus 1·2·3 4
Spreadsheet for Windows
TaxCut for IBM/DOS
Guaranteed Accurate Tax Preparation!
Adobe Photoshop 2.5
PRODIGY
FLOORPLAN PLUS
Microsoft WORD for Windows
GOLD EDITION EXPERT HOME DESIGN FOR WINDOWS
Reader Rabbit 2
AUTOCAD

What makes all you

intel inside®

Intel processors. No other processors give you access to a wider selection of software—the best word processing, personal finance, educational and entertainment software, and much more. That's because Intel processors are the worldwide



©1993 Intel Corporation. *Source: iCOMP: A Simplified Measure of Relative Intel Microprocessor Performance, Intel Corp., 1992.
All software package names and brands including trademarks or registered trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

S/2
ACCPAC
y Accounting
SCO
OPEN SYSTEMS
Lotus
FREELANCE
GRAPHICS
Grammatik
THE EASIEST WAY TO IMPROVE YOUR WRITING
Borland
Quattro Pro
for Windows
Strike Commander
rica Online
UnixWare
Microsoft
WINDOWS
Kiplinger's
CA-Simply
Money
LAPLINK V
NEXTSTEP
Treasure
Cove!
ter Dark
MANAGING
YOUR MONEY
NetWare 4.0
Quicken
ClarisWorks
CompuServe
Publish It!
Peachtree
Complete
Accounting
Solaris
SPELL IT
Spelling
Lotus
AMI PRO
NEW
Harvard
Graphics
Simply the best results
Microsoft
EXCEL
Lotus
ORGANIZER
WINDOWS NT
intel
inside
U10
U11

oftware fall into place?

standard for PCs. So software companies develop more of their applications for Intel processors than any other.

That means, with an Intel processor in your PC, you can run most any software application you choose.

So look for the Intel Inside® logo on your next PC and make sure you're getting a genuine Intel processor.

To learn more, call 1-800-677-0022, Ext. 98, or visit your local computer reseller.

intel®

Miró

SCULPTURE

THROUGH JANUARY 8

GAGOSIAN
136 WOOSTER STREET
NEW YORK 228.2828

THE NEW YORKER

NOVEMBER 29, 1993

COMMENT Different Strokes. 8
Why does America seem to be having a bad sex year?

IN THE MAIL 12

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 16

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 75
Felix Rohatyn's view, carnivore knowledge, seagull shoot-out, etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Letter from Washington The Making of a Machine . . . . . . *Sidney Blumenthal* 80
How Bill Daley, the son and brother of Chicago mayors, helped Clinton win NAFTA—Cook County style.

Reflections Polly's Face . . . . *Noelle Oxenhandler* 94
The image of an abducted child haunts her community.

PROFILE Steve Martin: The Late Period . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 98
What's so funny about Picasso and Einstein? Only Steve Martin knows for sure, as he pairs them in a new play marking the start of his Late Period. Photographs by Richard Avedon.

FICTION "Sisters of the Moon". . . . . *Jennifer Egan* 114

SCRAPBOOK The Thrill of the Chase. . . . . *Chuck Jones, Terrence Raff[illegible]y* 117

A REPORTER AT LARGE The Invisible Enemy . . . . *John Ryle* 120
Land mines kill or maim thousands of people around the world every year, but until recently the countries that manufacture these weapons have chosen to look the other way.

THE CRITICS

Jazz Duke Ellington. . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 136
The Current Cinema "The Piano" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 148
Musical Events "The European Mystics" . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 152
Books Edmund Wilson's "The Sixties" . . . . *John Updike* 159
Briefly Noted 165

POEMS

"Heirloom". . . . . *Eamon Grennan* 104
"Poem Ending with a Line from Dante" . . . . *William Matthews* 110

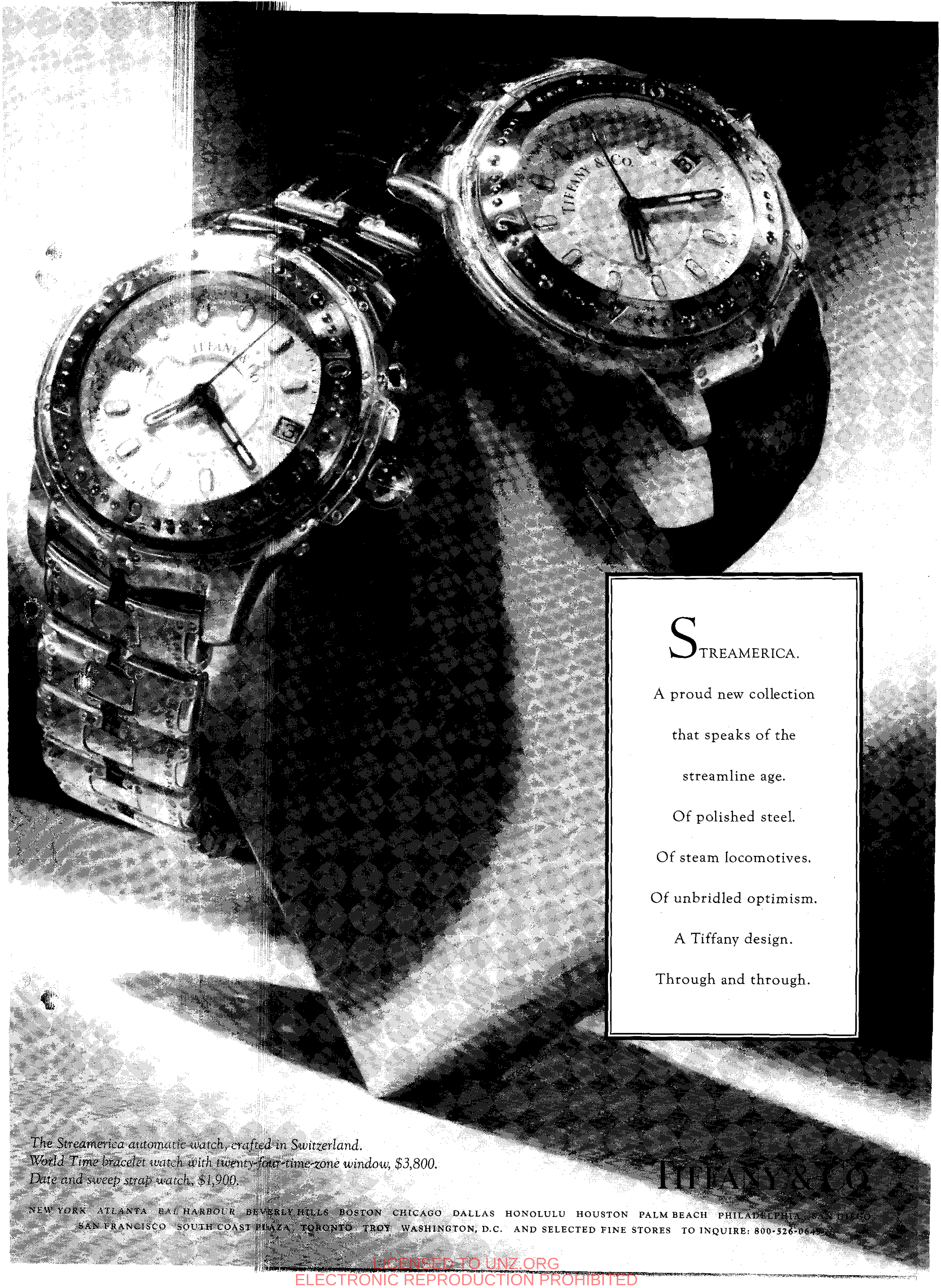
SHOUTS AND MURMURS To Mr. Winslow. *Ian Frazier* 166

COVER *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, by Benoît van Innis*

DRAWINGS *James Stevenson, Arnold Roth, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Charles Barsotti, Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Mick Stevens, Danny Shanahan, Chon Day, Leo Cullum, Richard Cline, Jack Ziegler, Dana Fradon*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for two combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXIX, No. 40, November 29, 1993. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



STREAMERICA.

A proud new collection

that speaks of the

streamline age.

Of polished steel.

Of steam locomotives.

Of unbridled optimism.

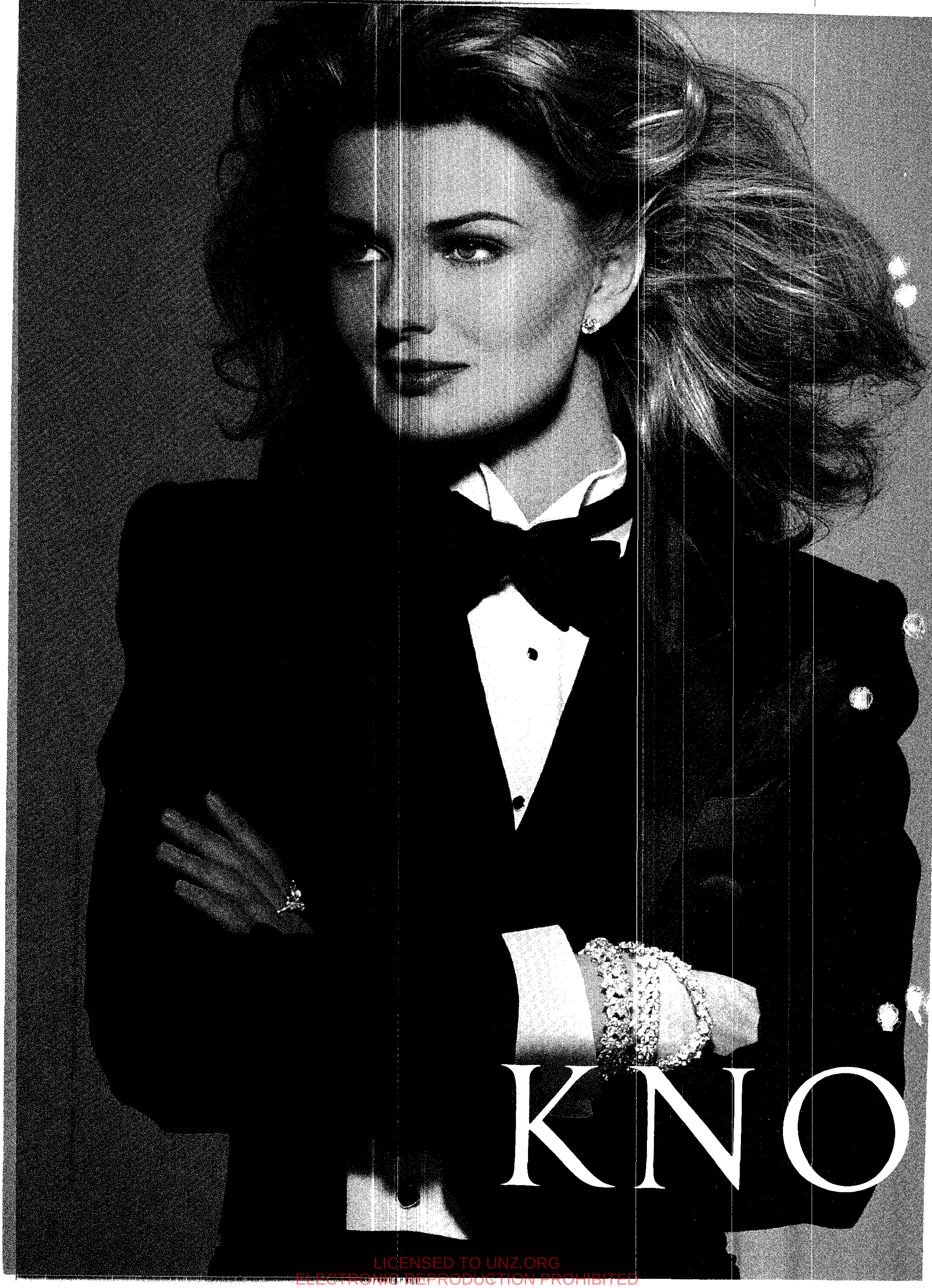
A Tiffany design.

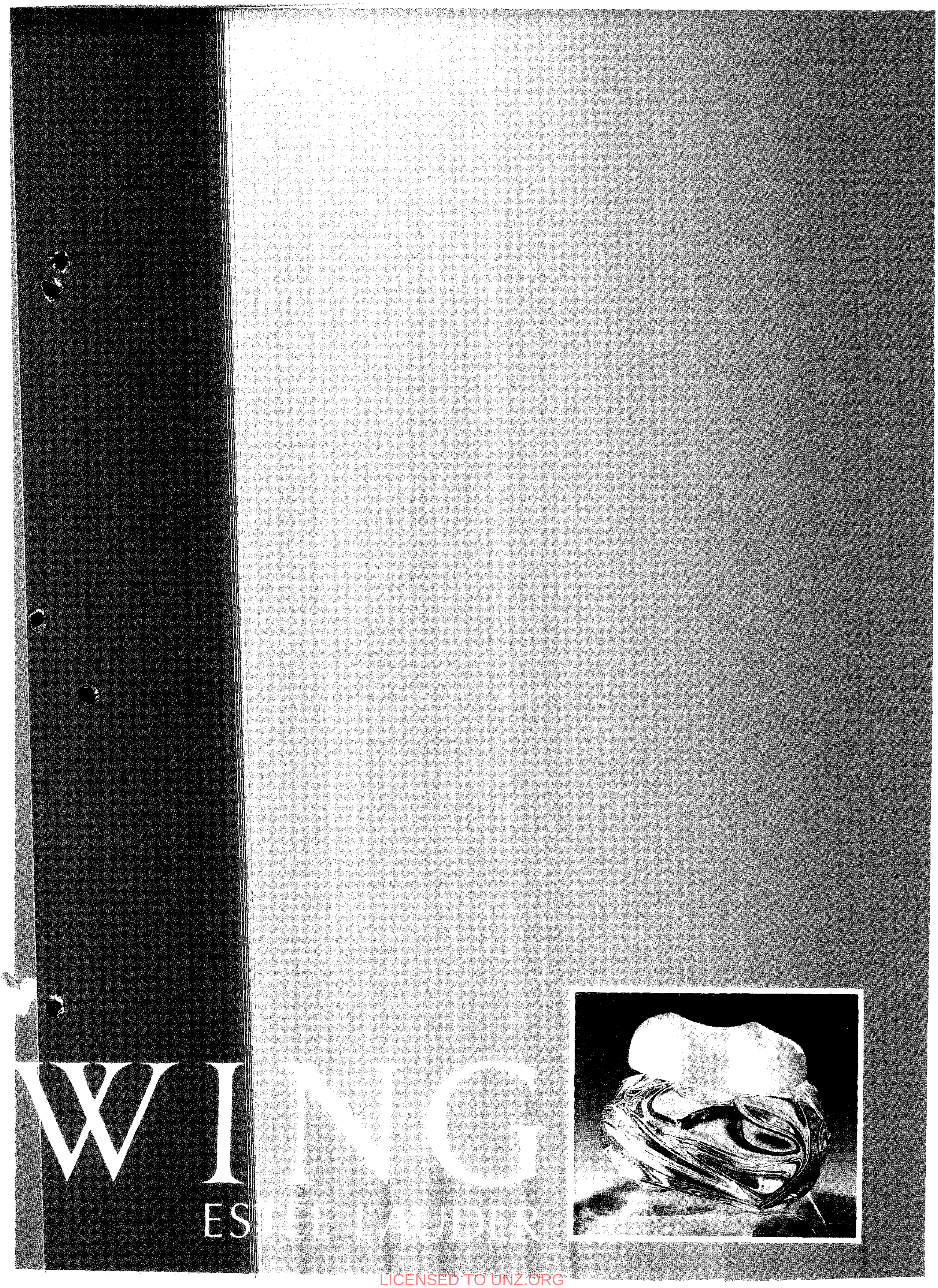
Through and through.

The Streamerica automatic watch, crafted in Switzerland.
World Time bracelet watch with twenty-four-time-zone window, $3,800.
Date and sweep strap watch, $1,900.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON PALM BEACH PHILADELPHIA SAN DIEGO
SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA TORONTO TROY WASHINGTON, D.C. AND SELECTED FINE STORES TO INQUIRE: 800-526-0649


KNO


WING
ESTEE LAUDER

REPRESENTED BY PRINCESS HOTELS INTERNATIONAL, INC.

YOU CAN ALSO TAKE A DIP IN ONE OF OUR THREE POOLS.
SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS

WHY IS HE A MUCH BETTER DANCER HERE THAN AT HOME? COULD IT BE THE MYSTERIOUS HEALING POWERS OF THE SONORAN DESERT? OR THE INTOXICATING AROMA OF A MESQUITE FIRE? MAYBE IT'S THE PIQUANT PRICKLY PEAR SALSA. ALL I KNOW IS THAT SINCE WE'VE BEEN AT THE SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS HE'S JUST NOT HIMSELF. COME TO THINK OF IT, HE'S MORE LIKE HIMSELF THAN HE HAS BEEN IN A WHILE. I HOPE MY FEET CAN TAKE IT. • CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 800-223-1818.

one of The Leading Hotels of the World
AAA Five Diamond Award
♦♦♦♦♦

THE SOUL OF ARIZONA.
THE HEART OF YOUR VACATION.

COMMENT

DIFFERENT STROKES

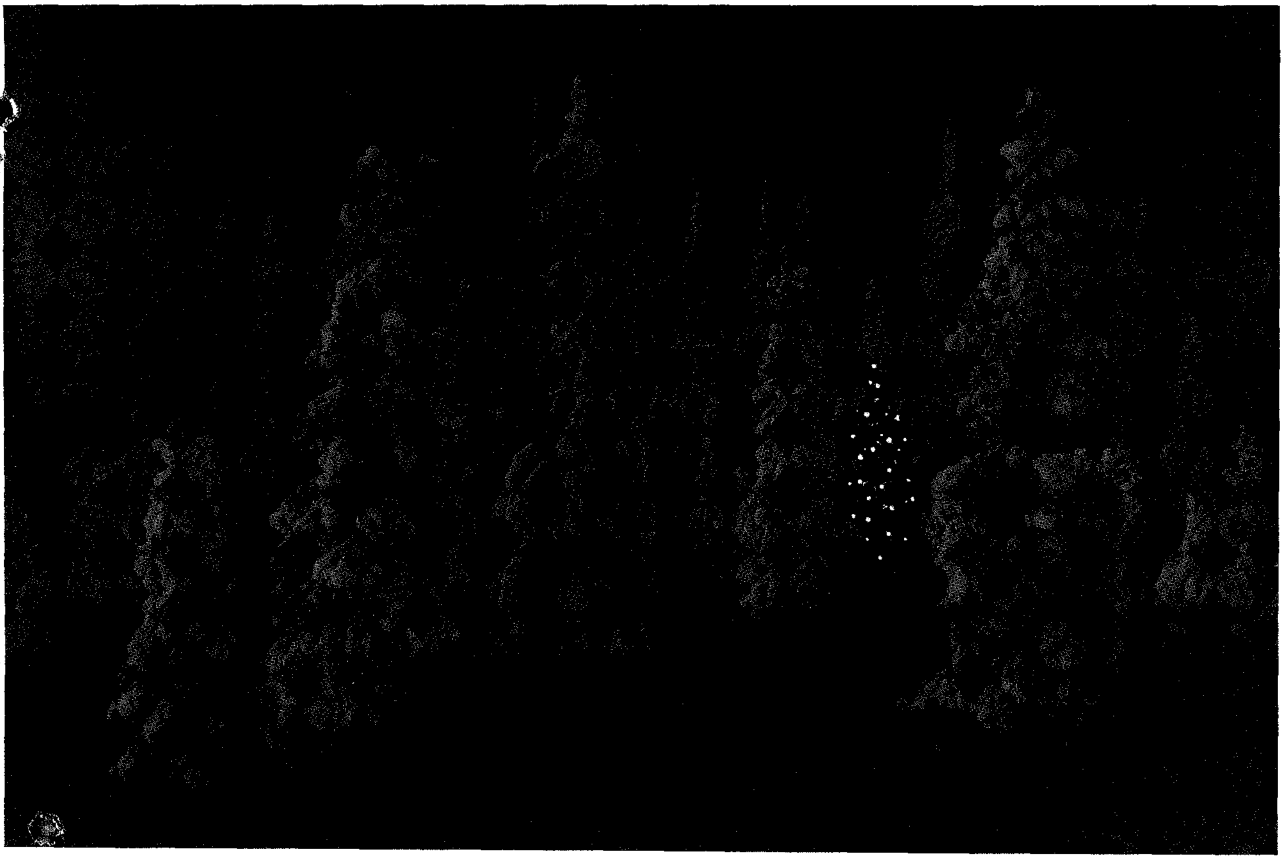
SEX? Please. We have a headache. The World Health Organization estimates that more than a hundred million acts of human sexual congress take place each day here on Planet Earth. It is reasonable to suppose that not all this sex is good sex; but have you ever felt so hyperconscious of all the bad sex that goes on out there? Priests, Packwoods, Tailhooks, Buttafuocos, Bobbitts: choose your abuse. For you can't escape. These are the stories that jump right to the front page nowadays, and they remain there long after the titillation has run out. Assuming no actual increase in either the amount or the badness of the world's bad sex, what lesson are we trying to teach ourselves by wallowing in this particular swamp of sorrows?

The standard explanations are two faces of an old penny. Face One (e.g., Charles Krauthammer, in *The New Republic*) maintains that, having become unduly tolerant of things once considered deviant (Mr. Krauthammer, writing in a magazine whose editor is openly gay, boldly uses homosexuality as one of his examples), we are now in the business of making things once considered normal (for instance, suggesting that homosexuals are sick) seem deviant. This is a liberal-conspiracy theory. Face Two (e.g., Catharine MacKinnon, in "Only Words," Harvard University Press) maintains that, having become unduly tolerant of things once considered harmful (for instance, pornography), we are now suffering from the effects of that permissiveness (the sexual harassment and abuse of women).

This is also a liberal-conspiracy theory. For both sides in the argument share the belief that it's the mindless pursuit of liberal ideals—in the one case, sexual liberation; in the other, freedom of expression—that has turned sex into a battlefield. The conservative version essentially urges us to return to the status quo ante, when minority sex was "deviant" and majority sex "normal"—a dispensation that, admittedly, made morality a lot easier to keep track of. The radical version urges us to regard majority sex as inherently bad, since it naturally reflects and reinforces the unfair social and economic relations between men

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn W. Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human-resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director; Pamela Maffei McC[illegible]y, vice-president and managing editor; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president and director of promotion; Gary [illegible]an Dis, vice-president and corporate creative director; Maurie Perl, vice-president and director of public relations. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Manager Media International, Ltd., 37 New Bond St., London W1Y 9HB, England; Penn Brown & Associates, 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #06-323 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1993 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

Every Christmas, Honni Lahti decorates this tree as his gift to the people of Muonio, Finland. In turn, the people of Muonio, Finland, decorate Honni with a bottle of Finlandia. If you have a Honni of your own, we recommend a similar treatment.



"Finlandia®" is the Registered Trademark of ALKO LTD., 40% and 50% Alc. by Vol. (80 and 100 proof) Distilled from Grain, Imported by Palace Brands Company, [illegible] © ALKO LTD., 1991

FINLANDIA
FINLANDIA
VODKA OF FINLAND

Happy Holidays From The Top Of The World.

"I'll tell you one thing. Nobody had to pay me not to vote."

• •

and women, and to forge a sexual norm that respects the equality of the parties. But the conservatives and the radicals agree on one point: they both think that, where sex is concerned, principles that liberals tend to believe can never be taken too far—tolerance and liberty—have been taken too far. They want some rights rollback.

The current media favorite in the bad-sex file seems to be the case of the Antioch rules—a code, drafted by students, faculty, and administrators at Antioch College, in Ohio, that prescribes the terms of sexual engagement between students. The basic requirement established by the rules is that permission be explicitly requested and explicitly granted at each stage on the road to sexual fulfillment, from the first sweaty palm pressing against the reassuringly warm but strangely affectless hand of the other (a recording of "I Want to Hold Your Hand" might assist the tongue-tied at this point) to the final ungainly and ecstatic moment of blind coupling ("Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" would probably get the idea across). The evil the rules are intended to counteract is, of course, date rape—intercourse between a female student who didn't want to go that far and a male student who did.

Making fun of the Antioch rules is a sport for people who find shooting fish in a barrel too challenging. Accustomed to shooting such fish weekly in this space, we felt we could leave the joking to editorialists who need the practice, and undertook instead a serious, unscientific survey of opinion about the rules, for the purpose of learning what sort of person regards them as a helpful contribution to sexual relations. Not altogether surprisingly, the answer is: Jaded male libertines. For by not merely recommending but actually mandating chatter during foreplay, the Antioch rules are perfect for men whose preferred method of seduction is to sweet-talk women into compliance. The rules don't get rid of the problem of unwanted sex at all; they just shift the advantage from the muscle-bound frat boy to the honey-tongued French major. In situations in which persuasion is required—and situations in which persuasion is required are precisely the situations the Antioch rules contemplate—there are many ways to skin, as it were, a cat.

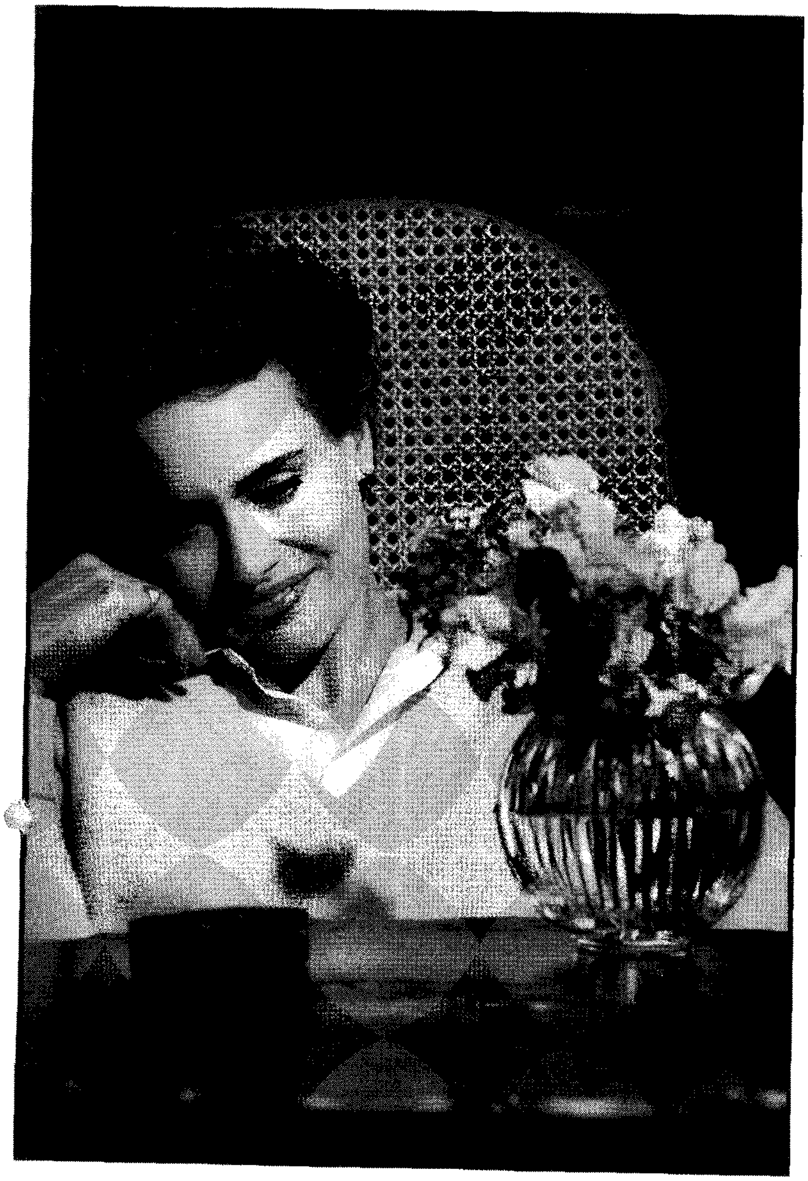
Still, the Antioch rules didn't fall to earth out of God's clear blue sky. Like the investigation of Senator Bob Packwood, who has been accused by more than twenty women of making unwanted sexual advances over many years; like this month's Supreme Court ruling in Harris v. Forklift Systems, which lightens the burden of proof in sexual-harassment suits; and like the disciplining of the admirals involved in the Tailhook scandal—in which women's claims that they had been sexually abused at a Navy retreat notorious for its bacchanalian spirit were swept under the official rug—Antioch's sex code is one piece of a larger social message: There are new rules for the sexual life.

Did tolerance and liberty make the new rules necessary? Maybe; but economic decline, which has given today's two-earner middle-class families pressing financial reasons for wanting women to be free from harassment and discrimination in school and the workplace, probably played a bigger role. The more urgent question is whether tolerance and liberty will *survive* the new rules.

The notion of "rules" understandably puts people off, conjuring up, as it does, images of lawyers in the bedroom, and so forth. But there have always been rules for sexual conduct—rules that not so long ago were far more restrictive than anything dreamed of at Antioch College. You didn't pick them up in the dean's office, or with your personnel packet. You picked them up by making your own hideous faux pas; and they were enforced by fear of the humiliation that accompanied failures to observe the sexual customs of your social class. These tacit codes have now pretty obviously broken down, so that nobody is entirely clear anymore about what's cool and what's grounds for a lawsuit; and their collapse has given people like Ms. MacKinnon and Mr. Krauthammer an opportunity to propose a little social engineering, a little attitude correction, on our behalf—and thereby reintroduce the very practices of censorship and ostracism that made the old rules seem so oppressive.

But if there's any human practice that can be counted on to sort itself out without the help of lawyers and pundits it's sex. It is a great, and common, mistake to regard sex between people as, fundamentally, an expression of pure animal appetite. Sexual activity is profoundly tied up with people's sense of their own dignity and autonomy and style. It's not just biology that makes us need it; and if new ideas about dignity and autonomy and style require new approaches to sexual relations people will find the new approaches. The situation is one that seems to call for more freedom and tolerance, not less. ♦

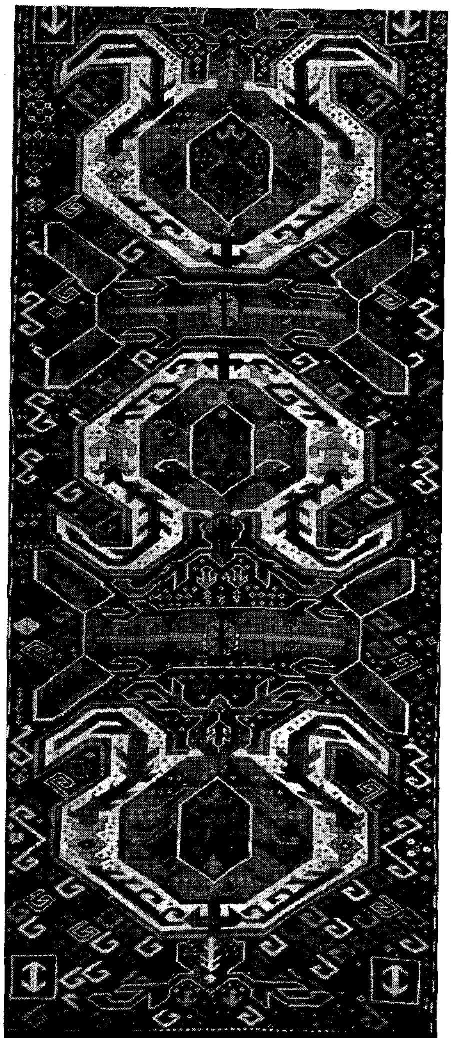
THERE ARE THINGS
WE SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME
AGAIN AND AGAIN.



There are objects not exactly new, that can be seen in a new light many times over. ▨ Looking at them, we're struck by some fresh aspect, some quality, some refinement, that had somehow until that moment escaped our notice. ◎ We value such things. We enjoy having them nearby. They enable us to discover new pleasures in comfortably familiar surroundings. ✣ And it may help to explain why Waterford, the hand-cut crystal of such infinite beauty, is seen again and again as a possession so worth having. ▨

WATERFORD®
WORTHY OF THE MOMENT
FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES.

The Carina Rosebowl. For a brochure, please write to Waterford Crystal, Inc., Dept.G, 41 Madison Avenue, NY, NY 10010.
©1992 Waterford Crystal, Inc.



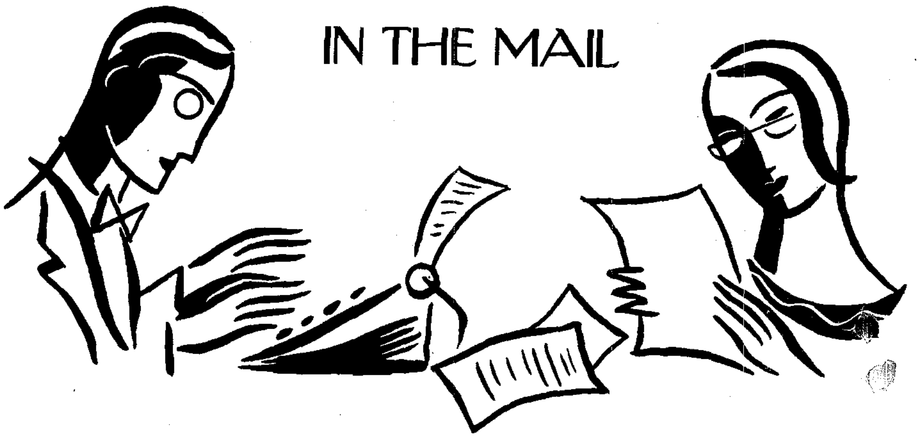
Fine European and Oriental Carpets

Auction to be held
Friday, December 17 at 10 am
in our galleries at
502 Park Avenue,
New York, New York 10022.
Viewing is December 11
through December 16.
For further information,
please contact James A. Ffrench
or George O. Bailey at
212/546-1187. For catalogues,
telephone 718/784-1480.

Detail: A Lenkoran long rug, South Caucasus,
last quarter 19th Century,
8 ft. 7 in. x 4 ft. 3 in. (2 m 62 cm. x 1 m. 30 cm.)
Estimate: $15,000-20,000

CHRISTIE'S

IN THE MAIL



KENTUCKY FACE-OFF

Bobbie Ann Mason, in her article on "The Kentucky Cycle" (November 1st), contrives to give legitimacy to Kentuckians who don't want its author, Robert Schenkkan, "tromping on . . . the real facts of their history" or using language that is "made up."

They must also resent that Sophocles never bothered to travel to Thebes to research the local marriage customs before writing his play on the subject. And surely it is annoying to them that Shakespeare never took the trouble to sail to Elsinore for a yearlong immersion in regicide and medieval melancholia.

And how particularly outrageous that Sophocles and Shakespeare actually *made up* the language in their plays. How much better if they had done their research properly and stuck to the way people really spoke. The world might have gained two straightforward, well-documented tracts instead of "Oedipus Rex" and "Hamlet," which are, after all, merely the creation of imaginative minds.

STUART SPENCER
New York City

Bobbie Ann Mason's excellent critique of "The Kentucky Cycle" could have gone much further. The South remains America's metaphorical lightning rod; it takes the blame for the entire nation's dark side. "The Kentucky Cycle" is emblematic of America's need to see the South as a stinking swamp of poverty, incest, ignorance, and so on. It's a pompous play, and not really compelling, but audiences (including critics and the Pulitzer Prize committee) juice it up by projecting their own prejudices on it. They leave the theatre shaking their heads in dismay about this awful piece of earth. The author is a nouveau carpetbagger who is aware of that preëxisting mind-set and trades on it shamelessly. Scrap the coal-mining connection, and his interminable tale could just as easily have been set in Alabama or Georgia, Arkansas or Louisiana.

BEVERLY WALKER
Los Angeles

IS "SHOW BOAT" RACIST?

Thanks to John Lahr for his recognition of a masterly work of the American musical theatre, in his review of the new production of "Show Boat" in Toronto (October 25th). I have, however, an objection that is both personal and historical. Being a great-niece of Edna Ferber, the author of the novel "Show Boat," having known and loved Edna Ferber, and having published a biography of Edna Ferber, I can swear that Edna Ferber not only did not write "unconscionable racial caricatures," but was in truth an ardent defender of the oppressed. She was a historian of America, an avid researcher (she actually lived on a showboat prior to writing the novel), a social chronicler of our States, and often a literary detective of the injustices within them. In "Show Boat" she pointed to and described racism—she did not advocate it. Few popular novelists wrote about the existence of miscegenation. The choice to write about it, and, in the case of Julie and Steve in "Show Boat," to expose its sorrowful ramifications, seems hardly racist.

What Ferber was up to was calling attention to racism. Contrary to Mr. Lahr's view, the concerns of the characters in

© Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Give It A Hand.

Clinique's guiding dermatologists like to see women use face powder.

Clean loose powder is the quickest way to keep shadows and soil from showing on the walls of pores. To make pores seem to vanish.

But even people who know powder's benefits might not know the best way to apply it: with a powder rubdown—done by hand. Start with Clinique-Blended Face Powder. Pour some into palms of hands. Rub into face thoroughly till it fills in the tiny crevices of skin's surface. Remove excess with the soft brush.

Clinique-Blended Face Powder comes in sheer shades—light to dark. The Clinique Computer, at a Clinique counter, shows you how much you need, and how often.

Whether skin is dry or oily, this face powder gets approval from Clinique's dermatologists. From users, it gets applause.

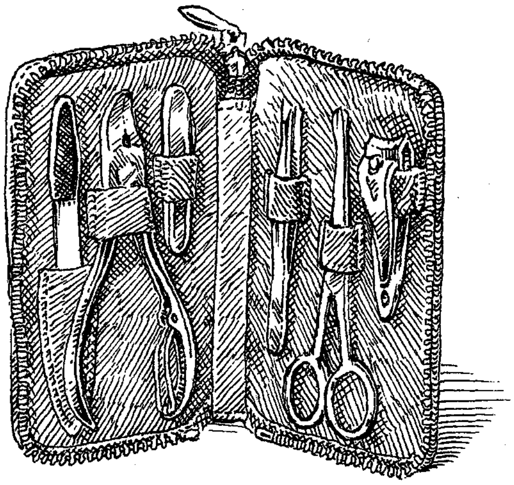
CLINIQUE
computer

CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free

Manicure Set

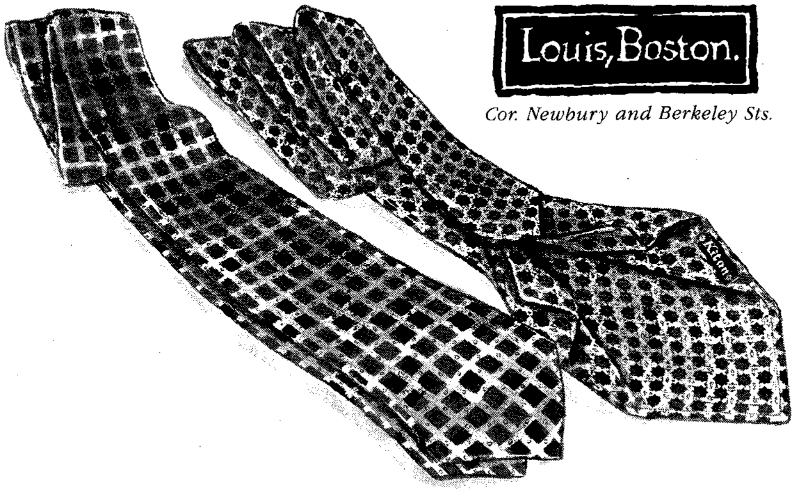
A special gift for the traveller.
In soft Ghurka leather
tan or black, $98.



GHURKA
41 E. 57th Street at Madison Avenue 212-826-8300
& other fine stores 800-243-4368

A SIX FOLD TIE?

It's a long forgotten artisan skill; revived by Ciro Paone in Napoli at his renowned Kiton tailor shop. Exquisite silk foulard madders are hand made, one at a time, by the same magical hands that tailor his vintage clothing. Call us at 1-800-225-5135 for the details. $135.00



Hammerstein and Kern's "Show Boat" mirror the concerns of the characters in the novel. In fact, the musical "Show Boat" would never have been born—Hammerstein and Kern would never have heard its message and its melodies—had Edna Ferber not taken the pulse of an outrage.

JULIE GILBERT
New York City

I was disappointed by the contemptuous tone in which John Lahr, in his review of "Show Boat," writes about the protests against the production. Lahr writes that "the brouhaha that has been percolating over the last several months began as the bleatings of the uninformed on behalf of the underrepresented and ended in anti-Semitic catcalling." To top it off, Lahr says that the protests were an attempt at censorship.

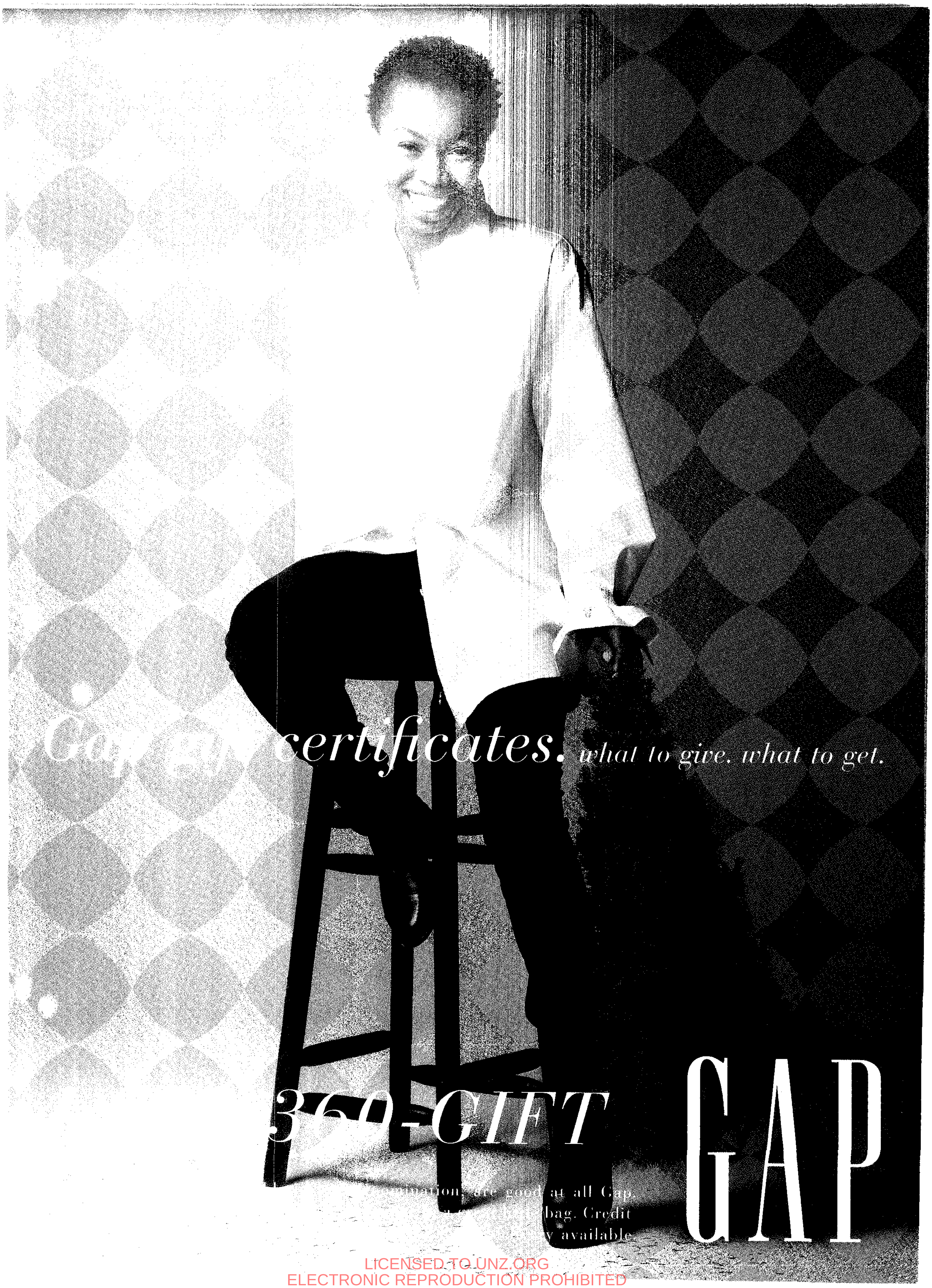
Lahr writes that black culture was the source of "Show Boat" 's wisdom, courage, comfort, and music. A critic should realize that the field of culture on which a plot advances is not necessarily what the plot is about. From the correct premise that the black experience impels the musical forward, Lahr draws the temptingly easy but false conclusion that that experience "is at the heart of the show's perception of America." In fact, "Show Boat" is a white love story set to black rhythms and supported in part by a black subplot. In Kern and Hammerstein's depiction of the black American experience, the real players are white folk.

"Show Boat" is a great musical. Yet it is infuriatingly apathetic toward and exploitative of the black experience. These are the protesters' charges against it, and are particularly relevant because it was the inaugural production of a publicly built theatre.

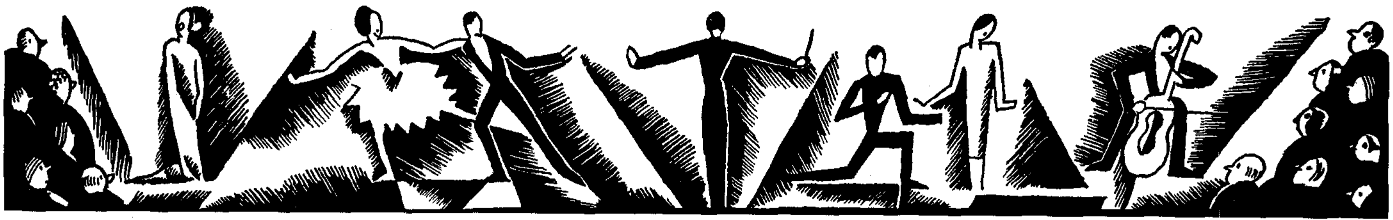
Lahr concluded that the musical "chronicles slavery not to condone it but to deplore it." I prefer to conclude that exactly because America had black people "Show Boat" preferred to invent them.

JONATHAN CHAPLIN
Toronto, Ontario

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.


Gap gift certificates. what to give. what to get.
360-GIFT
...mination, are good at all Gap.
... bag. Credit
...y available.
GAP

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

Made-for-TV Play

Richard Nelson's plays are unusual in today's theatre: he doesn't try to compete with television. His plays are driven less by plot than by an accumulation of detail; he deals in sly irony rather than obvious humor; politics matter. All of this has made him a bigger name in England, where he is the house dramatist at the Royal Shakespeare Company, than here. Given Nelson's fascination with American history, evidenced in plays like "Two Shakespearean Actors" and "Columbus and the Discovery of Japan"—to say nothing of his being American—his stature in England is perhaps the second-biggest irony of his career.

The biggest irony: while Nelson's works are a tonic alternative to television, he himself writes wonderful plays for the small screen. "Sensibility and Sense," his 1990 examination of political divergence among lifelong friends, featured vivid performances by Elaine Stritch, Jean Simmons, and Lili Taylor. And, a few years earlier, "The End of a Sentence" gave us Edward Herrmann as a professor in an unusual campus comedy. Nelson was so pleased with Herrmann's work that he decided to rewrite the piece for live performance, and Second Stage is currently previewing the result under the title "Life Sentences." The new version affords a role for the professor's young girlfriend (played by Michelle Joyner) and gives the playwright a chance to work with the theatre's other Richard Nelson—the lighting designer.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

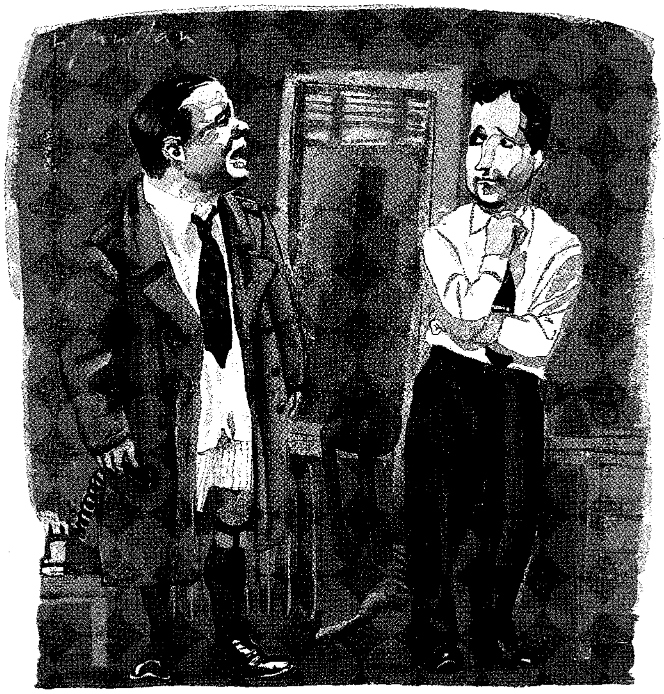
(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—Sam Waterston has the title role in a production of Robert E. Sherwood's 1938 play. Previews through Nov. 28. Opens Nov. 29 at 6:45. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

All in the Timing—An evening of six one-act comedies by David Ives. In previews. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

Gray's Anatomy—Monologuist Spalding Gray is back, this time to talk about his eye troubles, among other matters. Sundays and Mondays only. Opens Nov. 28 at 7:30. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

"Gypsy of the Year" Competition—Chorus members of Broadway and Off Broadway shows perform in this fifth annual benefit event. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. Nov. 30 at 3. Tickets available at the door on a first-come, first-served basis.)



Nathan Lane and Mark Linn-Baker in "Laughter on the 23rd Floor."

JAMES McMULLEN

An Imaginary Life—A play by Peter Parnell. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Life Sentences—A new play by Richard Nelson, with Edward Herrmann and Michelle Joyner. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

My Fair Lady—Richard Chamberlain is Henry Higgins and Melissa Errico is Eliza Doolittle in this revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Previews begin Nov. 26. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Njinga the Queen King—A collaborative work by writer-director Ione and composer Pauline Oliveros, at the Next Wave Festival. Benefit preview on Nov. 30 at 7:45 (for information about tickets, call 627-0444); through Dec. 4. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

Pretty Fire—Charlayne Woodard wrote and stars in this autobiographical one-woman show about being a black child in upstate New York in the sixties. It played at Manhattan Theatre Club last spring. In previews. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448.)

Out Is In—Comic Kate Clinton solos in her Off Broadway début. In previews. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 229-7770.)

The Red Shoes—A new musical, based on the 1948 movie, with a score by Jule Styne, a book by Marsha Norman, and lyrics by Ms. Norman and Paul Stryker. In previews. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Angels in America—"Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika," the two parts of Tony Kushner's epic work, run in repertory. ("Millennium Approaches" was reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie Warbucks—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. [illegible] 14th St. 239-6200.)

Any Given Day—Frank D. Gilroy's new play is a convincing demonstration of the fact that dysfunctional families existed as far back as 1941. But even a very solid cast can't make much more of this often funny but ultimately shapeless family drama, which simply recycles themes from older, better plays. Sada Thompson, Andrew Robinson, and Victor Slezak stand out among the cast. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical, with Shaun Cassidy, David Cassidy, and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" in a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes Dec. 5.)

Cyrano: The Musical—The Dutch actor Bill [illegible]n Dijk has the title role in this new musical version of Edmond Rostand's play. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Desdemona: A Play About a Handkerchief—Paula Vogel's play, a sort of backstairs view of the doings at Othello's house, is an ancillary drama worthy of its source. J. Smith-Cameron, Fran Brill, and Cherry Jones make up the admirable cast. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Dec. 5.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

"Get him the one that comes in the box with the dots."

CHARLOTTE: *Well, I approve.*

LISA: *Oh, lucky me.*

CHARLOTTE: *Marry him.*

LISA: *He hasn't asked me.*

CHARLOTTE: *A minor detail.*

LISA: *Besides, we're having a good time as things are. Why rush it?*

CHARLOTTE: *Oh, go ahead. Rush it.*

LISA: *I see. I'm in the enviable position of getting advice from a world-famous expert. My sister.*

CHARLOTTE: *What are you talking about? Honestly, the way he looks at you in public... you should do something about it.*

LISA: *So you're saying that if I marry him, he'll stop?*

CHARLOTTE: *On the contrary. I'm saying that the pleasures of marriage are infinitely expanding; a secret universe of love that you create together.*

LISA: *Charlotte! How spiritual! It's touching, really. But my thoughts are far more earthy.*

CHARLOTTE: *Believe me, marriage is very earthy. There's more to cooking than frying eggs.*

LISA: *Teach me, O Great One.*

CHARLOTTE: *Well, does he wear a really sexy cologne when you're making love?*

LISA: *I suppose you have a recommendation.*

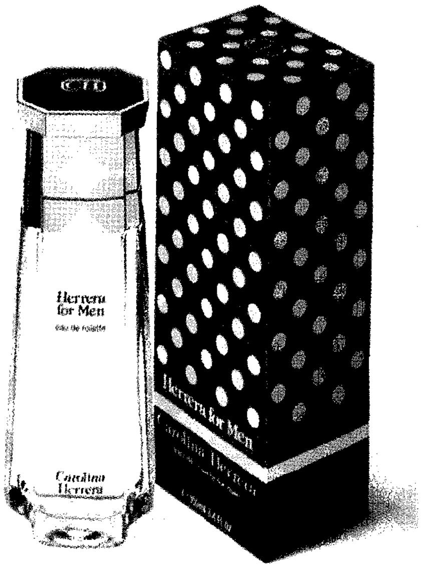
CHARLOTTE: *Get him the one that comes in the box with dots.*

LISA: *Dots?*

CHARLOTTE: *Dots!*

LISA: *You think he'll like it?*

CHARLOTTE: *Oh. I think he will. But I'm sure you will.*



Lord & Taylor

Herrera for Men

Carolina Herrera
New York

THE THEATRE -Cont'd

The Fiery Furnace—Julie Harris, marvellous as ever, portrays the mother of two grown daughters in rural Wisconsin during the years 1950 to 1963. She and the elder daughter are married to tyrannical men, and the play deals with their efforts to break free. Timothy Mason was the dramatist. Also with William Fichtner, Ashley Gardner, Zach Grenier, and Lily Knight. (10/18/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. Closes Nov. 28.)

Forbidden Broadway 1994—This edition of Gerard Alessandrini's parodies is disappointing in spite of a few sharp lines and ideas, and even they are blurred by the all but unbearable amplification. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. They are played by Tony Roberts, Loren Dean, Polly Draper, and Mary-Louise Parker. (11/15/93) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Game of Love and Chance—An eighteenth-century comedy by Pierre Marivaux. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Dec. 11.)

A Grand Night for Singing!—Indeed. This expanded version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein revue that originated at Rainbow & Stars pampers its audience. The singers are Jason Graae, Alyson Reed, Martin Vidnovic, Victoria Clark, and Lynne Wintersteller. Tony Walton designed the exquisite setting. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—A witty and topical musical revue. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

How to Write a Play—Charles Ludlam's wild farce, adapted and directed by and starring Everett Quinton, is a triumph for all concerned. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Jimmy Tingle's Uncommon Sense—Speaking from a leftist blue-collar worker's perspective in his politically charged one-man show, Tingle raises impertinent questions and slings progressive opinions. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Johnny Pye and the Foolkiller—This new musical by Mark St. Germain and Randy Courts, based on a short story by Stephen Vincent Benét, has a charmingly peculiar mixture of sweetness and philosophizing. With Spiro Malas, Heather Lee Soroka, Kaitlin Hopkins, and Daniel Jenkins. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—A new production of the musical by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, with Michael Damian. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

The Kentucky Cycle—Robert Schenkkan's six-hour, two-part play, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1992, has arrived on Broadway. Stacy Keach heads the cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's latest comedy takes place during the early days of live TV. Starring Nathan Lane, Randy Graff, and Mark Linn-Baker. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

The Lights—Howard Korder's nihilistic, unremittingly bleak portrait of life in a nameless city during "the modern era." With Kristen Johnston, Kathleen Dennehy, and Dan Futterman. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 12.)

The Loman Family Picnic—A play by Donald Margulies. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Mixed Emotions—Harold Gould and Katherine Helmond portray a widow and a widower, both of them in their sixties, whose courtship is constantly interrupted by a pair of moving men dismantling the widow's apartment. Richard Baer's play doesn't amount to much, but the performance, under the direction of Tony Giordano, is highly satisfactory. (11/1/93) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting "Olivia's Opus," a one-woman show by Nora Cole. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510.)

Pterodactyls—Nicky Silver's absurdist comedy about an AIDS-related homecoming is intermittently amusing until its final scene, in which heavy-handed pathos almost sinks the proceedings. That the production generally succeeds is owing in large measure to the performances of Kelly Bishop as a Main Line matron and T. Scott Cunningham as her son. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Nov. 28.)

A Quarrel of Sparrows—An agreeable enough comedy by James Duff. The setting is Sag Harbor, and the cast includes Henderson Forsythe, Polly Holliday, Jan Hooks, and Mitchell Lichtenstein. The play may be best enjoyed by those who consider Forsythe and Holliday bigger names than Hooks and Lichtenstein. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Signature Theatre Company—Presenting an evening of two one-act plays by Edward Albee. The first, "Counting the Ways," is a series of brief, often funny scenes between a husband and a wife. Directed by the playwright, it's very well acted by Baxter Harris and Patricia Kilgarriff. The less said about the second show, "Listening," the better. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 5.)

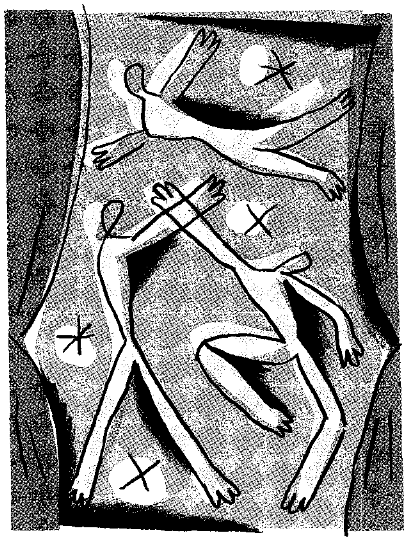
The Survivor—A newly revised play by Susan Nanus. (Manhattan Performing Arts Company, 120 W. 28th St. 580-0099.)

The Swan—Elizabeth Egloff's new play explores Sam Shepard territory, with a surreal twist. A woman, her married lover, and a swan-turned-man form a volatile love triangle. There's melodrama, but also real power, and both are mixed with humor. The cast—Frances McDormand, David Chandler, and Peter Stormare—is superb. Directed by Les Waters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 12.)

Timon of Athens—Duke Ellington's score, Brian Bedford's fine performance in the title role, and any number of merry shenanigans cannot redeem William Shakespeare's fatuous play about a rich Athenian who either gives away or lends out all his worldly goods and then is unable to collect. (11/15/93) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280. Closes Dec. 5.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Who Will Carry the Word?—Charlotte Delbo, a survivor of Auschwitz, wrote this play about women in the death camps. In general, the acting does justice to the harrowing subject; Maria Radman and Fiona Davis stand out among the cast of twenty-one. Presented by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company, under Edward Berkeley's fine direction. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes Nov. 28.)



Toronto Dance Theatre at the Joyce Theatre.

ALAIN PILON

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

The Radio City Christmas Spectacular—The annual shindig, complete with the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 8. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Big Apple Circus—The little big top has returned to Lincoln Center. (Damrosch Park. Through Jan. 9. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Nov. 24 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Mozartiana," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2: "Mozartiana," "Ash," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Ash," "Zakouski," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 1: "Ballo della Regina," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 7: "Mozartiana," "The Cage," "Zakouski," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 27.)

Garth Fagan Dance—Final performances of the engagement. Nov. 24 at 8 and Nov. 28 at 2: "Prelude," "Easter Freeway Processional," "Draft of Shadows," and "Moth Dreams." . . . ¶ Nov. 26-27 at 8 and Nov. 28 at 7:30: Excerpts from "Griot New York," "Draft of Shadows," and "Postscript Posthumous: Ellington." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Toronto Dance Theatre—The opening performance of a one-week engagment offers four New York premières: "Handel Variations," "Artemis Madrigals," "Early Departures," and "Sacra Conversazione." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 30 at 8. Through Dec. 5.)

The shortest line
from elegance to perfection
is simplicity.
COUTURE
GIVENCHY
Givenchy Boutique, New York · Daniel Foxx · Saks Fifth Avenue
Jewelry by bijoux Givenchy

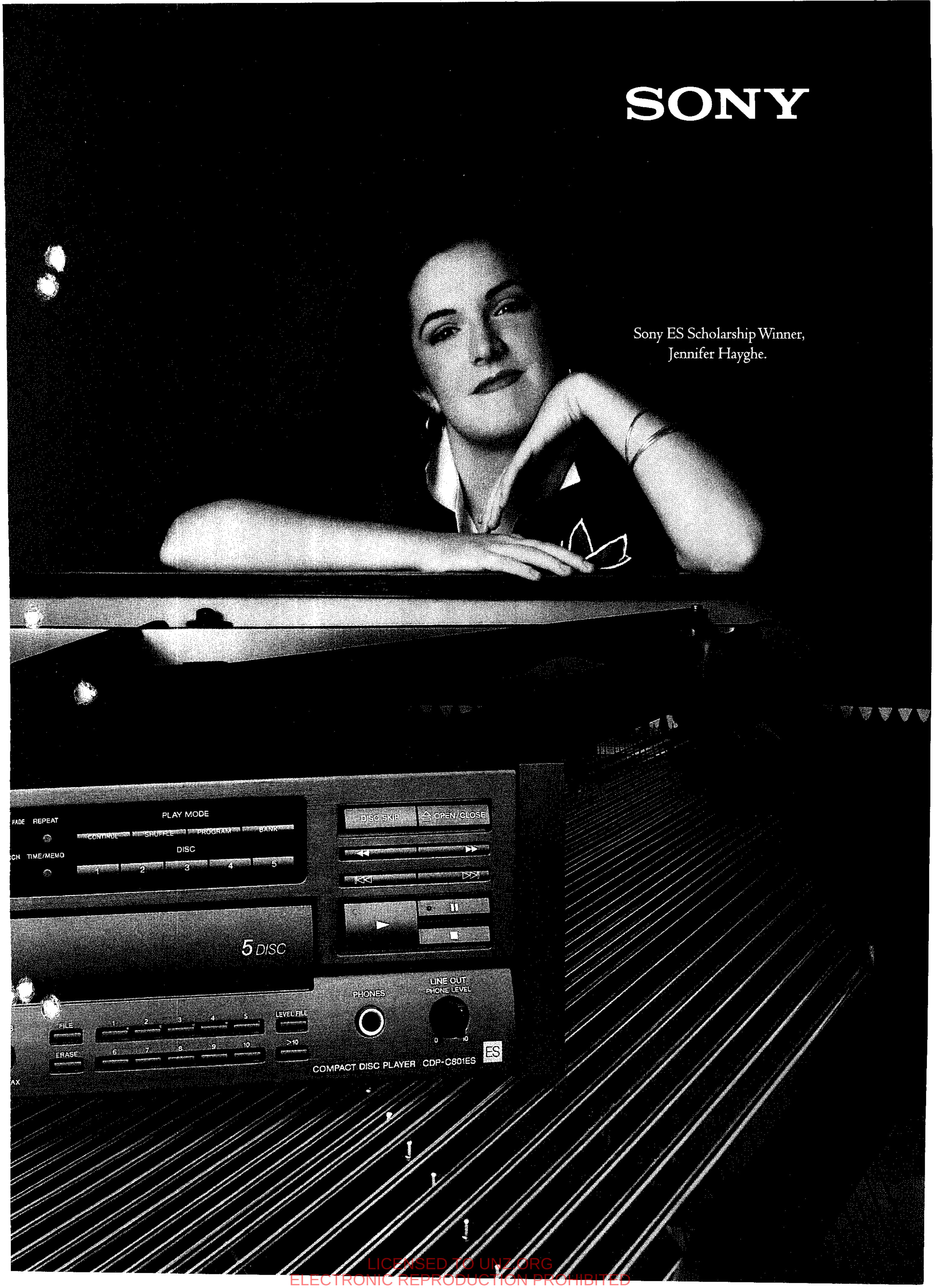
ES

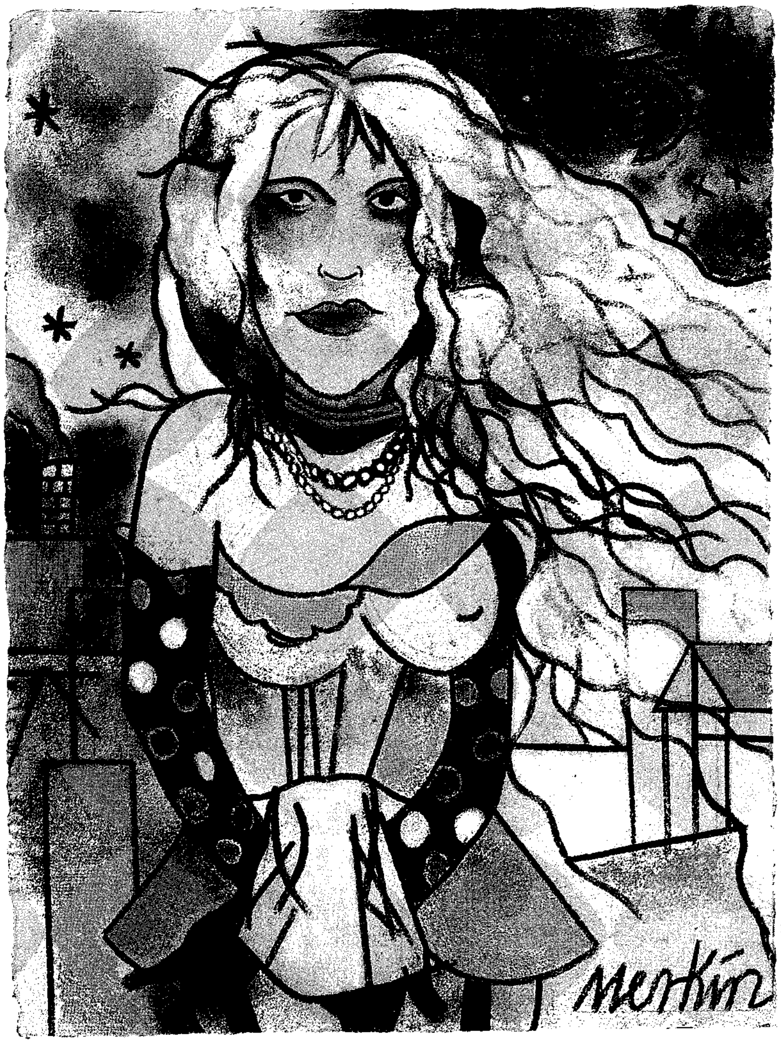
INSPIRED BY GENIUS.

It is a passion for detail.
A quest to elevate performance beyond even the extraordinary.
It is this inspiration that has produced the unparalleled clarity and richness
of the Sony ES series of ultra high fidelity components.
To honor this same dedication to excellence
in gifted young musicans, Sony has created the "ES Award for Musical Excellence"
in concert with The Juilliard School. For a complimentary brochure
on the ES series, dial 1-800-847-SONY.

SONY
CUSTOM FILE
POWER
ON OFF
1 DISC REPEAT 1
#DISC-5#
CONTINUE
C801ES HIGH DENSITY LINEAR CONVERTER
DIGITAL SERVO SYSTEM / OPTICAL DIGITAL OUTPUT
COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO
TIMER
OFF PLAY
HALL
CHURCH
JAZZ CLUB
STADIUM
DANCE
LIVE ROOM
SOFT
DSP MODE
SELECT
DIRECT
FILE

For your complete personal guide to all Sony consumer electronics, we're introducing Sony Style magazine.
To receive your copy for $4.95, plus $1.50 shipping and handling, call the number above. Visa and MC. Offer expires 4/94.
© 1993 Sony Electronics Inc. All rights reserved. Sony and Sony Style are trademarks of Sony.


SONY
Sony ES Scholarship Winner,
Jennifer Hayghe.
PLAY MODE
CONTINUE
SHUFFLE
PROGRAM
BANK
DISC
FADE
REPEAT
TIME/MEMO
DISC SKIP
OPEN/CLOSE
5 DISC
PHONES
LINE OUT
PHONE LEVEL
FILE
ERASE
LEVEL FILE
COMPACT DISC PLAYER CDP-C801ES
ES



Phoebe Légère at the Louisiana Community Bar and Grill.

NIGHT LIFE

Phoebe Unchained

THE last time we caught up with Phoebe Légère, around three years ago, she was in the middle of an eight-week cabaret run at the Ballroom, and she had on a sequinned miniskirt with the American flag sewn on the seat. Whenever she played the piano with one leg tucked behind her neck, or strapped on her accordion and caromed across the stage, we were thoroughly impressed. Back then, Phoebe's act consisted of a frenetic set of standards and show tunes, complete with feathers, tap dancing, and the odd Edith Piaf number. But now Phoebe Légère has decided to rock, and rock hard.

"I like the sound of the word 'rock,'" Phoebe says. "It's a power thing. It's really about muscles. You know, the American Indians believed that rocks are alive."

We like Phoebe. She speaks in a slightly affected voice, vaguely reminiscent of Tallulah Bankhead, flattening her vowels like a high-school drama teacher. She's extremely earnest, and we can't help feeling a little dizzy when, over lunch, she stares into our eyes and says, "The term 'cabaret' always made me feel somewhat belittled. I think of it as rather effete. Art's not that easy. Art is dark and thirsty."

These days, Phoebe (whose eponymous new CD is on Dead Dog Records) quenches her thirst Wednesday evenings at the Louisiana Community Bar and Grill (622 Broadway, at Houston Street), with a heavy-duty set of blues, Cajun, and original songs. "It's all the stuff I did at the Ballroom, but louder," she says. "If it's louder, it's called rock. It's all just a question of emphasis."

The night we dropped by, Phoebe was wearing an evening gown that unabashedly emphasized her impressive assemblage of felicities. She was arresting—Benatar brave, Janet Jackson militant. "I have to be myself," she says. "I'm not going to be limited anymore. I'm really a modern person. Cabaret is a museum. I don't mean to diss cabaret, I just don't want to be a part of it. I want to be a part of something vital." Who are we to stop her?

CONCERTS

BEACH BOYS—God only knows how many times during the past thirty years even the staunchest Beach Boys supporters have anticipated the big wipeout, but the quintessential California pop band has been hanging ten long enough to be entering its fourth decade. Former leader Brian Wilson's long-term emotional troubles and drummer Dennis Wilson's ironic death by drowning created the kind of undertow that would have carried most rock groups out to sea. But with eternal party animal Mike Love cheerleading audiences through the band's countless hits, and youngest brother Carl Wilson onstage to protect and defend B[illegible]n's musical legacy, the Beach Boys can still generate a whole mess of good vibrations. (P[illegible]mount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 26 at 8.)

ARLO GUTHRIE AND PETE SEEGER—Arlo Guthrie is, among other things, the son of an American folk legend. Granted, the preëminent rock-era heir to Woody Guthrie's maverick brilliance has been a fellow named Bob Dylan; but Arlo's songs—the most famous being a twenty-minute ditty called "Alice's Restaurant"—have their sunny charms. Appearing with the singer is Pete Seeger, a onetime associate of the elder Guthrie and a folk icon in his own right. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 26-27 at 8.)

BÉLA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 24 at 7:30 and 10.

ANDREA MARCOVICCI—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 24 at 8.

SKA FESTIVAL—Special Beat, the Skatalites, Selecter, the Toasters, and others. (Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 279-7740. Nov. 24 at 8.)

HARP MUSIC OF COLOMBIA—Rene Devia y Los Vaqueros. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Nov. 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NEIL DIAMOND—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 24 at 8. . . . ¶ Madison Square Garde[illegible] 465-6000. Nov. 29-30 at 8.

ROBERT PLANT—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 30-Dec. 1 at 7:30.

STANDARDS AND CABARETS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (8[illegible]-6800)—**WESLIA WHITFIELD** appears in the Oak Room. She is probably the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret voice to arrive in New York in years. With Mike Greensill on piano. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is currently home to **BOBBY SHORT.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling; nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-sixth year at the Carlyle, Short can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A delightful, de-lovely evening. With Beverly Peer on bass and Robbie Scott on drums. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

GEORGE JONES, "High-Tech Redneck" (MCA).

GUNS N' ROSES, "The Spaghetti Incident?" (Geffen).

BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD, "The Beavis & Butt-Head Experience" (Geffen).

METALLICA, "Live Shit: Binge & Purge" (Elektra).

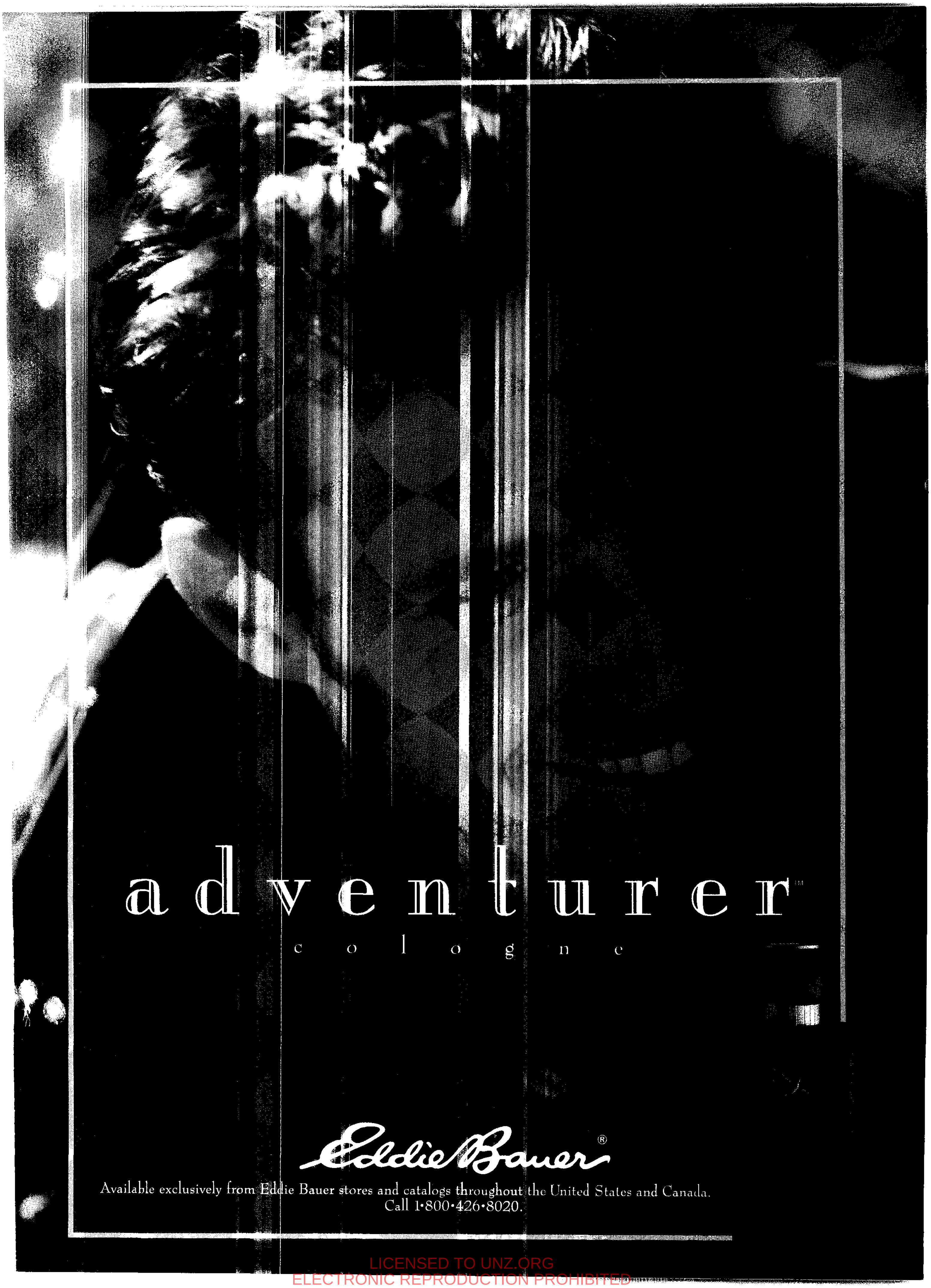
JANIS JOPLIN, "Janis" (Columbia Legacy).

THE POINTER SISTERS, "Only Sisters Can Do That" (SBK).

COWBOY JUNKIES, "Pale Sun, Crescent Moon" (RCA).

LINDA RONSTADT, "Winter Light" (Elektra).

RICHARD MERKIN


adventurer™
cologne
Eddie Bauer®

Available exclusively from Eddie Bauer stores and catalogs throughout the United States and Canada.
Call 1•800•426•8020.

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The main dining room strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. "Eddie, Bix, and Bing," a tribute to the music of Eddie Lang, Bix Beiderbecke, and Bing Crosby, is the current attraction, with guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA,** cornettist **PETER ECKLUND,** and singer **ERNIE BYRD.** On Monday evenings, Woody Allen continues his night job, playing clarinet in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA.** Closed Thanksgiving.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret with plenty of niceties, if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and an amazing view. This week: a tribute to Leonard Bernstein, commemorating what would have been his seventy-fifth birthday. The program features songs from "West Side Story," "Candide," and "On the Town," as well as other classics. Closed Mondays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. On Nov. 28, **ROSLYN KIND** lends her sensuous voice to a program of contemporary music, featuring songs by John Lennon, Jon Vangelis, and Ann Hampton Callaway. Dining.

JAZZ AND BLUES

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A jazz house with a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The **BUSTER WILLIAMS** quartet appears on Nov. 26-27. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Contemporary-jazz icon **HERBIE HANCOCK** is here through Nov. 28. Despite being perhaps the most influential jazz pianist of the last three decades, Hancock has been known to squander his talent in the name of fashionable career moves. (Remember the single "Rockit"?) This, however, will certainly be a jazz gig, serious and swinging. The enforcer will be Dave Holland, arguably the music scene's premier bassist and a player who doesn't suffer foolishness gladly. **KOOL & THE GANG** begins Nov. 30. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A venerable piano-and-bass preserve. **ARTHUR BLYTHE'S** trio plays through Nov. 27. Blythe may yet become the jazz superstar he's been threatening to turn into for the last twenty years; a midlife burst of passion, à la Joe Henderson, wouldn't hurt. Blythe's piano playing still sounds like no one else's, linking nervy notes with a keening tone and punctiliously ordered improvisations. He's a stately avant-gardist. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz grotto. **AL GREY AND CO.** continue through Nov. 28. Beginning Nov. 30: the **KENNY BARRON** trio. Barron has succeeded almost too well as the pianist of choice for a long list of jazz heavyweights: ubiquity and being taken for granted often go hand in hand. Whatever the drawbacks of popularity and consistency, Barron turns each set into a lesson in unmannered, eloquent improvisation. He may be the most sympathetic accompanist around, but in a trio setting, with the spotlight on him, Barron's the star. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld drawings. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** teams up with bassist **DAVID FINCK** on Nov. 26-27.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—One of the city's brightest new blues stars, **JOHNNY ALLEN,** appears on Nov. 24.

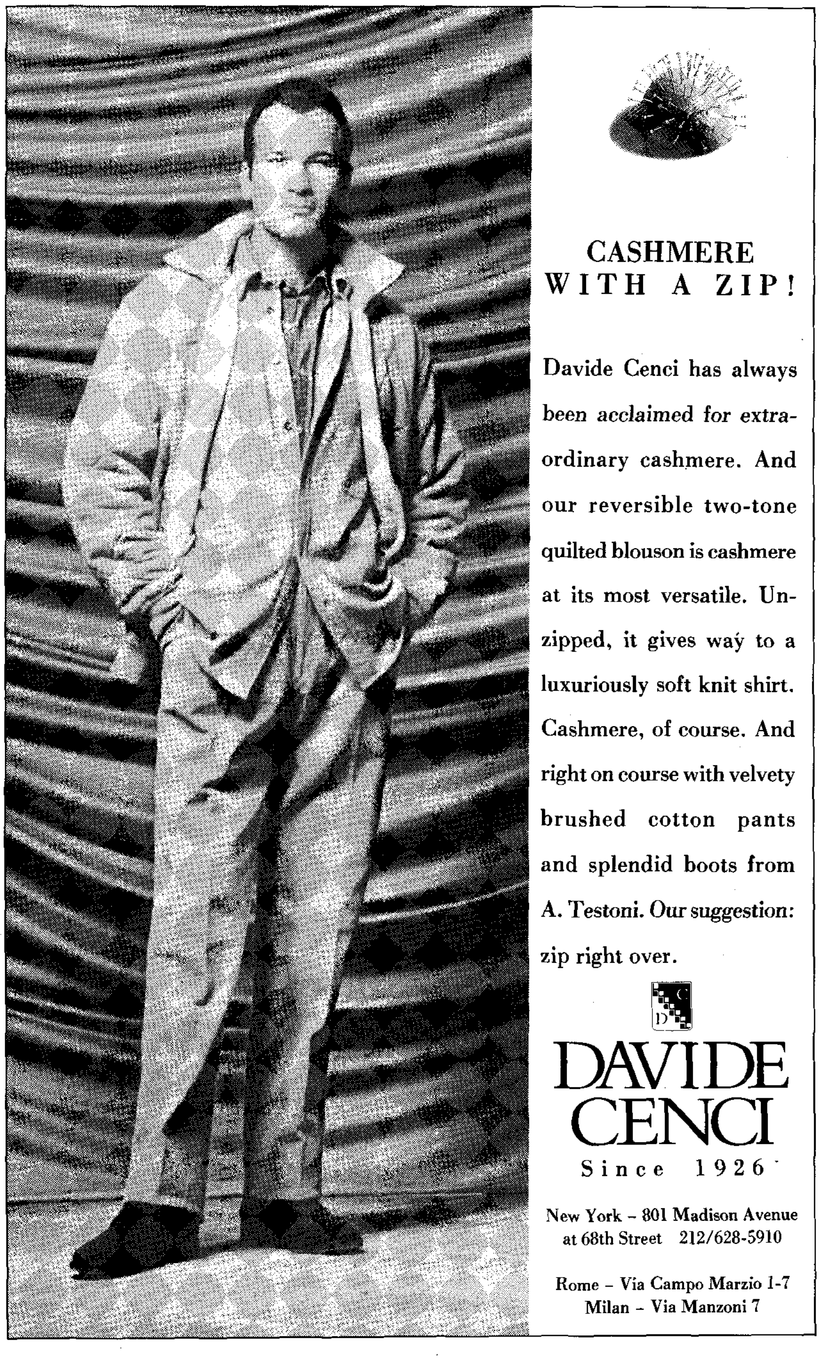
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Nov. 28: the **TOMMY FLANAGAN** trio, with **WINARD HARPER** and **PETER WASHINGTON.** The magnitude of Flanagan's piano playing doesn't announce itself. Instead, his refined, lyrical brilliance sneaks up on you. His repertoire is offbeat and ingenious, and his conception of the piano trio is orchestral (though he can swing harder than anyone). The first-rate bassist Washington and drummer Harper will accompany him. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. [illegible] 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. It resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings are impressive. Through Nov. 28: the veteran drummer **LOUIE BELLSON,** with a quartet. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through Nov. 28: the **VINCENT HERRING** quintet. Alto saxophonist Herring was blowing his horn on street corners a few years ago. Now he's making a big hard-bop noise with his quintet and fine jazz in the Cannonball Adderley tradition. The little-known and excellent trumpeter Scott Wendholt is part of Herring's outfit. **WYNTON MARSALIS** begins a weeklong run on Nov. 30. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

Yardbird Suite, 35 Cooper Sq., at E. 6th St. (228-5800)—A new East Village club just a stone's throw from the site of the original Five Spot. On Nov. 26-27: the **DANNY MOORE** quintet. If obscurity has any advantages at all, trumpeter and flugelhornist Moore has learned, it's the purity of style that isolation breeds. Moore isn't the great lost jazzman of the age; he's just a polished, vital player whose biting runs and vocal phrases roll forth untouched by affected or fashionable tics. Moore makes real the evolution from Clifford Brown's fifties classicism to Freddie Hubbard's sixties modernism. Closed Thanksgiving.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through Nov. 27: **JANE JARVIS** and **MILT HINTON.** Starting Nov. 29: **JOHN BUNCH, JAY LEONHART,** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI.** Closed Thanksgiving.

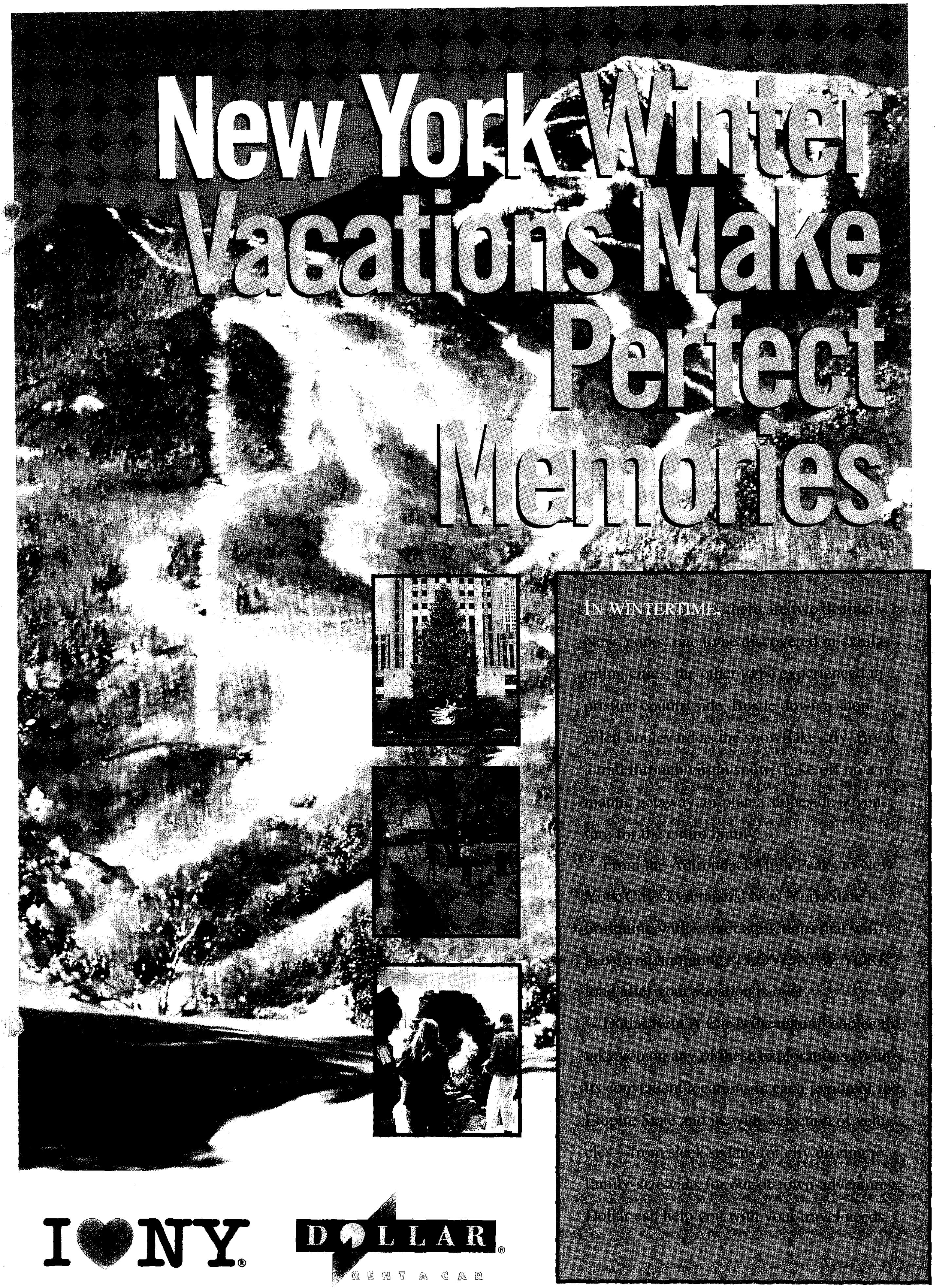

CASHMERE
WITH A ZIP!

Davide Cenci has always been acclaimed for extraordinary cashmere. And our reversible two-tone quilted blouson is cashmere at its most versatile. Unzipped, it gives way to a luxuriously soft knit shirt. Cashmere, of course. And right on course with velvety brushed cotton pants and splendid boots from A. Testoni. Our suggestion: zip right over.

DAVIDE
CENCI
Since 1926

New York – 801 Madison Avenue
at 68th Street 212/628-5910

Rome – Via Campo Marzio 1-7
Milan – Via Manzoni 7



New York Winter Vacations Make Perfect Memories

IN WINTERTIME, there are two distinct New Yorks: one to be discovered in exhilarating cities, the other to be experienced in pristine countryside. Bustle down a shop-filled boulevard as the snowflakes fly. Break a trail through virgin snow. Take off on a romantic getaway, or plan a slopeside adventure for the entire family.

From the Adirondack High Peaks to New York City skyscrapers, New York State is brimming with winter attractions that will leave you humming "I LOVE NEW YORK" long after your vacation is over.

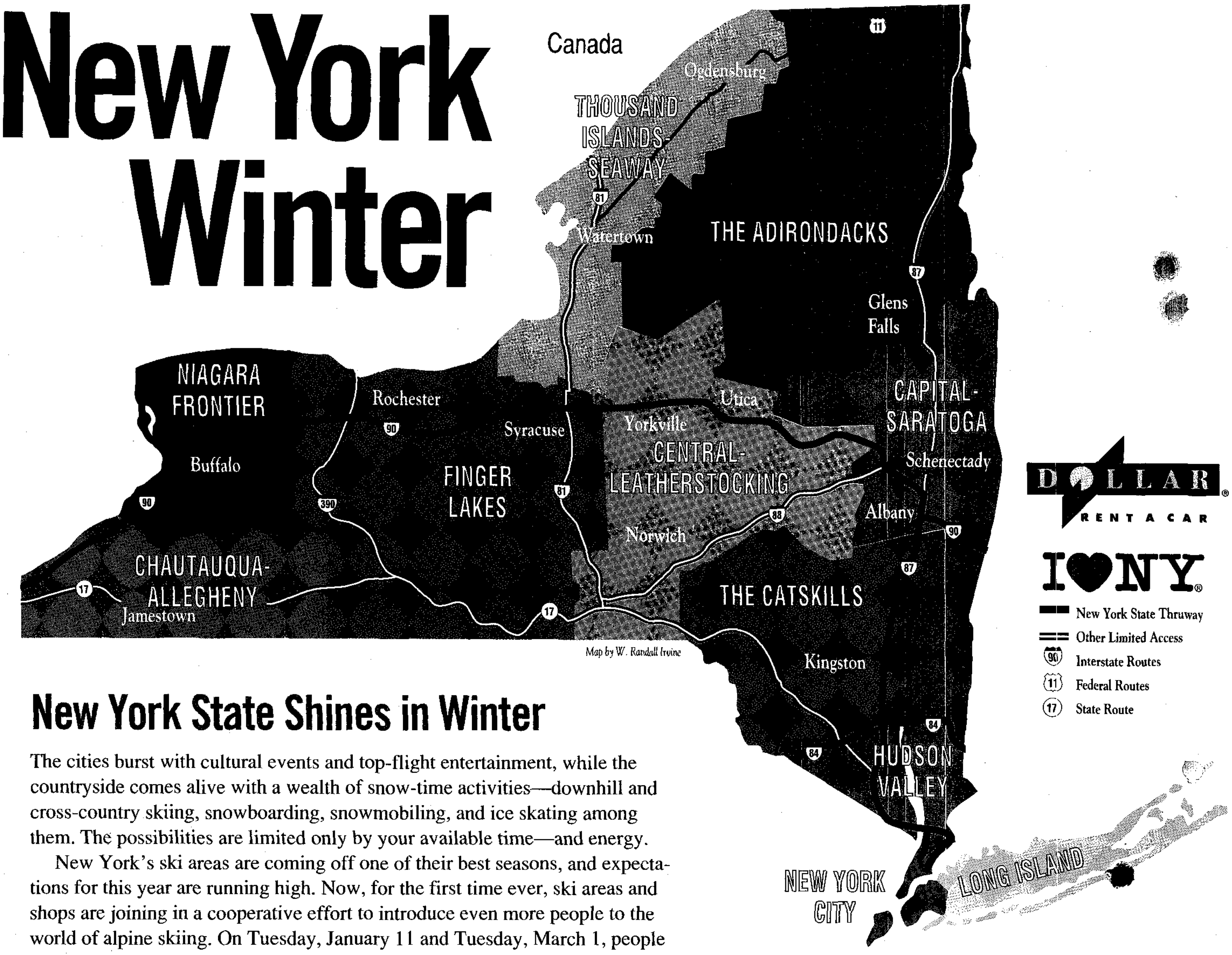
Dollar Rent A Car is the natural choice to take you on any of these explorations. With its convenient locations in each region of the Empire State and its wide selection of vehicles—from sleek sedans for city driving to family-size vans for out-of-town adventures—Dollar can help you with your travel needs.

I ♥ NY®

DOLLAR®
RENT A CAR

ADVERTISEMENT

New York Winter


Canada
Ogdensburg
THOUSAND ISLANDS-SEAWAY
81
Watertown
THE ADIRONDACKS
11
87
Glens Falls
NIAGARA FRONTIER
Buffalo
90
Rochester
90
Syracuse
390
FINGER LAKES
81
Utica
Yorkville
CENTRAL-LEATHERSTOCKING
CAPITAL-SARATOGA
Schenectady
Albany
90
88
Norwich
CHAUTAUQUA-ALLEGHENY
17
Jamestown
17
THE CATSKILLS
87
Kingston
84
84
HUDSON VALLEY
NEW YORK CITY
LONG ISLAND
New York State Thruway
Other Limited Access
90 Interstate Routes
11 Federal Routes
17 State Route

Map by W. Randall Irvine

DOLLAR RENT A CAR

I ♥ NY

New York State Shines in Winter

The cities burst with cultural events and top-flight entertainment, while the countryside comes alive with a wealth of snow-time activities—downhill and cross-country skiing, snowboarding, snowmobiling, and ice skating among them. The possibilities are limited only by your available time—and energy.

New York's ski areas are coming off one of their best seasons, and expectations for this year are running high. Now, for the first time ever, ski areas and shops are joining in a cooperative effort to introduce even more people to the world of alpine skiing. On Tuesday, January 11 and Tuesday, March 1, people of all ages will be able to acquaint themselves with the sport—free of charge. Registration for the program begins immediately at participating ski shops. For information, call Ski Areas of New York, at (315) 696-6550. SANY also provides information on ski conditions throughout the state. Call (800) 225-5697. And Dollar Rent A Car has more New York area locations than ever to help get you and all your gear to any of the ski areas.

Cityside, the range of activities has never been better. Take in a show, or cheer on your favorite hockey team. Savor haute cuisine or down-home cooking. Or just stroll along the bustling streets and window shop.

New York City/Long Island

You'll find the best entertainment in the world in the Big Apple. Delight in a performance at Radio City Music Hall, home to the grand tradition of holiday extravaganzas. Thrill to a show on Broadway, the theatrical center of the world. And if it's historical or contemporary culture you're searching for, Manhattan's legendary museums provide an experience unrivalled in any other city in the world.

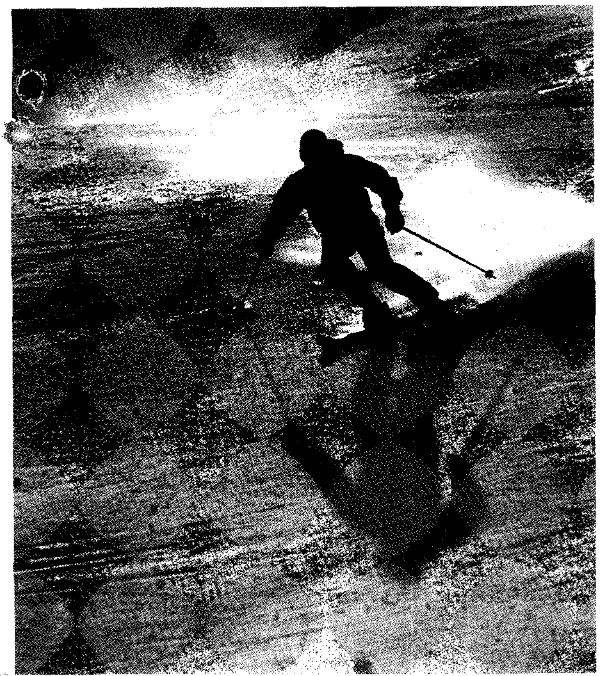
During your stay, pamper yourself with a suite at one of the city's hotels—many feature special package rates for families.

Long Island's natural beauty (an easy drive from metropolitan New York in a luxurious sedan from Dollar) glistens in winter. Here you can gaze upon rolling hills or take a brisk walk along a quiet beach.

Catskills/Hudson Valley

There is no such thing as a disappointing day in the Catskills/Hudson Valley region.

Ski areas in this world-renowned resort area are known for their state-of-the-art snowmaking. Here you'll find large ski areas, like Hunter Mountain, and cross-country ski areas at resorts and ranches. Visit Ski Windham in the Catskills: its new "whirlwind quad" can carry three thousand skiers an hour from base to the summit. A roomy van from Dollar makes journeys a breeze, with enough cargo space for all your equipment, and enough human space to make the ride a pleasure.



If you love a weekend dedicated to singles or big-band sounds or murder mysteries or gourmet food, this region is the place to be. Winter resorts here provide outstanding entertainment and a warm, cozy atmosphere.

Adirondack North Country

Enjoy spectacular skiing in spectacular surroundings. This region offers downhillers plenty of peak thrills at the Olympic slopes of Whiteface Mountain and at smaller, family-oriented areas.

Take your pick of full-service ski areas: gentle, sloping expanses or wilderness trails in the Adirondack Park and the Thousand Islands-Seaway region.

For festive entertainment, capture the spirit of the season at Capital Holiday 1993, in Albany, and its surrounding region, from November 25th through December 31st. Old-fashioned, small-town holiday celebrations overflow with tree-lightings and carol singing, which are complemented by performances in the areas restored music halls.

Or visit Lake Placid, host to two Winter Olympic Games, with its world-class competitions of alpine skiing, bobsledding, luge, ski jumping, and ice hockey. For additional information, call (800) 44-PLACID.

For a taste of all this excitement from the ski slopes to the city concert halls, tour the region in comfort and safety in a rental car from a convenient Dollar Rent A Car location.

Central Leatherstocking/ Finger Lakes

Winter air sweeps across Lake Ontario and the eleven finger shaped lakes here, depositing wonderfully deep snow in the heartland of New York State. Take advantage of full-service resort facilities at Greek Peak or Bristol Mountain, or try snow tubing, ice fishing, skating, or snow shoeing in the region's many parks and ponds.

Cross-country ski centers offer mile upon mile of forested trails, and Nordic skiing is also popular throughout this region, from the picturesque Finger Lakes countryside to the broad expanses of Leatherstocking Country.

Warm up at the Syracuse Winterfest, or check out Lights at the Lake, an extravaganza of twinkling lights around Onondaga Lake which, from November 23rd to January 2nd, provides a dramatic and scenic drive. For more information, call (800) 234-4797.

Western New York

From the Niagara Frontier to Chautauqua-Allegheny, Western New York means wide-open trails carpeted with snow, easily accessible ski areas, and no-wait lift lines. And, best of all, lake-effect snowstorms here ensure a long winter recreation season. Dollar Rent A Car's wide selection of front wheel drive Chrysler products (four wheel drive vehicles available at some locations) will help you get to the slopes no matter what the weather.

Downhill skiers delight in the amenities at full-service resorts like Holiday Valley, which has added a fixed-grip quad chairlift that will increase the uphill capacity by twenty-four hundred skiers per hour. Cross-country skiers like to explore trails at state parks like Allegany and Letchworth and enjoy forested trails lit for night skiing.

New York State—and its Western region in particular—is a snowmobiler's heaven. For a free booklet on snowmobiling, write to the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation, 50 Wolf Road, Room 412, Albany, NY 12223.

For more information about I LOVE NEW YORK vacations, call (800) CALL-NYS. (518-474-4116 outside the U.S.)

CALL
1 800-447-6553
Ext. 30286

I ♥ NY
WINTER TRAVEL & SKI GUIDE 1993-1994

To start planning your memorable New York State Winter Vacation, call to receive your free copy of the 1993-94 I ♥ NY Winter Travel & Ski Guide, which features a calendar of winter events, maps, and detailed information on ski areas. Additionally you will receive valuable savings certificates from Dollar Rent A Car. Details on these certificates are on the next page.

Dollar features quality products from the Chrysler Corporation like the Plymouth Voyager.

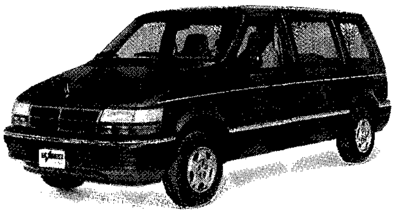
I ♥ NY®

DOLLAR®
RENT A CAR

White Sale.

Photo courtesy of:
New York State Department of Economic Development

Now Get A 10% Discount On Minivans In New York.



Dollar features quality products of the Chrysler Corporation like the Plymouth Voyager.

Wax your skis, slap on your boots and stomp over to Dollar Rent A Car for a "White Sale" that's sure to save you some cold hard cash.

You see, we're giving you the only kind of break you'll want to get while speeding down those snow white slopes: 10% off our low daily and weekly rates on minivans at participating New York locations. Not to mention, we'll offer terrific rates on our wide range of Chrysler cars.

So give those other rental car companies that cost you an arm and a ski boot, the cold shoulder. And hit our "White Sale" for a snow pile of savings.

Certain renter qualifications and blackout periods may apply. Unlimited mileage may be geographically restricted. Offer subject to change and vehicle availability at participating New York locations and expires 2/28/94.

Just call toll free 1-800-447-6553, extension 30286, to receive your discount certificates and more information. For worldwide reservations, call your professional travel agent, or 1-800-800-4000.

Participating New York Locations:

On-Airport Locations

Albany*
NYC: Kennedy
NYC: La Guardia
Rochester*
Syracuse (2)
Utica / Oneida
Watertown

Citywide Locations

Brooklyn (5)
Glens Falls
Kingston
Manhattan (3)
Norwich
Yorkville

*Airport Pick-up

DOLLAR®
RENT A CAR

© 1993 Licensee of Dollar Systems, Inc.

ROCK AND FOLK

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club. **BUSTER POINDEXTER AND HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE** arrive on Nov. 26-27. Poindexter is, of course, the hipster alter ego of David Johansen, that glam-rock icon of yore. His previous appearances here with the Banshees have always been crowd pleasers.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. On Nov. 26: singer-guitarists **RUTH GERSON** and **BOBBY RADCLIFF** lead a pair of rootsy rock bands. Closed Thanksgiving.

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Songs we've been listening to, humming, playing over and over, and otherwise including on our own hit parade.

LOW (Cracker, "Kerosene Hat")
DADDY'S GONNA PAY FOR YOUR CRASHED CAR (U2, "Zooropa")
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN (Frank Sinatra with Bono, "Duets")
CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? (Pet Shop Boys, "Very")
HAUNTED HOUSE (Bee Gees, "Size Isn't Everything")
DON'T LOOK NOW (Williams Brothers, "Harmony Hotel")
LOVE IS EVERYTHING (Jane Siberry, "When I Was a Boy")
COME TO ME (Björk, "Début")
SHOOP (Salt-N-Pepa, "Very Necessary")
ALL YOU EVER BEEN WAS GOOD (The Winans, "All Out")
DAUGHTER (Pearl Jam, "Vs.")
THINGS (Paul Westerberg, "14 Songs")
UP ALL NIGHT (Kelly Willis, "Kelly Willis")
HUMAN WHEELS (John Mellencamp, "Human Wheels")

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. **YO LA TENGO** is here Nov. 26-27. With the release of its first major-label album, "Painful," this Hoboken trio has ended its long apprenticeship on the margins of professionalism. But an amateur's heart and soul is the key to Yo La Tengo's intelligent rock, and "Painful" is delightful. Closed Thanksgiving.

CORNELIA STREET CAFÉ, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre of the cramped. The **BILLY BANG** quartet appears on Nov. 27.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—On Nov. 27, the band **X** arrives, with Green Apple Quick Step. A leading exponent of L.A.'s post-punk club circuit in the early eighties, X took a sabbatical a few years ago, so that singers Exene Cervenka and John Doe could pursue solo projects. Earlier this year, the band came back with a vengeance. On its current album, "Hey Zeus!," X continues to combine hard-rock and roots-rock textures with a feverish lyricism.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but that's part of its appeal. The former Jefferson Airplane side project **HOT TUNA** brings its electric boogie to the club on Nov. 26-27.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. Run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, the Knitting Factory books all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. On Nov. 25: the **DEVIL'S RUBATO BAND.** Actually, it was not the devil but Tom Waits and his longtime collaborator Greg Cohen who put together and coached this eight-piece orchestra. Back in 1990, the musicians introduced "The Black Rider," a collaboration between Waits, William S. Burroughs, and Robert Wilson, at a theatre in Hamburg; this month, they're bringing that musical drama to the Brooklyn Academy of Music. At the Factory, the band will present an adaptation of one of pop music's truly canonical works: the Beatles' "Abbey Road."

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) Blues harpist **JAMES COTTON** performs on Nov. 27. Cotton performed in Muddy Waters' band and knows a thing or two about the blues. He's deft with the harmonica and always has a good time on stage. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

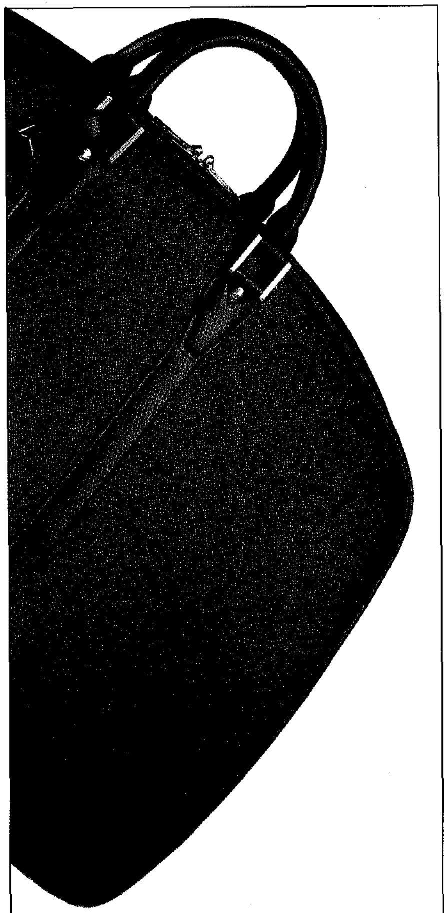
MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **FREEDY JOHNSTON,** a songwriting Kansan whose literate rock has inspired some intemperate (and accurate) praise, will strum his acoustic and electric guitars on Nov. 24. Closed Thanksgiving.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—The vast floor here can accommodate ballroom dancing, and does so on Thursdays and Sundays. On other nights, Roseland becomes another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers holding forth. The **LEMONHEADS** appear on Nov. 27, with **REDD KROSS** and **MAGNA POP.** The Lemonheads, once a sonically alluring trio of unknowns, have become Evan Dando's band; the lanky, lank-haired singer-songwriter's stoned beauty, which could land him a contract for an alternative-rock swimsuit calendar, has become a greater marketing force than the band's music. What's really a shame is that none of the songs on their second album, "Come On Feel the Lemonheads," possesses the haunting perfection of "My Drug Buddy" or the title track of "It's a Shame About Ray," their 1992 début album. The sophomore jinx is not severe, however, and Dando's more-than-pretty talent insures that there's still plenty to look forward to.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. On Nov. 27: the **MIGHTY SPARROW.** Beginning Nov. 30: **ASTRUD GILBERTO.** Brazilian jazz chanteuse Gilberto is perhaps best known for her delicate rendition of "The Girl from Ipanema," that adorable bossa-nova standard that's been reduced to smarmy drivel by countless wedding and bar-mitzvah bands. Dining. Closed Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. On Nov. 27, the Black Rock Coalition pays homage to the late great guitar god Jimi Hendrix. Featured musicians include **NONA HENDRYX, NOEL POINTER, COATI MUNDI,** and aspiring axe hero **ERIC GALES.** Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st. St. (727-7788)—Low lighting, muraled pillars, ironwork, a beautifully restored stamped-tin ceiling, and very little elbow room. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. On Nov. 27: **CHUCK BROWN & THE SOUL SEARCHERS,** with the **P-FUNK HORNS. MILO Z** will open. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.



The Helanga overnight bag from the Louis Vuitton Taïga collection.

For more information, please call

1-800-285-2255.

LOUIS VUITTON
MALLETIER A PARIS

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1854

Available only in Louis Vuitton shops

and selected department stores.

ART

His and Her Dolls

ELLEN PHELAN and Mike Kelley both grew up Catholic in Detroit, both have in recent years been closely associated with dolls, and both are the subjects of excellent current exhibitions. This series of coincidences would appear to be all that they have in common, however. Phelan, a painter and watercolorist of exceptional skill who is also known for her landscapes, is on the surface a traditional artist, whose most obvious concerns are for verisimilitude, nuance, and exquisiteness of technique. Her portraits of dolls (Toll, 146 Greene Street; paintings through November 27, watercolors from December 2 through January 8) are poetic ruminations, elegiac in tone. Indeed, her toy subjects—whether Disneyesque, Victorian, or Betty Boopish—seem to float against their murky backgrounds, as if in amber, evoking the kind of wistfully preserved passion that we sense in piano études by Chopin. She may have a soft touch, but through her very sharp eye a surprising variety of period styles are represented, along with a virtual history of racial and sexual attitudes.

Kelley, the subject of a mid-career retrospective at the Whitney, first made his name on the performance-art circuit in Los Angeles during the late nineteen-seventies, and is a thoroughgoing iconoclast. He may also be the most widely imitated artist of the past ten years. The recent proliferation of militantly grungy and scatological objects in shows with titles like "Abject Art" and "Just Pathetic" can be directly attributed to Kelley's radical infantilism. Masterpieces of this polymorphous genre include Kelley's latently formalist "Lumpenprole," an overgrown afghan rug covering an orgy of toddler-size bumps, and "More Love Hours Than Can Ever Be Repaid," in which dozens of rag dolls and stuffed animals, including some made by the elderly and blind, form a wild-and-woolly version of an allover painting. Kelley's naughty actions, however, do not necessarily involve baby blankets and dolls. Also vying for attention, if not adoption, are objects in a wide range of mediums, from appliquéd felt banners to virulent comic-strip drawings. Taken together, the Kelley and Phelan shows offer viewers a rare opportunity to relax a little and regress, even as they enjoy two poles of contemporary art.

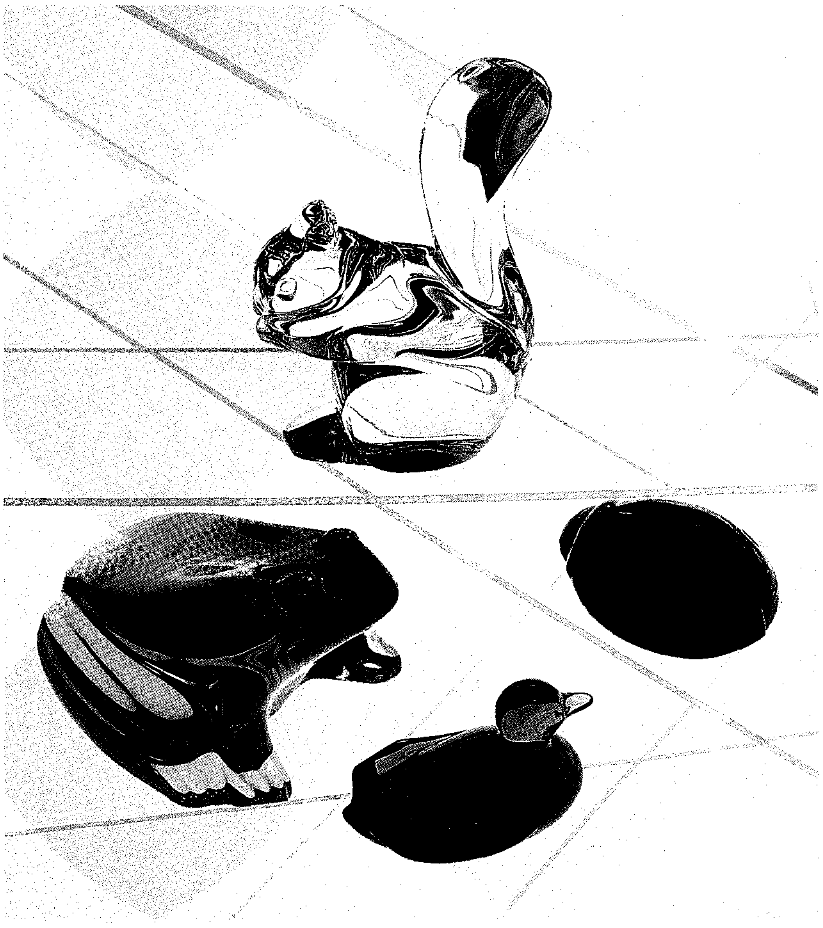
MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Gold of Meroe" presents the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe. Meroe was an ancient Nubian kingdom that flourished between 270 B.C. and 350 A.D., along the east bank of the Nile, in what is now Sudan. The Queen's cache (originally discovered by an Italian physician in 1834 inside a hidden chamber in the Queen's pyramid), includes more than two hundred pieces of colored glass, semiprecious stones, silver, and, of course, loads of gold. . . . ¶ The museum's new Nineteenth-Century European Painting and Sculpture galleries are now open, featuring, among other works, van Gogh's "Wheat Field with Cypresses" (1889). . . . ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ "Versailles 1973: American Fashion on the World Stage." Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art." . . ¶ Twenty years of Hudson River School works on paper. Through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Nineteenth-Century Portraits, Landscapes, and Nudes." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The current Miró retrospective celebrates the centennial of the Catalan master with some four hundred paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and ceramics. Perhaps the most powerful interlude in the show is the series of twenty-three paintings known as "The Constellations" (1940-41). Works of dazzling complexity and innovation, they were begun in the seeming tranquillity of Miró's adopted home in Varengeville, France, and completed in Palma de Mallorca only after the artist and his family had made a harrowing retreat from the Nazis. . . . ¶ Paintings by Robert Ryman, who for the past thirty years has specialized in white-on-white canvases. . . . ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari." MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years. . . . ¶ "New Photography Nine" showcases four contemporary photographers whose work ranges from portraits of children in Knoxville, Tennessee, to images of squalor in Ukraine. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursdays and Fridays evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings by Pop master Roy Lichtenstein. . . . ¶ Self-portraits by photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89). (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Singular Dimensions in Painting," an exhibit of



Photography: Rick Young Creative Consultant: Jean-Yves Legrand

SQUIRREL, CREATED IN 1962; GREEN FROG, CREATED IN 1964
PETIT BIJOUX: DUCK, LADYBUG, CREATED 1992

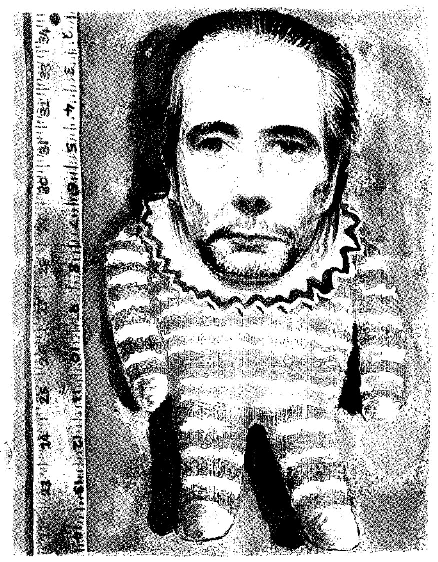
A Continuing Tradition of Innovation

Baccarat

bloomingdale's

minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties. . . . ¶ Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1941, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). . . . ¶ "Industrial Elegance," a lobby exhibition, salutes design excellence in everyday objects, from ice-cube makers to Frisbees. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursdays through Saturday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-specific installations by Mike Kelley. . . . ¶ "Betrothals," three important late canvases and related studies by Arshile Gorky (1904-48). . . . ¶ Paintings by Vija Celmins. Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "The Cave," a video installation by Beryl Korot, with music by Steve Reich. Through Nov. 28. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 8.)



Mike Kelley at the Whitney Museum.

RUSSELL CHRISTIAN

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two exhibitions that focus on lesser-known locales and conditions in Cuba and Antarctica via photographs, drawings, biological specimens, and dioramas. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, except Thanksgiving Day, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Consuelo Kanaga (1894-1978) started out as a photojournalist for the San Francisco *Chronicle* and evolved into a portraitist of the first water. Most of the photographs on view are playing-card size, which draws the viewer in. Among the many riveting works are "Man with Rooster (New York)," from the thirties, which captures the bizarre love-hate bond between its subjects; "Langston Hughes," also from the thirties, which shows a trust common to all Kanaga's human portraits; and an untitled 1948 study of a child in Tennessee holding apple blossoms, who, despite her innocent pose, looks wise beyond her age. . . . ¶ "Crash! Art Implants Reject Emotions," a lobby installation by the French artist Patrice Caire, features computer animation based on magnetic resonance images. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Mechanical Brides: Women and Machines from Home to Office" examines the traditional link between "women's work" and home and office appliances. . . . ¶ An exhibition of men's waistcoats from the eighteenth century. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—"A Coat of Many Colors: Two Centuries of Jewish Life in Canada" includes more than a hundred objects, from a deerskin Torah scroll (from Canada's first synagogue) to a pair of branding irons belonging to Canada's only Jewish woman rancher. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"French Master Drawings" assembles a hundred and twenty-five works from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. . . . ¶ The library celebrates the birthdays of three classics—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" (1943), Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit" (1893), and Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" (1843)—with early manuscripts, photographs, illustrations, and other memorabilia. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—"Face of the Gods: Art and Altars of Africa and the African Americas." An intelligent and visually rich exhibition that focusses on the Yoruba and Kongo civilizations of West and Central Africa, respectively, tracing the dissemination and transformation of ritual forms in the Creole cultures of Haiti, Cuba, Brazil, and North America. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Dead Sea Scrolls: Ancient Civilization / Modern Scholarship." Twelve Scrolls are on display, along with related artifacts, models, and maps, on loan from the Israel Antiquities Authority. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Polish materials relating to history, literature, and folklore. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day. The following listings lead off with shows opening this week.)

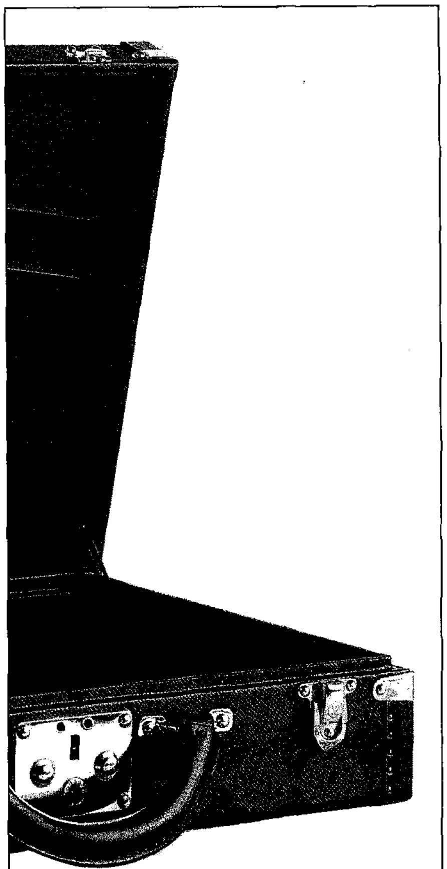
GOTSCHO—Classic bridal gowns and tuxedos as sculptural objects, by a French artist. Opens Nov. 27. Through Jan. 8. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

ANISH KAPOOR—Freestanding pieces of pocked, etched sandstone. Opens Nov. 27. Through Jan. 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

•

CHUCK CLOSE—Portraits as usual, most of them enormous, of the artist and his friends. Initially and inaccurately linked with Photo-Realism in the nineteen-sixties, Close has pursued a very different conceptual agenda. The grid remains the underlying structure of his paintings, but he has become increasingly playful. Sometimes he retains a straightforward graph-paper skeleton, but the more adventuresome works in this show employ a diagonal grid, which gives them a faceted, diamondlike character. Blobby cells of color, like tiny abstract paintings, fill the individual units of each grid, and the portrait dissolves and recomposes, relative to one's distance from the canvas. In "John," the man's face seems to break up into an almost scary mosaic of colorful pustules. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

ROBERT LONGO—"Bodyhammers: Cult of the Gun" is Robert Longo's first New York exhibition since 1990, and after a run of lacklustre shows it represents something of a return to form. Eight large-scale, vaguely anthropomorphic charcoal-and-graphite drawings of guns—four of them viewed head-on, looking straight down their barrels, four others in three-quarter profile—deliver their message with all the subtlety of a .357 Magnum aimed at your head. The downstairs gallery houses Longo's characteristically heavy-handed but surprisingly effective *pièce de théâtre:* "Death Star" (1993), a sinister disco ball—possibly a wrecking ball—studded with eighteen thousand copper and brass bullets. The incommensurability of Longo's impressive technical means and his silly ideas have been a problem for some time. Part of the point of "Bodyhammers" must be some-



LV The President briefcase
from the Louis Vuitton
Taïga collection.

For more information, please call
1-800-285-2255.

LOUIS VUITTON
MALLETIER A PARIS

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1854

Available only in Louis Vuitton shops
and selected department stores.

thing as blandly obvious as "Guns are bad," but Longo leaves the viewer prostrate before the monumental glamour of his ballistic megaliths. Through Nov. 27. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.) . . . ¶ "Killing Time," a strikingly different show of twenty abstract collages. Through Dec. 18. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

Massimo Antonaci—A show of three-dimensional objects with a spiritual theme. Through Dec. 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Donald Baechler—Seven new paintings—a thumb, a hand, and five flowers—on distressed tarps, as well as an engaging totem sculpture and a suite of fourteen large floral drawings on paper. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene Street; through Dec. 23.) . . . ¶ Additional works on paper. Through Dec. 4. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—Paintings from the mid-eighties. Through Jan. 8. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Ted Byfield and Lincoln Tobier—"Cop Sculpture," two installations that incorporate newspaper photographs of contraband seized by law-enforcement agencies. Through Dec. 31. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

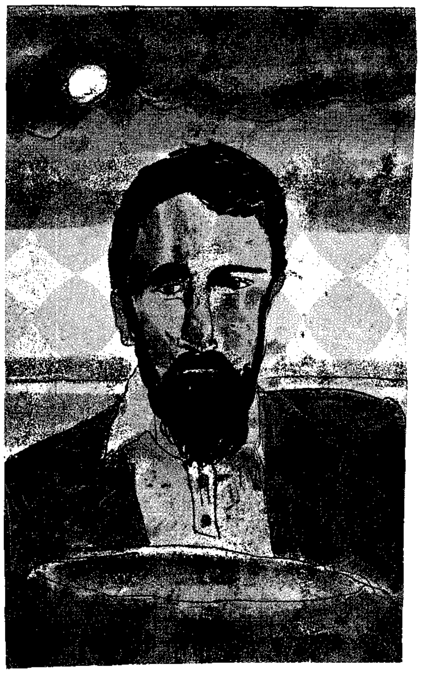
Ann Hamilton—A site-specific installation involving horsehair, scorched paper, and a tape-recorded voice. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Bill Jensen—Abstract paintings with dense arrangements of interacting shapes suggestive of landscapes or still-lifes. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Claire Khalil—Watercolors and oils, from 1977 to the present. Through Dec. 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Konrad Klapheck—Paintings and drawings, dating from 1978 to the present. Through Dec. 22. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Thirty abstract works on paper from the forties, fifties, and sixties. Through Jan. 15. (Berman-Daferner, 568 Broadway.)



James Turrell at Knoedler.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Sam Messer—Paintings devoted to John Serles, the artist's friend, who died last year. Through Dec. 23. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Kiki Smith—Six new sculptures, each with a religious and/or feminist theme. The centerpiece, "Virgin Mary," portrays a woman with her muscles exposed. Through Dec. 23. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

Mark Tansey—Tansey exploits nuts-and-bolts mechanical reproduction and painstaking traditional draftsmanship in four series of drawings—"Wheels," "Frameworks," "Nocturnes," and "Veils." As usual, the bee in Tansey's bonnet is academic culture, and his precise, dry technique is the perfect vehicle for his cynical wit. Through Dec. 4. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Robert Therrien—Found and fabricated everyday objects transformed either by medium or by scale. Through Dec. 4. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Norman Toynton—Abstract oils on pegboard, in a triptych form. Through Dec. 30. (Stux, [illegible]63 Mercer St.)

Oleg Vassiliev—Russian landscapes. Through Nov. 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Willie Young—Finely detailed drawings of abstract root forms. Through Dec. 4. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

"Inside/Outside"—A show of work by three untrained artists: Mr. Imagination, a Chicago sculptor of totems, icons, and figures; Todd McKie, a Boston primitive painter; and John Martini, a Key West sculptor of cut-steel silhouettes. Through Dec. 4. (Helander, 594 Broadway.)

"Poverty Pop"—Artists who, out of economic necessity, work with found materials, in a sort of urban folklorism. Through Jan. 8. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

"The Return of the Cadavre Exquis"—Exquisite Corpse, the quintessential Surrealist pastime, was born in late 1925, during the boom years of Surrealism. One player draws a head on a piece of paper, folds it over, and passes it to the next, who adds a torso, and so on. The Drawing Center's splendid show includes archival works and contributions from over seven hundred contemporary artists, who have created some four hundred new exquisite corpses. Through Dec. 18. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St.)

"Twenty-Five Years"—An exhibition in celebration of the gallery's anniversary, focussing on works from the seventies and eighties by Jennifer Bartlett, Peter Campus, and Alan Shields, among others. Through Dec. 18. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

UPTOWN

Paul Manes—A dozen paintings tracing an evolution from circular abstractions to figuration, using the repeated image of a bowl. Opens Nov. 23. Through Jan. 1. (Marisa Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

●

James Turrell—Turrell's ongoing project at the Roden Crater, an extinct volcanic cone in Arizona's Painted Desert, is the most ambitious art work of its kind, and it could prove to be one of the most important art works of our time. His material is light itself. The present exhibition includes only preparatory works on paper and other mediums but he achieves some very pretty effects, as in "Pre-Shaped Crater" (1993), where the geologic whorls of the crater are contained within a prismatic cage, and the whole is suffused with unearthly pink, lavender, and pale blue-green light. Through Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Large "Homage to the Square" paintings from the years 196[illegible] to 1967. Through Dec. 23. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Carol Anthony—Small-scale interiors reflecting the atmosphere of Santa Fe, where the artist has been living for the past two years. Through Dec. 23. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings that incorporate gravel and wood chips. Through Dec. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Francesco Clemente—Large panel paintings with dark, mysterious imagery. Through Jan. 8. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

R. Crumb / H. R. Giger—The Crumb retrospective is a mostly fun trip through sixties and seventies counterculture surrealism. The back room, preposterously designated "Adults Only," con-

Searching for the ultimate gift is not as much fun as giving it.

JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS

Lord & Taylor
Also available in Eau de Parfum and Eau de Toilette.

tains some of the lunatic genius's most scabrous, filthiest drawings. / The Giger show also features a no-kiddies-allowed secret chamber, but the real shocker is the twenty-five-dollar admission fee, which includes a catalogue, whether you want one or not. Giger is best known for his design work on the film "Alien." Through Dec. 23. (Alexander, 980 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Drawings from throughout the artist's career. Through Dec. 31. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Dine—"Ape & Cat," a group of new bronze-and-wood sculptures, is accompanied by several drawings on plywood, in charcoal, pastel, enamel, and shellac. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

[illegible]edel Dzubas—Fifteen paintings from the late fifties and early sixties. Through Dec. 3. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

Lucian Freud—Early paintings, drawings, and etchings, among them the important "The Painter's Room" (1943), "Girl with a Kitten" (1947), and "Hotel Bedroom" (1954). Through Jan. 8. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Maine landscapes, a monumental beach scene, and a series of seven paintings of a woman modelling wedding gowns. Through Dec. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Herbert Katzman—Expressionistic chalk portraits and self-portraits, plus a view of the city from the artist's studio on the Lower West Side. Through Dec. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jannis Kounellis—A Greek-born artist who lives in Rome, showing steel panels with burlap. Through Dec. 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Kulicke—Paintings of pears, white roses, tomatoes, and wildflowers, in frames designed and made by the artist. Through Dec. 21. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—Lawrence's first New York show in many years includes four new works, three of them based on images of manual labor. Through Jan. 15. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Darragh Park—Paintings of landscapes, cityscapes, and baseball stadiums. Through Nov. 30. ([illegible] Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Philip Smith—Paintings with skeins of narrative imagery. Through Dec. 11. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956) / **Sylvia Wald**—More than sixty works by a Chicagoan whose art incorporated Purist and Cubist influences. / Lyrical abstract prints and drawings. Through Jan. 8. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Rufino Tamayo (1899-1991)—Works from the thirties through the eighties by this renowned Mexican artist. Through Dec. 18. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—A retrospective of watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1964 to the present, including some preparatory studies from the artist's own collection. Through Nov. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Benar Venet—Sculptures that resemble giant bent springs laid sideways. Through Dec. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

"African-American Art: Twentieth-Century Masterworks"—Paintings and sculptures from 1910 to 1965, ranging in style from realism to abstraction. Among the artists are Benny Andrews, Elizabeth Catlett, and Norman Lewis. Through Feb. 12. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

"American Painters in Giverny, 1885-1920"—George Biddle, Mary Hubbard Foote, and Frederick MacMonnies are among the featured artists, who worked in this picturesque village associated with Monet. Through Dec. 15. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

"Symbolism and the Austrian Avant-Garde"—An exhibition that traces the influence of symbolism, which dominated the Vienna Secession movement at the turn of the century, by juxtaposing works by James Ensor, Max Klinger, Odilon Redon, and others, with works by such Austrian painters as Oskar Kokoschka, Gustav Klimt, and Egon Schiele. Through Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Crossovers

Photography by artists better known for their work in other mediums has been a recurring feature of this season. Two very different shows, by George Segal and Cy Twombly, fall into this category. There are only a few days left to see Segal's black-and-white prints of New York and New Jersey (Greenberg, 120 Wooster Street; through November 27). In these photographs, as in his sculpture and drawing, Segal uses his compassionate sensibility to express his ideas about the place occupied by the human figure in the urban landscape.

The stark graphic strength of Segal's work is in sharp contrast with the color prints made from Polaroid images in Cy Twombly's show (Marks, 1018 Madison Avenue, at 79th Street; through December 4). Looking at Twombly's photographs is like looking at his paintings: they provide sheer pleasure and quicken one's perceptions. There are images of tulips, some of them blurry, some of them clear, but all of them rushes of color. There are also images that seem perfectly Twomblyesque in their classical themes—images of a second-century Roman bust and of a Roman copy of a Greek head of Dionysus. But while these are certainly artful, they don't entrance the way his nature pictures do. His shots of trees, filled with deep greens and Mediterranean light, are like a balm to the senses.

Graciela Iturbide—Seventy photographs of life in rural Mexico. Through Dec. 4. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Roxanne Lowit—"Moments," a series of black-and-white photographs that capture the late seventies and early eighties in all their glory, from rich and glamorous types dancing at Studio 54 and Area to portraits of celebrities forever associated with the period. Through Nov. 27. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

Barbara Morgan / Ruth Thorne-Thomsen—Vintage black-and-white photographs of New York. / Three decades of work ranging from pinhole images to large-scale murals. Through Dec. 30. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

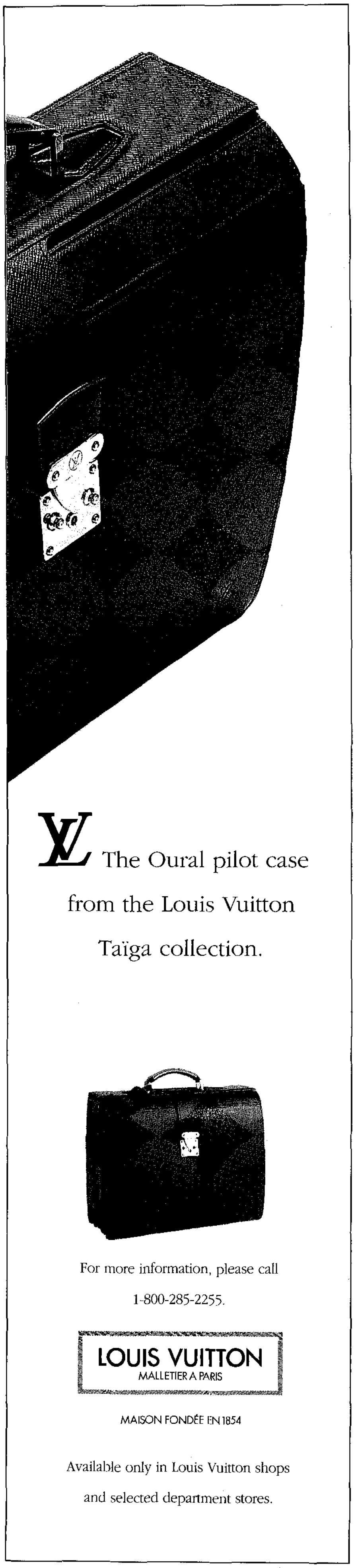
Sylvia Plachy—Recent photographs of New York street life. Through Dec. 30. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.)

William Wegman—Selections from the artist's new book, "Little Red Riding Hood," which features Wegman's famous Weimaraners dressed up in the fairy-tale roles. Through Nov. 27. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Mexico Through Foreign Eyes" features photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Paul Strand, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Keepers of the Spirit," a selection of exotic locales—Tibet, India, the Queen Charlotte Islands, etc.—photographed by Chris Rainer. Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "Iterations: The New Image," an exhibition of computer-generated photography. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Brooklyn Museum.)



The Oural pilot case
from the Louis Vuitton
Taïga collection.

For more information, please call
1-800-285-2255.

LOUIS VUITTON
MALLETIER A PARIS

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1854

Available only in Louis Vuitton shops
and selected department stores.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Earle of Odessa

How does a thirty-three-year-old American find himself in command of a symphony orchestra on the shores of the Black Sea? "If you had told me three years ago this would happen, I never would have believed it," says Hobert Earle, who will conduct his orchestra—the Odessa Philharmonic—on November 30 at Carnegie Hall, the second stop of its first American tour. Earle hadn't set foot in the Ukrainian city before 1990, when he passed through leading a chamber orchestra from Vienna. But when he was invited to conduct Odessa's own ensemble, it proved to be (as he puts it) "love at first sight." Odessa's reputation as a bastion of string playing—its exports have included such names as Oistrakh and Milstein—fanned the flames. That Earle knew little Russian (and less Ukrainian) when he was named music director a year ago proved only a minor inconvenience: he had grown up as an American expatriate in Venezuela, and one of the orchestra's violists was from Cuba, so for several stopgap months Spanish served as the semi-official language of the Odessa Philharmonic.

Though the process of de-Sovietizing requires patience, Earle is pleased with the group's recent progress. This year, it was granted "federal status," a distinction shared by no other Ukrainian musical organization outside the capital city of Kiev. The orchestra is embracing new repertoire, a favorite discovery being Elgar's "Enigma Variations," hardly known in Eastern Europe. And Earle is slowly stocking the orchestra's library with printed music for standard symphonies, replacing the painstakingly hand-copied orchestral parts that served throughout the Soviet era.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Madama Butterfly, with Maria Spacagna, Yun Deng, Franco Farina, and Thomas Allen; conducted by Thomas Fulton. (Nov. 24 and Nov. 27 at 8.) . . . **Rusalka,** by Dvořák, with Gwynne Geyer, Lauren Flanigan, Dolora Zajick, Ben Heppner, and Paul Plishka; John Fiore. (Nov. 26 at 8.) . . . With Gabriela Beňačková, Janis Martin, Stefania Toczyska, Ben Heppner, and Paul Plishka; John Fiore. (Nov. 29 at 8.) . . . **La Bohème,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Carol Neblett, Vincenzo La Scola, and Christopher Robertson; Carlo Rizzi. (Nov. 27 at 1:30 and Nov. 30 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

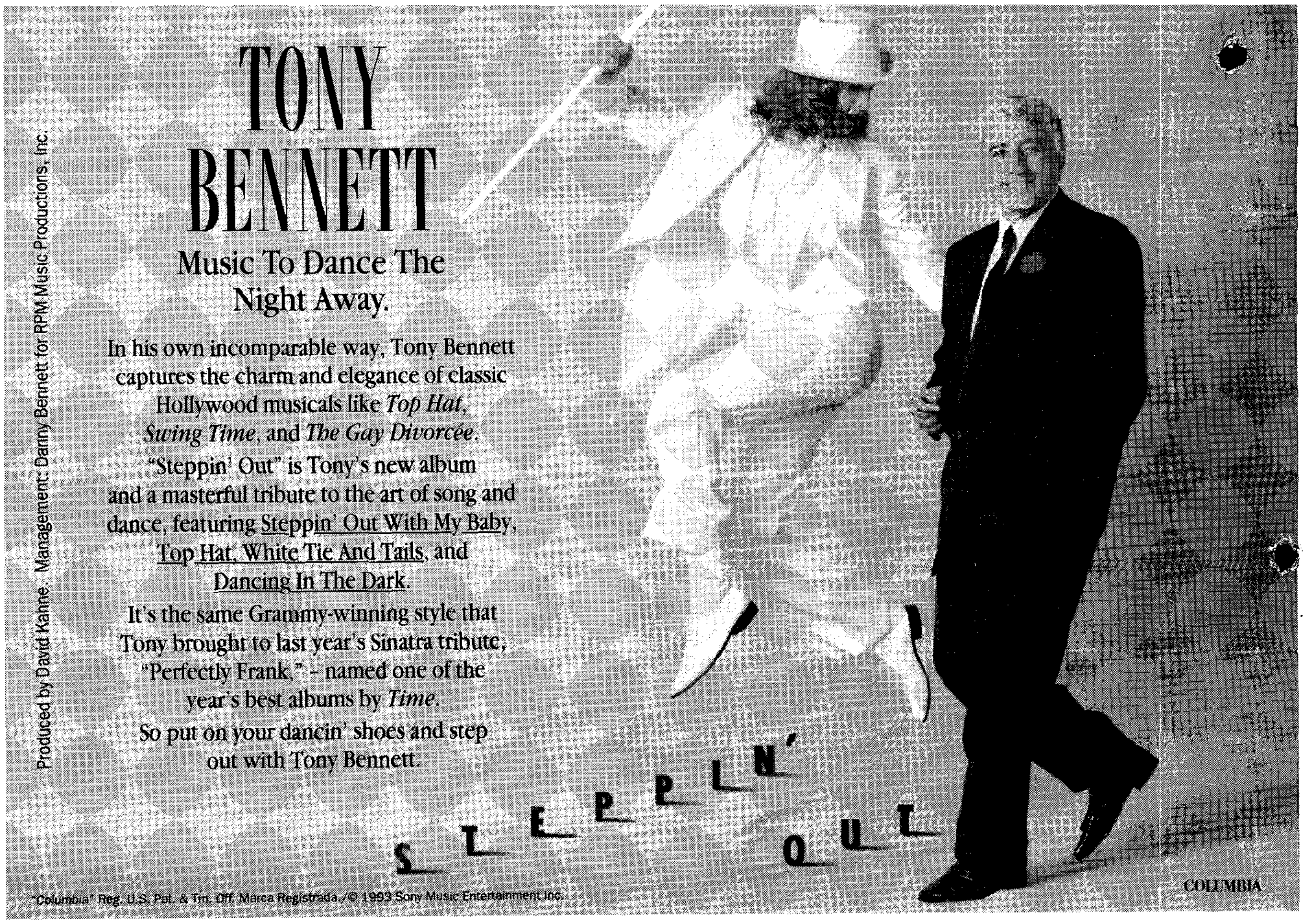
"The Black Rider"—A "Freischütz"-related work, first produced at the Thalia Theatre of Hamburg; staged by Robert Wilson, with music by Tom Waits and a text by William S. Burroughs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Nov. 24, Nov. 26-27, Nov. 30, and Dec. 1, all at 8, and Nov. 28 at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Though his works have fallen into relative obscurity, Franz Schmidt maintained an active presence in Vienna's early twentieth-century musical life. As a composer, his tastes veered toward the massively dense symphonic writing of Bruckner (with whom he studied briefly) and Reger, carrying their late-Romantic proclivities to the brink of the Second World War. His Symphony No. 4, from 1932-33, is typically immense, calling for a full ninety-eight-piece orchestra (not infrequently employed en masse), which doesn't fall far short of even Richard Strauss's most extravagant demands. The Philharmonic has never performed the work before—strange to say, given the most recent music director's inclinations toward symphonies of similar scale from the same era; plans to present it in 1991 were scrapped at the eleventh hour when an injury forced conductor Franz Welser-Möst to withdraw. Three seasons later, Welser-Möst returns to make a case for the work, in a program that also includes Johann Strauss's Overture to "Die Fledermaus" and Richard Strauss's Horn Concerto No. 2 (another generally retrograde work, belying its date of composition, 1942). Philip Myers, the orchestra's principal French hornist, will be the soloist in the concerto. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 24, Nov. 27, and Nov. 30, all at 8, and Nov. 26 at 2.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz directs Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," with the Mannes Chamber Singers and assorted soloists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 27 at 8.)

Grande Bande and Ensemble for Early Music—Claudio Monteverdi, the overwhelming figure of early Baroque music, died on November 29, 1643, in Venice. Frederick Renz commemorates the event three hundred and fifty years later—nearly to the day—by directing the composer's complex and majestic "Vespers of 1610," with a large ensemble of singers and period-instrument players. (Cathedral of St.


TONY BENNETT

Music To Dance The Night Away.

In his own incomparable way, Tony Bennett captures the charm and elegance of classic Hollywood musicals like *Top Hat*, *Swing Time*, and *The Gay Divorcée*.

"Steppin' Out" is Tony's new album and a masterful tribute to the art of song and dance, featuring Steppin' Out With My Baby, Top Hat, White Tie And Tails, and Dancing In The Dark.

It's the same Grammy-winning style that Tony brought to last year's Sinatra tribute, "Perfectly Frank," - named one of the year's best albums by *Time*.

So put on your dancin' shoes and step out with Tony Bennett.

Produced by David Kahne. Management: Danny Bennett for RPM Music Productions, Inc.

"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./© 1993 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

Alicia de Larrocha at Avery Fisher Hall.

STEPHEN JOHNSON

John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Nov. 27 at 8 and Nov. 28 at 3. For information about tickets, call 749-6600.)

Gramercy Brass—Twenty members of the award-winning brass band will perform selections from the group's traditional American repertoire, as well as arrangements of works by Dvořák and Richard Rodgers. Young soloists from the United Nations International School will also be featured. (Brotherhood Synagogue, 28 Gramercy Park S. Nov. 28 at 3. For information about tickets, call 475-3424.)

Odessa Philharmonic Orchestra—Hobert Earle conducts excerpts from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet," slow movements from Mahler's Third Symphony and from the Third Symphony of Ukrainian composer Boris Lyatoshynsky, and Elgar's "Enigma Variations." (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 30 at 8.)

RECITALS

Ringing Thanks—Joseph Clair Davis offers a Thanksgiving recital of carillon music by American, Dutch, and English composers. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Nov. 25 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—Violist Paul Coletti and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott perform Schumann's "Märchenbilder"; violinist Ida Levin and cellist Fred Sherry join them in piano quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major) and Brahms (in C Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 25 at 7:30 and Nov. 28 at 4.)

Handel in the Morning—Violinist Eric Grossman and harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman play the last three of Handel's six violin sonatas. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Nov. 28 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Alicia de Larrocha—The pianist presents an all-Spanish program, most of it by Catalan composers: Carlos Surinach's Suite from "Acrobats of God," Federico Mompou's "Cançons i Danses," Granados's "Escenas Románticas," excerpts from Albéniz's "Iberia," and (the only non-Catalan entry) Turina's "Dansas Fantásticas." (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 28 at 3.)

Thomas Hampson—The baritone divides his recital between lieder (Beethoven's "An die Ferne Geliebte" cycle, a Grieg set, and songs by Schumann, Loewe, and Robert Franz to poems by Robert Burns) and American art songs (by Ives, John Duke, and others); with pianist Craig Rutenberg. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Nov. 28 at 3.)

Salon Soirée—Cellist Maria Kitsopoulos and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform Rachmaninoff's G-Minor Sonata; the New World Guitar Trio plays arrangements from Handel. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Nov. 28 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

St. Lawrence String Quartet—Performing Beethoven's F-Major Quartet (Op. 18, No. 1), Bartók's Quartet No. 3, and Franck's Piano Quintet (with the assistance of Wu Han). (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. Nov. 29 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Harrington String Quartet—Performing quartets by Mozart (in F Major, K. 590), Ravel, and Martin Bresnick (his Third, in its New York première). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 29 at 8.)

Chamberfest—Tenor Paul Sperry and pianist Sean Botkin perform Robert Beaser's "Seven Deadly Sins"; pianist Seymour Lipkin joins student

A midsummer night's dram.

To assuage the spirit of the greenwood, what better than the spirit of the sherry-wood?

THE MACALLAN. THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.*

*The only malt whisky matured exclusively in sherry-steeped casks from Jerez.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol. © 1993

string players for Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet; and students augment the Juilliard String Quartet to perform Mendelssohn's Octet. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 30 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Ensemble—Presenting recent compositions by Mario Davidovsky, Brian Fennelly, David Froom, Alexina Louie, Pablo Ortiz, and Bright Sheng. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Music by Somei Satoh—A recital of the Japanese composer's solo and chamber works, including several premières; featuring soprano Darynn Zimmer, baritone Thomas Buckner, pianist Margaret Leng-Tan, percussionist John Kennedy, harpist Sara Cutler, and the Sirius String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 30 at 8.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Federico Mompou: Complete Piano Works; Josep Colom (Mandala). Born in Barcelona precisely a century ago (the same year as his fellow-Catalonian Joan Miró), Mompou filtered eclectic influences through a vocabulary marked by rich harmonies and sensitivity to pianistic timbres: call him a Catalan Poulenc, though individual pieces may suggest Satie, Messiaen, Gershwin, or Bartók. Colom (also from Barcelona) presents all the composer's piano works in a beautifully produced four-CD set that plumbs the nuances of gentle introspection. Such a hefty investment in a generally unfamiliar composer is justified by the variety of Mompou's œuvre—from his picturesque "Pessebres" or his twelve luminous variations on Chopin's A-Major Prelude (with surprise twists) to his late, mystical "Música Callada." Colom's collection provides fine listening for late at night, and doubles as an enlightening musical adjunct to the Museum of Modern Art's Miró retrospective. (Mompou's own performances from the mid-seventies, on the Ensayo label, show that he was a fine interpreter of his own music; his fourth recorded volume features the twelve "Cançons i Danses," which Alicia de Larrocha will perform at Avery Fisher Hall on November 28.)

The Catalan Piano Tradition (VAI Audio). Around the turn of the century, Spanish music—usually an arcane enterprise—made a sudden bid for mainstream attention, thanks especially to a handful of Catalan composers and musicians that included Albéniz and Granados. They're among the five pianists playing repertoire works and improvisations in this time capsule. The earliest recordings (from 1903) display the sonic shortcomings of turn-of-the-century wax cylinders, but the disk's high points are many, including turns by Frank Marshall (Granados's finest pupil) and his prodigy student Alicia de Larrocha. Both prove expert as accompanists (to Conchita Supervia and Conchita Badia, respectively) and as soloists. What piano groupie could do without two examples of the nine-year-old de Larrocha playing Chopin—elegantly—more than sixty years ago, when her feet just barely reached the Bechstein's pedals?

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Words in the Dark

"I am a little bit tired of telling stories," says Zlatko Dizdarević, the author of the newly published "Sarajevo: A War Journal." Despite his weariness, Dizdarević will be reading from his work at "An Evening for Sarajevo: A Benefit for Bosnian Writers," on November 30 at Symphony Space. The evening, sponsored by PEN American Center, will also feature readings by a stellar lineup of writers, including Joseph Brodsky, Don DeLillo, Stanley Crouch, Tony Kushner, Arthur Miller, and Susan Sontag, as well as a performance by trumpeter Wynton Marsalis. The proceeds will be used to provide food and supplies for the writers of the besieged Bosnian capital, where a PEN center was recently established. According to Dizdarević, the impulse to preserve and protect literary culture, far from being an indulgence, represents "a lifesaving sentiment." In an atmosphere of war and deprivation, Dizdarević says, poetry readings and similar activities "make you feel you are a part of civilization, part of a normal city."

The Symphony Space reading, billed by PEN as the American literary community's first major gathering in response to the war, came about as a result of Susan Sontag's production of "Waiting for Godot" in Sarajevo last August: PEN organized the marathon reading to express its solidarity. Karen Kennerly, the executive director of the PEN American Center, hopes that, besides raising money for the hundred and forty writers, editors, and translators who are members of the PEN Bosnian Center in Sarajevo, the reading will "increase awareness of the Bosnians' plight, and of the need to help, in any way one can." Dizdarevi´c, a Muslim married to a Serb, calls the situation in the former Yugoslavia "the shame of the world." Sarajevo today, he says "is like a big hospital for mental problems. It's worse than a year ago. It may be too late for Bosnia-Herzegovina. The question is, is it too late for the world?" (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 30 at 7:30. Tickets to the benefit are twenty dollars. Donations can be sent directly to PEN American Center, 568 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. 334-1660.)

Mooning—Hayden Planetarium and the Urban Park Rangers of Central Park will prepare interested sky watchers for the lunar eclipse, which will begin on Nov. 28 at 11:40 P.M. (The moon will be blotted out totally by 1:02 A.M.) At 10 P.M., a sky show commences in the planetarium. (81st St. at Central Park W. Tickets at the door on the night of the event.) Or, you can meet the rangers in front of the planetarium at 11 and walk to the Delacorte Theatre, where a telescope will be set up and Columbia professor of astronomy Joseph Patterson will give a talk. (Mid-Park at 81st St. No tickets necessary.)

Inflation—On Thanksgiving Eve, Nov. 24, from 6 to about midnight, the annual blowing up of the parade balloons will take place. Spectators can watch as Beethoven the Saint Bernard sidles up to the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 77th St.

Thanksgiving Parade—Q: What do Ronald McDonald, a giant baseball glove, Sonic the Hedgehog, and Smokey the Bear have in common? A: Hot air. They'll all be floating in the Thanksgiving Day Parade on Nov. 25. The kickoff is at 9, from Central Park West at 77th St. Fabio, Lamb Chop (accompanied by Shari Lewis), and members of the 1969 Miracle Mets will accompany the tethered balloons down to Broadway and 34th St., in front of Macy's, the parade's sponsor.

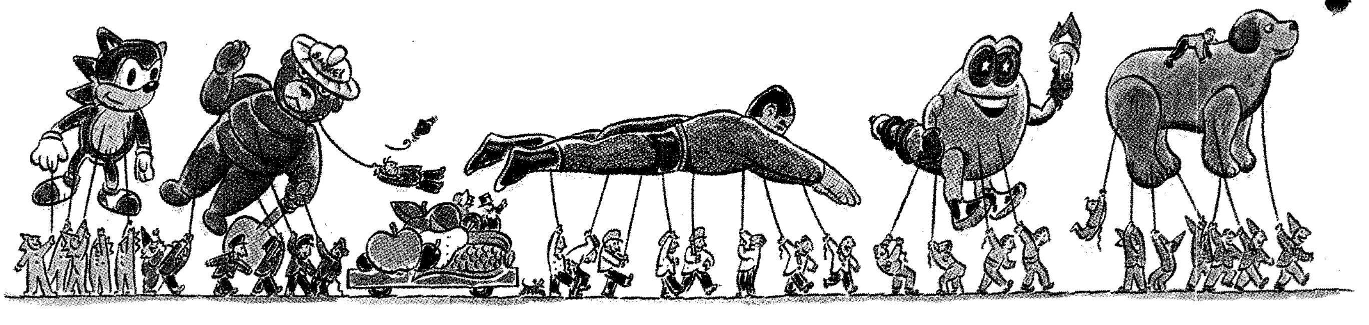
Hot to Trot—The New York Road Runners sponsors an annual Turkey Trot Fun Run, on Nov. 25, for those who would like to indulge in a guilt-free Thanksgiving meal. The five-miler starts at Concert Grove, near Wollman Rink, in Prospect Park, at 10:30. For more information, call 860-4455.

Everything's Coming Up Daisies—The Brooklyn Botanic Garden's fall flower show, "Daisies and Their Cousins," concentrates on the *Compositae*, which is popularly known as the daisy family but also includes sunflowers, chrysanthemums, zinnias, and joe-pye weed. The Steinhardt Conservatory is also displaying an exhibit of scientific and botanical illustrations. (1000 Washington Ave, near Grand Army Plaza. Tuesdays through Sundays, from 10 to 4. Through Nov. 28. Closed Thanksgiving. No tickets necessary.)

Crafty Town—It's the Uptown/Downtown Crafts Festival, where artisans will display their wares—including raku pottery, kaleidoscopes, and glass jewelry—at two locations. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl., and the Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Nov. 26, from noon to 7, and Nov. 27-28, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the doors on the days of the fair.)

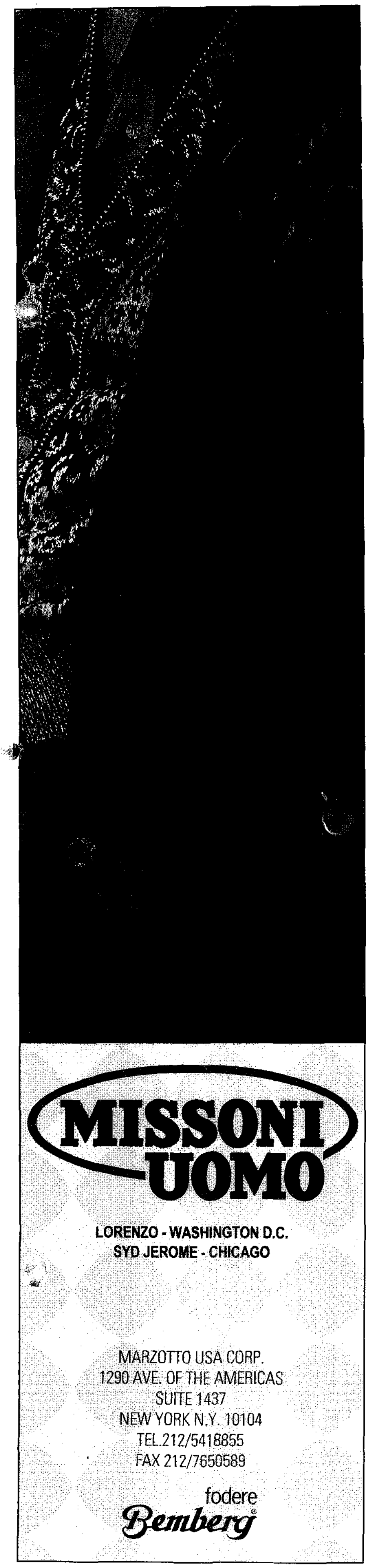
Live from Town Hall—Garrison Keillor returns to Town Hall for five live broadcasts of his radio show, "A Prairie Home Companion." Keillor is a genial, if sometimes acerbic, host, and his cast is gifted. This is a chance to see Keillor's sound-effects man, the devilish Tom Keith, at work. Before you settle in, you can give Keillor a slip of paper with a greeting, which he may read to the radio audience after intermission. Special guests will be Tom Paxton and John Sebastian. (Town Hall, 123 West 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 27 at 5:45. Through Dec. 25.)

Brass Tacks—Susan Griffin will give a talk titled "Gender, War, and the Survival of the Planet." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 30 at 8:15.)



Thanksgiving Day Parade.

MILAN TRENC


MISSONI UOMO

LORENZO - WASHINGTON D.C.
SYD JEROME - CHICAGO

MARZOTTO USA CORP.
1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS
SUITE 1437
NEW YORK N.Y. 10104
TEL.212/5418855
FAX 212/7650589

fodere
Bemberg®

Commedia—Works from "Best American Short Plays 1992-93"—including "Jolly," by David Mamet—will be given readings by actors, on Nov. 29 at 8. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)

Readings—Nov. 29 at 8: Margaret Atwood will read from her latest novel, "The Robber Bride." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶Nov. 30 at 7: Barry Yourgrau will read from a manuscript-in-progress, "The Sadness of Sex." (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8: Siri Hustvedt will talk about her work and will read from her novel "The Blindfold." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5690.)

Walks & Tours—Nov. 27 at 11: Big Onion Walking Tours will visit Ellis Island. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 1: The annual walking tour of Mark Twain's SoHo and Greenwich Village. For more information, call 242-5546.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Away until Dec. 5, when they'll face the Indianapolis Colts.

Giants—Vs. the Phoenix Cardinals, Nov. 28 at 4.

Knicks—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Nov. 27 at 1.

Rangers—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 28 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Rangers, Nov. 27 at 7:10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Nov. 28 at 7:10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 30 at 7:40.

Devils—Vs. the Rangers, Nov. 30 at 7:35.

(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Attention, Artists—A cartoon and illustration workshop at the Transit Museum will focus on "animating the inanimate." Participants can draw inspiration from the museum's "Hizzoner, John Q., and You" exhibit, a history of cartoons about the subway system. Recommended ages: five and older. (Schermerhorn St. at Boerum Pl., Brooklyn. 1-718 330-5839. Nov. 26-27, from 1:30 to 3:30.)

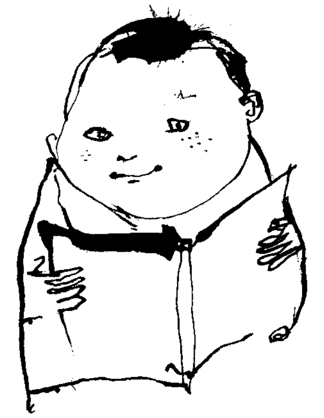
Dramatics—The Little People's Theatre Company gets into the holiday spirit, with "Wilbur the Christmas Mouse" (at 1:30) and "Santa Claus & the Christmas Bell" (at 3) on Saturdays and Sundays. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 765-9540.) . . . ¶ Theatreworks/USA treads the boards with an adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women." Recommended ages: eight and older. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Nov. 27-28, Dec. 5, and Dec. 11 at 12:30.)

Killooleet Sing—The Seeger family and friends, in a sing-along concert of folk music. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Nov. 27 at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the event.)

Games People Play—The Children's Museum of Manhattan is sponsoring a program on traditional American games, which will showcase a a number of diversions—like the circle game "Bird, Beast, or Fish"—that are hundreds of years old. Recommended ages: six and older. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Nov. 27 at 1 and 3.)

"The Jungle Book"—A puppet show based on the Kipling classic, presented by Pegasus Productions. Recommended ages: six to twelve. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Nov. 27 at 12:30 and 2:30. Free tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

And Don't Forget—The Thanksgiving Day Parade. . . . ¶ The Big Apple Circus, at Lincoln Center (268-0055). . . . ¶ "The Radio City Christmas Spectacular" (247-4777).



CHILDREN'S BOOKSTORES

A list of places where a kid, a parent, or an aunt can get down on the floor and read. Each of these stores had at least one book none of the others had.

Barnes & Noble Jr., 120 E. 86th St. (427-0686), and 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835)—The only freestanding B. & N. Jr. in the country is near a corner of the Upper East Side that looks like kid's heaven, with pretzel, popcorn, and nut-and-candy stores all in a row. The chain's new superstore, on the Upper West Side, has room for Jr. on the second floor. Both stores have special sections on everything from alphabets to Cubism, a stage for storytelling, plaster elephants, tables and chairs, a rest room, and plenty of gimmicks (books packaged with puzzles, inflatable dinosaurs, fishing tackle, etc.), as well as large video and Barney departments.

Books of Wonder, 132 Seventh Ave., at 18th St. (989-3270)—Children's literature is the specialty here, with a sideline in Oz and a voluminous selection of collectibles—everything from Tom Swift to "Fabre's Book of Insects." There's also a good selection of hardcover and paperback books for older children (twelve and up). On Sunday mornings at eleven-thirty, Tim Hall, the assistant manager, reads stories to neighborhood kids. Publications include a monthly newsletter, an Oz newsletter, and a catalogue for collectors. Books of Wonder is a Barney-free zone, with limited parking for strollers.

Gryphon Bookshop, 2246 Broadway, between 80th and 81st Sts. (362-0706)—For the child whose ambition is to be an antiquarian book dealer, or the adult trying to plant the seed of such an ambition, this used- and rare-book shop has collectibles, Oz books, and a small section, low to the floor, where you're as likely to pull out a Dutch fairy tale as a copy of "The Muppets Take Manhattan."

Bookberries, 983 Lexington Ave., at 71st St. (794-9400)—It is with books as it is with berries, according to the owner of this book boutique: you want to pick the best ones. The staff prepares book baskets for all occasions. The children's section, a cozy elevated nook, has a stool and a few toys, and the selection of books includes a reprint of "The Young Visiters" (1919), by nine-year-old novelist Daisy Ashford.

Strand Book Store, 828 Broadway, at 12th St. (473-1452)—Downstairs in the basement is a large, pleasant children's section, with the most democratic assortment of books imaginable. Except for one shelf devoted to books on grandparents and cats, there is no discernible organizing principle: "The Simpsons Xmas Book" lies on the same table as "The Little Prince." At least one mouse lives down here. (Maybe it's Stuart Little.)

An image of enduring values..

reflected in a time of traditional gathering.
Celebrate the preparation with an extraordinary cookware . . Calphalon.
In an extended range of pieces from classic to specialty, the superior
surface of Calphalon will enhance every taste on your table with clarity
. . savor and enjoy.

Calphalon®

Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

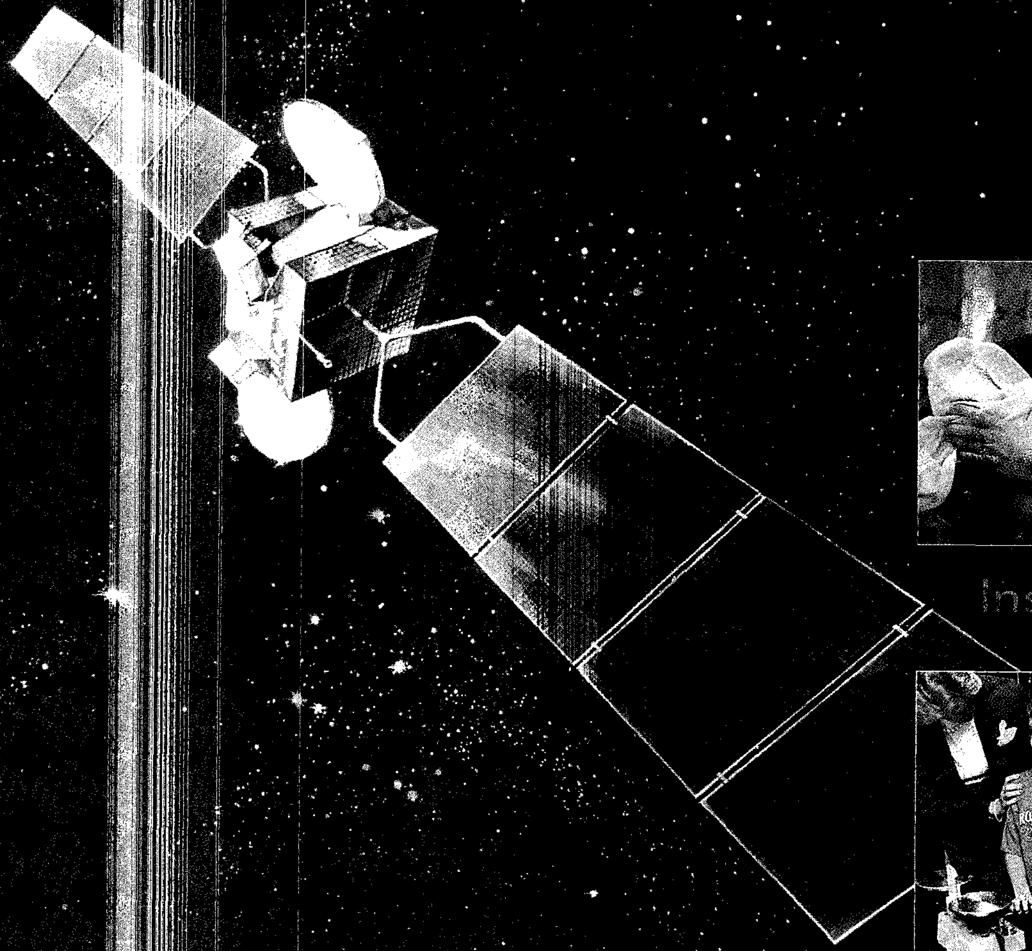
COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT. 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43697-0583

Special Advertising Section

PBS

Public Television

LEADING THE WAY INTO THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY



© Steve Sands

Inspire

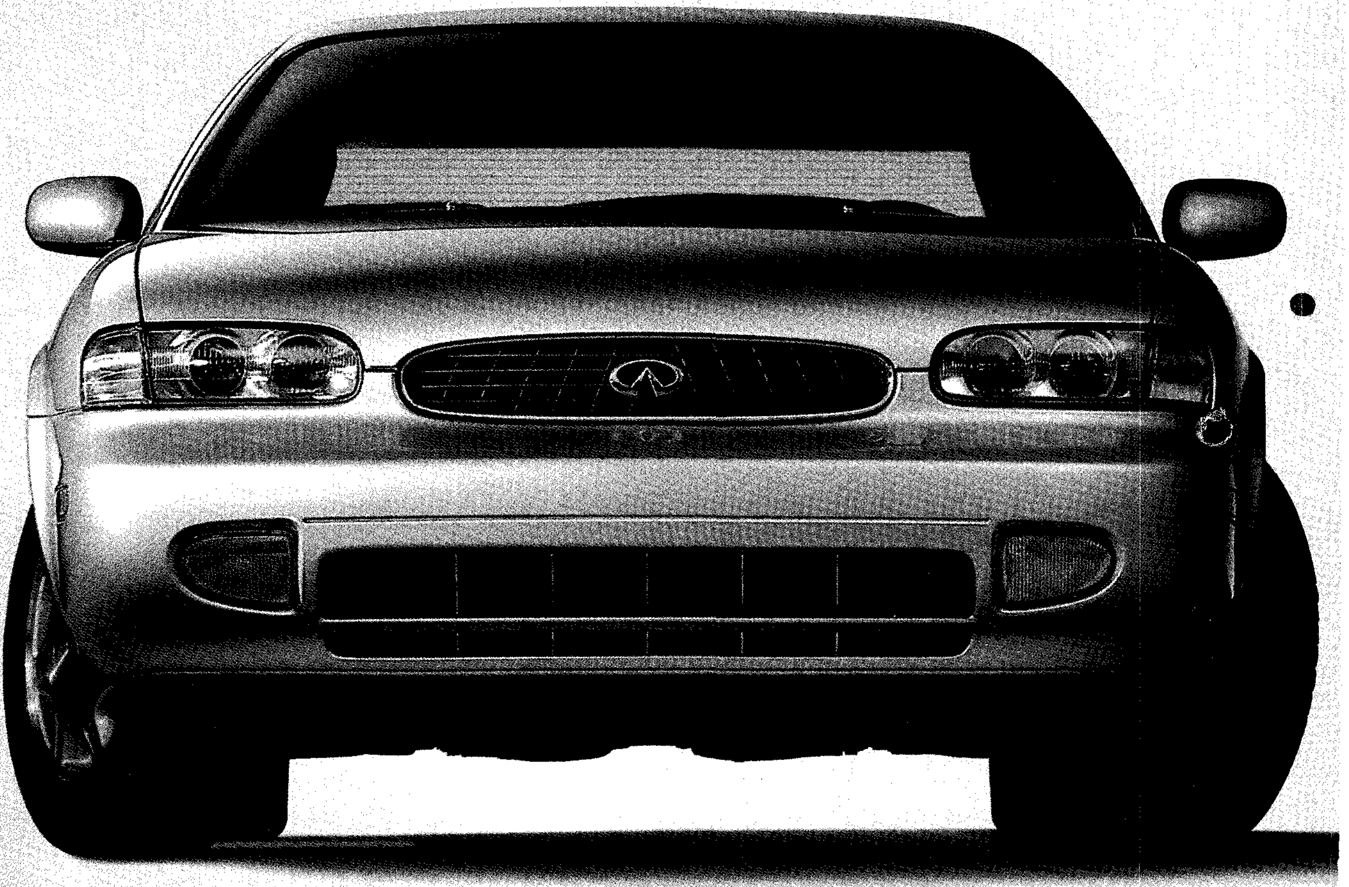
courtesy WTTW/Chicago

Educate

Big Bird © 1993 Henson

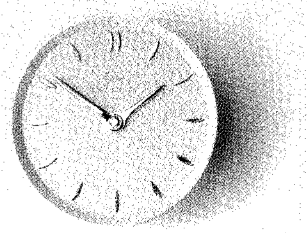
Enlighten

You can't explain Infiniti in one ad.
You can barely explain the clock.



The Infiniti J30.

Call 1-800-826-6500 to learn more about Infiniti or to arrange a Guest Drive.®
© 1993 Infiniti Division of Nissan Motor Corporation U.S.A.



When people get into an Infiniti® J30® the first thing they tend to notice is the clock. That's no accident.

Unlike other luxury carmakers that seem to stick clocks and, for that matter, far more important instruments in the car as an afterthought, at Infiniti there is a logical reason for everything. In designing the interior, our engineers realized the clock is the one instrument everyone uses. So it should stand out. Elegantly.

Now, if they gave that much consideration to the clock, imagine trying to explain the entire car. The patented multi-link rear suspension. Leather hand-selected specifically for the seat frames and driving characteristics. The viscous limited-slip differential for stunning traction and control. A 7-function electronic key that even works from around corners.

The fact is, we can't begin to do justice to the concept of Infiniti here. Visit your Infiniti showroom, and they'll be happy to give you all the detailed explanation you want. Tell them you already know the part about the clock.

It's everything that's possible.™

INFINITI®

Advertisement

TOP GRUNGE'S MOST RECENT
KNOWN WHEREABOUTS: ATHENS.

© Caption Center/WGBH Boston

Thanks to public television, a hearing-impaired viewer can enjoy the show "Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego" as well as other programs.

Five hundred

CHANNELS OF WHAT?

The automobile, airplane, and spaceship all revolutionized our ability to go farther faster. Advanced telecommunications are doing the same for our ability to access and distribute ideas and information. A person can instantly fax facts around the globe, call from anywhere with portable phones, or take his or her office anywhere with laptops and "personal digital assistants." Soon, cable television will offer the supernumerary five-hundred-channel entertainment environment that will truly drive your remote out of control.

But to what end? As we move closer to the millennium, someone must ask, "Why are we doing this?" "Who does it benefit?" Public television is asking and answering those questions.

"Civil War" producer Ken Burns notes, "None of this new technology has any value unless it enriches our lives. If it's merely technology for the addition of some new gimmick or dimension, then it really subtracts from the sum of our existence. . . . So what I would suggest is that as we approach the new century, we should be looking to encourage not just the development of new technology but our insistence and our intention that these new technologies be put in the service of great ideas."

PBS's tradition of firsts continues into the interactive, multichannel world of the future.

Public television has a proud tradition of doing just that. The word "first" is heard frequently in any discussion of the myriad accomplishments of PBS. Public television was the first to develop closed-captioning for the hearing impaired, descriptive video services for the sight impaired, the first to develop an instant-student-response keypad system for distance learning, and the first broadcast network to use satellite technology to distribute its programs.

This tradition of firsts continues into the interactive, multichannel world of the future. With the introduction of "Mathline," PBS will offer the first video-and-data telecommunications system devoted to improving students' math achievement. Teaming with EON, a leader in interactive television, PBS will be the nation's first national television network to use interactivity in its on-air programming. The PBS Adult Learning Service will be the first to offer students across the country a full college degree available entirely through telecourses. With provocative programming, innovative new services, and exciting education opportunities, public television is leading the way into the twenty-first century.

XF series
Panasonic
THE NEW PANASONIC SUPERFLAT SYSTEM TV. IT'S SO LIFELIKE YOU CAN ALMOST SMELL THE FLOWERS.

Panasonic introduces the new SuperFlat™ System Television. To appreciate it you must experience it for yourself.

Images seem to burst from the screen. The sound has a presence that seems far greater than ordinary speakers can produce.

It's the new Panasonic SuperFlat System TV. It's capable of creating resolution that goes beyond ordinary TVs*. Beyond what you may have imagined possible. Its high contrast black glass and flatter screen create an image with bold, pure, intense color. Even its Picture-In-Picture gives you an incredible picture.

The only thing as impressive as the SuperFlat System picture is its Active Dome Sound System. It can create more than mere sound, filling the room with brilliant stereo images.

All you have to do to control the sophisticated features of this new Panasonic TV is follow your instincts. The icon menu system combines picture symbols and simple logic to make precise adjustments easier than you ever imagined.

The new Panasonic SuperFlat System Television. The choice is obvious.

*Depending on video source.
TV picture simulated.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.®

Technology makes a difference in today's classroom, allowing students to satisfy their curiosity by using computer databases.

Launching a new
SATELLITE . . . AND NEW SERVICES

In the coming months, AT&T's Telstar 401 satellite will be launched, and PBS will move many of its services to it, creating the world's largest "satellite-education neighborhood." Using this advanced technology, public television will be able to build new services and dramatically expand channel capacity.

PBS Online is one of the services in development that will take advantage of the satellite. It's a nationwide, two-way-interactive telecommunications network that will provide educational services to schools, colleges, businesses, libraries, and homes. A test was conducted during the 1992-93 school year.

PBS Online will offer interactive learning services to link students and teachers across the nation, enabling them to send and receive voice, data, and text messages. Public television is uniquely positioned to accomplish this, since it operates a nationwide infrastructure that serves nearly thirty million students, seventy thousand schools, and almost two million teachers.

The classroom
OF TOMORROW IS HERE TODAY

Public television is dramatically changing the classroom, linking teachers, television, and technology to electrify education. "HiWavz" and MediaFusion are two new multimedia products recently tested as part of the PBS Online service.

"HiWavz," a joint project of WGBH/Boston and PBS, is an innovative multimedia electronic magazine written, edited, and created by, and for, students across the country and transmitted by satellite. The first edition of "HiWavz," which appeared on "electronic newsstands" last March, was a smash hit.

Apple Learning Technologies Group; The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour; PBS; and WETA/Washington, D.C., worked together on MediaFusion, a research and development project using "MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" program segments to study new ways of learning that combine timely televised stories with explorable computer databases.

Both of these pilot projects found a home at Thomas Jefferson Junior High School in Washington, D.C., which is less than a mile from the Jefferson Memorial. The school is closer still to the Jeffersonian principles the memorial commemorates—courage, integrity, and curiosity.

With three computer labs, Jefferson was ready. PBS, Apple, and WETA/Washington, D.C. donated some additional equipment and technical support. The results? Ferne Barrow, Manager of Educational Outreach for

On the edge
OF THEIR SEATS

It's clear that the students in Karen Lepore's fifth-grade class are out of control—with enthusiasm. An audible "Ah ha" echoes through the new science center at Somerville Central School, in New Jersey, as the children practically launch out of their seats to be called upon. They're all dying to answer the question "Why did Bill Kurtis go to Peru?"

All the students know that Kurtis went to Peru to investigate "The Mystery of the Lines" as part of his public television series "The New Explorers," now in its third season on PBS. The series takes students all around the world to explore environmental and scientific questions. And they love it.

On a bulletin board outside the Somerville science center is the aphorism "Tell me, I forget. Show me, I remember. Involve me, I understand." And the science center shows, and involves, with the latest technology: a thirty-five-inch television monitor, laser-disc player, stereo videocassette recorder, computer, modem, and other equipment. Having already seen that aforementioned segment of "The New Explorers," the students are ready to get involved by duplicating the "mystery of the lines" land sculpture in their lab.

courtesy WTTW Chicago

"The New Explorers" looks at scientific questions.

It's all part of a courageous and innovative experiment, championed by Somerville's principal Jim Moryan. He revamped the entire science curriculum and modelled it on the PBS series. With a creative mix of on-screen exploring and in-house experimenting, students are engaged and excited. Parents, businesses, and the community are all involved, too. Teachers are thrilled, and test scores are up twenty per cent. It's a perfect example of how public television is harnessing many new technologies to pursue its decades-old mission—to educate, inspire, and entertain.

THE PFIZER HEALTHCARE SERIES

You can tell high blood pressure by these symptoms:

____

____

____

____

____

(Very often, there are none!)

It's hard to believe that over 35 million Americans have a dangerous disease...very often without a symptom. But that's what high blood pressure (hypertension) is like. A hidden illness, yet one of the easiest to detect—and to treat. Untreated, it can affect your brain (stroke), your vision, heart (infarction), blood vessels and kidneys. Anyone can be affected, although factors such as age, sex, race or family background play a role.

Fortunately, there's plenty that can be done to treat this condition. Only your doctor can diagnose hypertension, but you can help head it off through healthier living—reducing weight, cholesterol, salt intake, stress, anxiety and stopping smoking. An improved lifestyle, and blood pressure-controlling medicines can substantially lower your risk for heart attacks and stroke. But the first step is to see your doctor.

For a poster-sized reprint of this message, write: Pharmaceuticals Group, Pfizer Inc, P.O. Box 3852H, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

A message in the interest of better health

Pfizer

Pharmaceuticals

A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE™

WETA, notes, "We're ecstatic . . . the beauty of all this technology is seeing how the children are being challenged, seeing the creativity flow, watching them work together, building teams to find answers."

Much of the credit goes to the teachers involved in the projects, Stanley Johnson and Winston Hall, who realized the potential of the technology. Science teacher Stanley Johnson explains, "I've seen kids who were C students perform at A-level caliber. Technology is the tool that provides opportunity for all kids."

Winston Hall, a social studies teacher with twenty-three years of experience, supervised the "HiWavz" project. The school submitted an editorial, written by eighth-grader Courtney Snowden, on the late Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall.

The MediaFusion experiment was so successful that Stanley Johnson and two of his seventh-grade students, Jacqueline Fisher and Lateef Abney, were invited to testify before the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, chaired by Senator Edward Kennedy. Fisher told the committee, "This [MediaFusion] is one of the best things you could ever have. If more kids had this kind of learning tool then we would have a lower dropout rate."

> **"If more kids had this kind of learning tool then we would have a lower dropout rate."**

Senator Jeff Bingaman (D-N.M.) asked the student, "Do you get class credits?" To which Fisher responded, "We get class credit in our minds."

There was a significant, unanticipated benefit from the cross-country contact both "HiWavz" and MediaFusion offered. Winston Hall explains, "The biggest thing is that it's made them aware of cultures other than their own. . . . My students are primarily African-Americans and being involved in "HiWavz" made them aware of the cultural diversity in America."

First in the world

IN MATH AND SCIENCE

In pursuit of National Education Goal Number 4 (U.S. students number one in the world in math and science by the year 2000), PBS will also offer "Mathline," the first interactive data-communications system devoted to improving the math achievements of American students.

Unveiled last spring, PBS Mathline will include video, data, and voice-communication systems for teachers, students, and parents. It will help retrain the nation's 1.5 million elementary school teachers and 185,000 secondary-school math teachers and improve student performance in math. PBS is working

Lateef Abney

© Hugo Wessels/PHOTOPRESS

Student Lateef Abney testified before the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources regarding his experience with PBS's MediaFusion.

500 YEARS AGO, TRUE CONNOISSEURS OWNED
A WORK OF ART BY CELLINI. THEY STILL CAN.

THE ROLEX CELLINI
COLLECTION, CREATED
IN HOMAGE
TO BENVENUTO CELLINI,
THE MASTER GOLDSMITH
OF THE
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.
EACH SOFTLY CURVED
TIMEPIECE
EXQUISITELY FASHIONED,
EACH BRACELET
INTRICATELY CRAFTED
AND METICULOUSLY
FINISHED
BY HAND.
ROLEX CELLINI,
IN 18kt GOLD,
PRECISELY RECAPTURING
THE SPIRIT OF
THE RENAISSANCE.

ROLEX
Cellini

TOURNEAU®
New York • Geneva • Palm Beach • Bal Harbour • Costa Mesa

THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE

NEW YORK ☐ MADISON AVE.- 52ND ST. ☐ MADISON AVE.- 59TH ST ☐ 34TH ST.-7TH AVE.
FLORIDA ☐ PALM BEACH - WORTH AVE. ☐ BAL HARBOUR - BAL HARBOUR SHOPS **CALIFORNIA** ☐ COSTA MESA - SOUTH COAST PLAZA
Call or write for Free catalog **(212) 758-6234 / 1-800-221-0450**

NYR-RC3

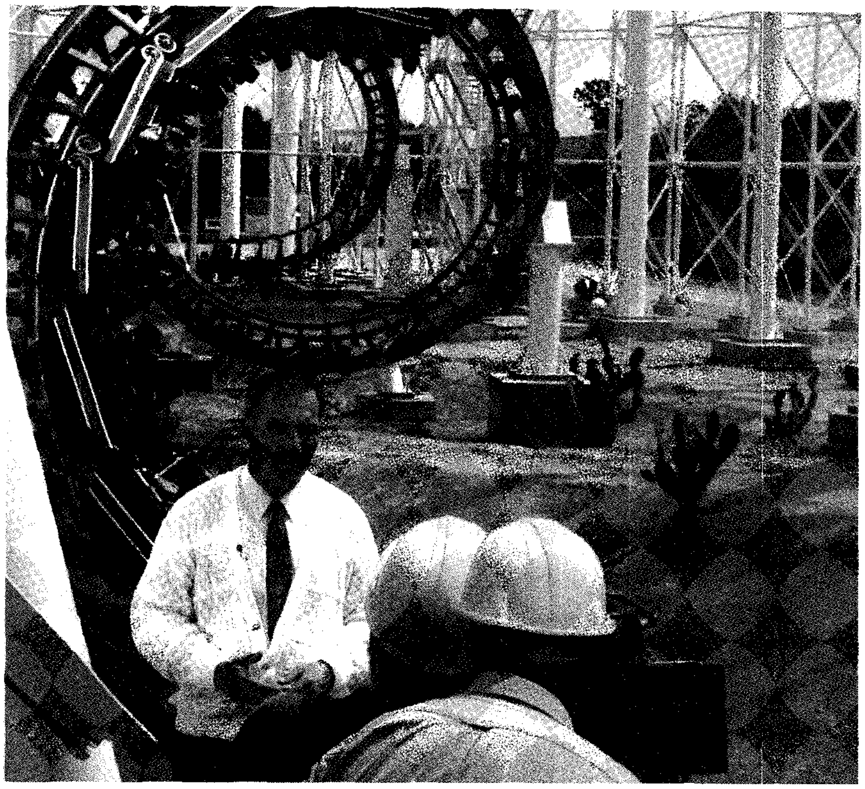
with the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics to define what specific services are needed most.

Public television already reinforces math instruction in school and at home with programs such as "The Power of Algebra" and "Square One TV."

"Futures with Jaime Escalante" is one of the most popular in-classroom series on public television. The series has won more than forty awards, including the George Foster Peabody Award. The program shows how math relates to the working world, and links classroom math and science to rewarding careers.

Jaime Escalante tells his students, "The only thing I need is *ganas*, the desire to learn, the wish to get ahead, the ability to sacrifice. With that we can accomplish anything we want to."

It works. His students have gone on to the best colleges and universities in the country.



The program "Futures with Jaime Escalante" uses real-life examples to prove that math and science are important in the day-to-day world.

Making television
ACCESSIBLE FOR ALL

Public television has opened up whole new worlds for blind and hearing impaired people. PBS, working with WGBH/Boston's Caption Center, pioneered access to television for deaf and hard-of-hearing Americans in 1972. Then, in the late 1970s, PBS developed the Emmy Award-winning line 21 closed-captioning technology. Today, most prime-time public television series, national news programs, children's programs, and instructional programs are closed-captioned.

An estimated twenty million Americans have enough of a hearing loss that they cannot fully understand the content of a television program. Besides helping deaf and hard-of-hearing viewers, captions are also a boon to adults and children learning to read and to people who are learning English as a second language.

Building on twenty years of experience providing access to television for deaf and hard-of-hearing people, WGBH/Boston developed Descriptive Video Service® (DVS) in 1990. DVS, which is available on many popular PBS series, is a free service carried by many public television stations to make television accessible to the twelve million Americans who are blind or have low vision. It provides narrated descriptions of a television program's key visual elements without interfering with the program's audio. It makes a difference, according to George Shearing, jazz pianist and composer. "I have often wondered what use television could be to a blind person. Now, thanks to Descriptive Video Service, I know—to my great pleasure and enjoyment! Thank you, WGBH."

Connecting a
NATION OF LEARNERS

Where you live shouldn't limit what you learn, but it does. "Satellite" teachers help solve that problem. Public television is beaming courses across the country, taught by master teachers, using advanced technology to provide students everywhere with equal access to educational opportunities.

The Satellite Educational Resources Consortium (SERC), a multistate partnership of public broadcasters and state departments of education, delivers live, interactive courses via satellite. The whole country is connected, thanks to SERC, and any school in the nation can enroll students in its courses and programs.

Kentucky is one of the states most actively participating in SERC. KET delivers instructional television programs via satellite to seventeen hundred sites in the state—every public school, vocational school, state park, community college, university, and some public libraries.

Doug Tzanetos took advantage of KET instructional programming. Tzanetos is from Buckhorn, Kentucky, a town of three hundred. There were no advanced-placement courses offered at Buckhorn High School [illegible], because of distance learning, he was able to take discrete math and probability and statistics. He explains, "It was one of the best educational experiences I had in high school, and I'd love to see it grow and be offered to as many schools as possible."

Tzanetos is now a senior at Yale University majoring in psychobiology, the study of the neural basis of behavior. He hopes to go on to graduate studies in psychology, possibly to pursue a career as a clinical psychologist.

And how have his experiences changed him? "I have a new outlook on possibilities . . . viewing the whole United States as a potential home someday, access to a lot of different careers, competing with the best in the nation and feeling like I can hold my own. It's a good feeling."

Providing equity
AND ACCESS

In the information age, America can't afford a society of haves and have-nots. Unfortunately, cost and complexity are still

Two Jewels in the PBS Crown

Masterpiece Theatre

Sundays at 9PM (ET)

MYSTERY!

Thursdays at 9PM (ET)

Check local listings

Mobil

Supporting Public Television for 25 years.

©1993 Mobil Corporation

Advertisement

Highlights of upcoming
SPECIALS ON PBS

Following is a list of outstanding programs that will air during the next several months on PBS stations. Because public television stations operate independently, these programs may be broadcast on different dates and at different times. Please consult your local television listings for the broadcast schedule in your area, or call the public television station serving your community for more information.

Public television programs are made possible by a collaboration of funders, including individual members, federal and state governments, businesses, colleges, foundations, and local governments.

The Continuing Adventures of the Rolling Stones: 25X5

© Paul Natkin

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF THE ROLLING STONES: 25X5

This biography of the Rolling Stones—one of rock 'n' roll's most successful and enduring "bad boy" bands—captures the evolution of the band over 25 years.

I'LL FLY AWAY

This television treasure finds a new home on PBS. Set in the deep South on the eve of the turbulent 1960s, the story explores the issues of race and civil rights through the relationships between the families of District Attorney Forrest Bedford (Sam Waterston) and his housekeeper Lilly Harper (Regina Taylor).

December 1993

AMERICAN MASTERS

"Benny Goodman: Adventures in the Kingdom of Swing," an intimate biography of the man who won recognition for jazz, traces the incredible life and times of the legendary "King of Swing."

AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE

"Hallelujah" is a heartwarming, contemporary story of an urban church in Washington, D.C., and its new minister, who has three days to prove his spiritual skills.

BARRY MANILOW: THE BEST OF ME

Pop entertainer Barry Manilow wows 8,000 adoring fans at London's Wembley Arena as he performs the hits that made him famous.

I'll Fly Away

January 1994

AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE

Armistead Maupin's celebrated stories of the lives and loves of a group of single people in 1970s San Francisco come to life in "Tales of the City," a new six-hour miniseries.

Advertisement

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

This portrait of "Malcolm X" reflects the intellectual journey of a complex man whose ideas continue to resonate.

February 1994

CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

Hosted by journalist Hedrick Smith, this four-part series witnesses the triumphs and failures of businesses and educational systems around the world, and looks at how each culture's values and institutions affect economic performance.

POWER PLAYS

This six-part series is a fast-paced look at the high stakes and big dollars involved in the American sports industry.

© 1993 Henson/R. Termine

Sesame Street 25th Birthday Special

© Steve Sands

American Playhouse's "Hallelujah"

March 1994

OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

This celebration of the nation's capital captures the city's legacy of historic and picturesque landmarks.

SESAME STREET 25TH BIRTHDAY SPECIAL

As appealing to adults as it is to children, this program features a hit parade of classic Sesame Street tunes performed by celebrity guests along with the regular cast of people and Muppets.

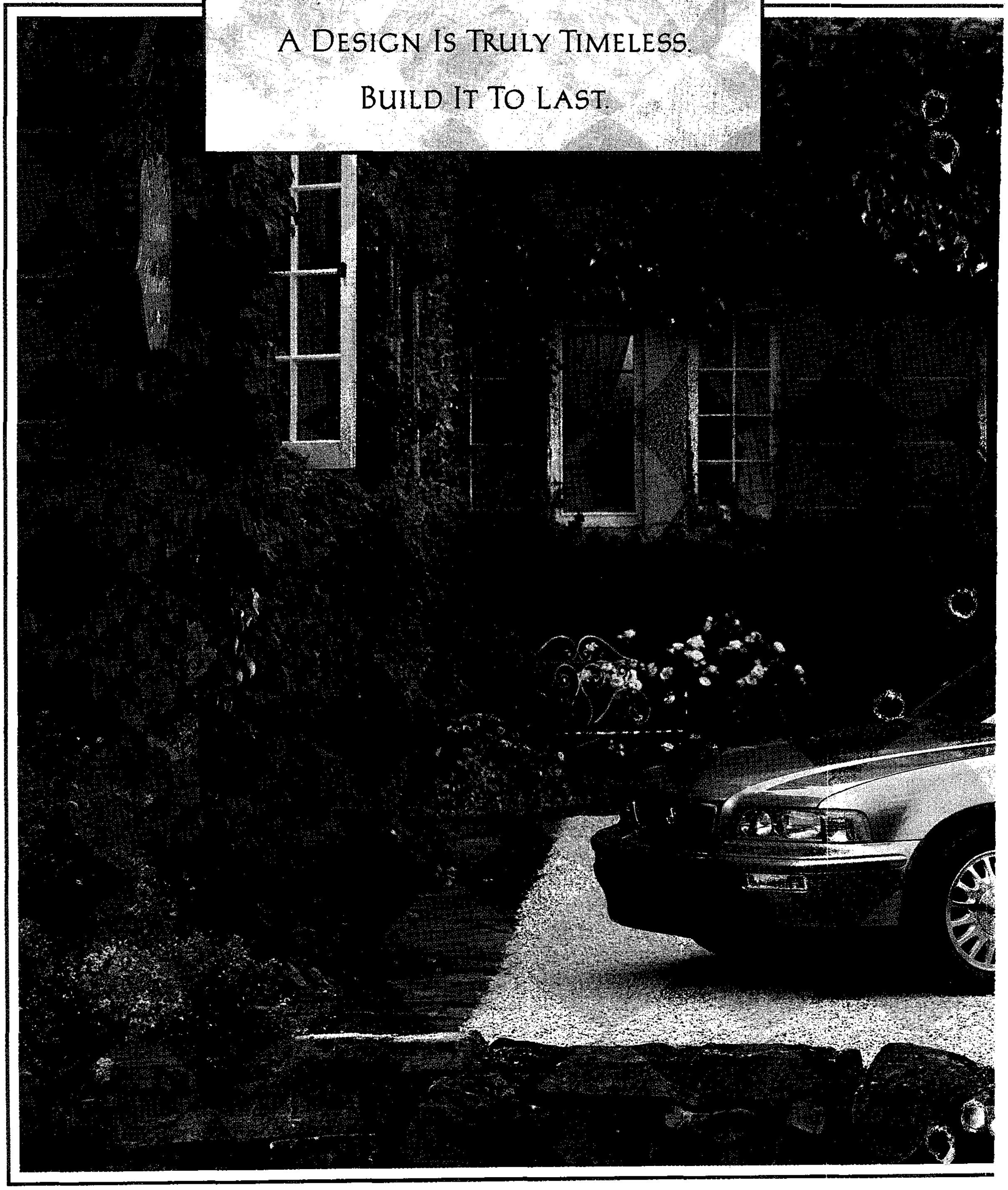
May 1994

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

Covering the years from 1862 to 1893, "The Way West" is a sprawling, colorful epic by filmmaker Ric Burns ("The Donner Party") of the final decades of America's western expansion.

Public television programs are made possible by a collaboration of funders.

THERE IS ONLY ONE
WAY TO FIND OUT WHETHER
A DESIGN IS TRULY TIMELESS.
BUILD IT TO LAST.



FOR A DESIGN to become classic, it must be durable enough to stand up to the rigors of time, and aesthetically pleasing enough to survive changing tastes. The Acura Legend LS is both. Its finish is formulated to remain lustrous even after years of driving. The handpicked wood of the interior has a

©1993 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and Legend are registered trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Make an intelligent decision. Buckle up. Call 1-800-TO-ACURA for the dealer nearest you.

thick, clear coating to keep it from aging. Even the leather we use is chosen for durability as well as appearance. Anyone who has driven a Legend will observe that luxury automobiles have come a long way. Especially the ones built to go a long time.

SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE. ACURA

preventing some segments of society from joining fully in the benefits of the technological revolution.

Public television continues to push the technological envelope to bring costs down to earth. States such as Ohio, Nebraska, Iowa, South Carolina, Maryland, and Kentucky have turned to public television to help create statewide networks to reach all of their citizens.

The state of Iowa has called upon Iowa Public Television to organize and operate a statewide educational telecommunications network that will interconnect more than five hundred educational institutions. Iowa Governor Terry Branstad explains, "Iowa's two-way informational network will be the information highway of the future."

Maryland Public Television (MPT), the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, and the state of Maryland are working together to provide distance learning statewide, via an electronic highway of digital fiber optics. The network will reach about 270 high schools, colleges, universities, and other cultural institutions. As MPT president Raymond K. K. Ho says, "The potential for lifelong learning through the electronic classroom is limitless and extends the mission of public television."

Public television continues to push the technological envelope to bring costs down to earth.

From a statewide closed-circuit television network for schools established in the early 1960s to an extensive satellite system that will begin operating this year, South Carolina Educational Television (SCETV) continually innovates. South Carolina will be the first state in the country to broadcast job openings to cable-television stations, public libraries, schools, and malls this year. SCETV and South Carolina's Employment Security Commission developed the new technology to send job-bank listings—as many as seven thousand openings—around the state. By filling jobs and getting people off the unemployment rolls more quickly, the state hopes to save millions of dollars.

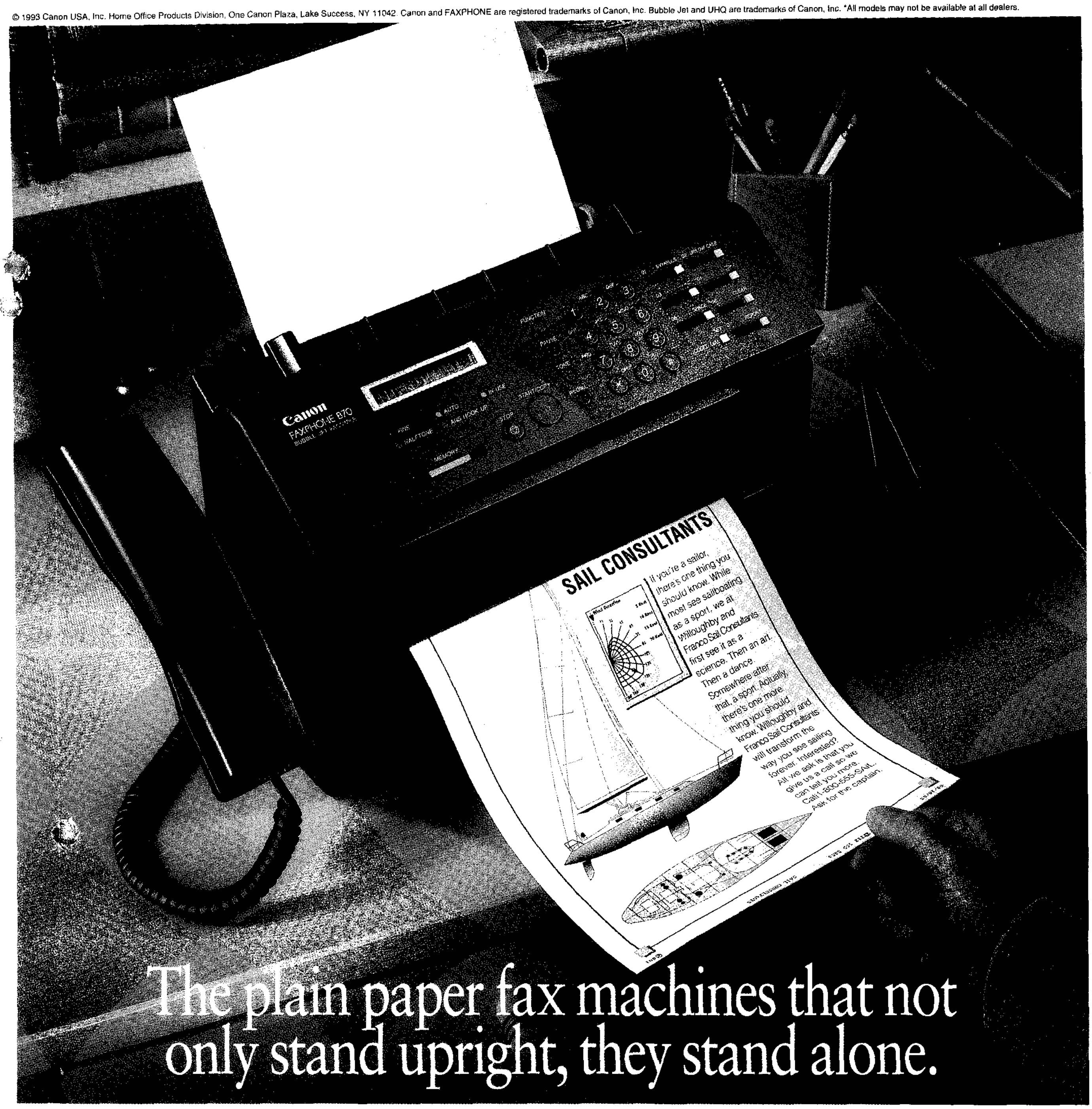
A competitive AMERICAN WORKFORCE

How can America train its workers for the jobs of the future and also make a college education accessible to everyone? In partnership with local stations, the PBS Adult Learning Service and the PBS Business Channel are helping to educate adult students by making information ac-

courtesy SCETV

Head Start turned to South Carolina Educational Television for help in training staff. In 1991, 11,000 SCETV child-care training videotapes were distributed.

© 1993 Canon USA, Inc. Home Office Products Division, One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042 Canon and FAXPHONE are registered trademarks of Canon, Inc. Bubble Jet and UHQ are trademarks of Canon, Inc. *All models may not be available at all dealers.



SAIL CONSULTANTS

If you're a sailor, there's one thing you should know. While most see sailboating as a sport, we at Willoughby and Franco Sail Consultants first see it as a science. Then an art. Then a dance. Somewhere after that, a sport. Actually, there's one more thing you should know. Willoughby and Franco Sail Consultants will transform the way you see sailing forever. Interested? All we ask is that you give us a call so we can tell you more. Call 1-800-555-SAIL. Ask for the captain.

Canon stands alone as the undisputed leader in plain paper facsimile.

And it isn't difficult to see why. Especially when you notice the space-saving upright design of our FAXPHONE® plain paper fax machines. Perfect for any home office.

Notice, too, the quality of output. Canon's patented Bubble Jet™ printing technology with 360 x 360 dpi gives you precise, laser quality images on cut-sheet plain paper. And with Canon's exclusive UHQ™ imaging technology, you can send text and multi-toned graphics that are virtually indistinguishable from the original.

If you're looking for the convenience and simplicity of receiving on plain paper, remember only Canon has a full line of affordable, easy-to-use personal plain paper fax machines with the outstanding quality that has made Canon plain paper fax the number one choice of American business.

For more information about our popular FAXPHONE B70 and B60, or our new FAXPHONE B75,* please call 1-800-4321-HOP.

Official Facsimile of
WorldCup USA94™
and U.S. National Team

FAXPHONE® B70
BUBBLE JET FACSIMILE

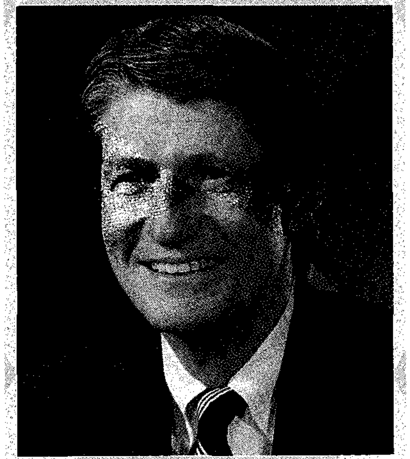
Canon

CEO and sage

To stay current and competitive, American workers in government and industry will have to retrain and retool. David Kearns is the former Chief Executive Officer of Xerox and the former U. S. Deputy Secretary of Education. He is now chairman and CEO of the New American Schools Development Corporation and a senior university fellow at Harvard, where he currently teaches. Kearns has witnessed how important technology can be in education, business, and government.

Speaking on schools, Kearns says, "As you look to the future, I think the use of technology is going to be absolutely incredible in the schools. . . . . Each school can't have a library that looks like Stanford University's. But there's no reason why the schools can't electronically tie into the Stanford library."

On government communications: "When I left Xerox, I had a computer workstation that was tied into twenty-five thousand other Xerox workstations around the world. I came to the Education Department and I had a workstation, but it was a word-processing machine and it wasn't tied to anyone's computer."


© Xerox Corporation

David T. Kearns

On utilizing technology to retrain our workforce: "It's tremendously important. I think we generally have hugely labor-intensive industries that are almost untouched by technology."

cessible at home and in the workplace.

TEACHER TRAINING INSTITUTE
MASTER TEACHER WORKSHOP!
"Teachin
and
With Tec
Ma
B
© Lawrence Ivy

The Teacher Training Institute uses instructional television to train K-12 educators to teach science and math.

The PBS Business Channel helps corporations and their employees stay competitive with up-to-date resource programs and live videoconferences transmitted directly by satellite to the workplace. From small operations to Fortune 500 companies, more than four hundred businesses use the Business Channel's programs. The channel provides access to top business thinkers as well as information from the leading producers of business-education and training programs.

The PBS Adult Learning Service (ALS) is the largest source of college credit telecourses in the world, each year serving a quarter of a million adult college students. PBS transmits by satellite a regular schedule of top-quality telecourses from a variety of producers. Colleges and public television stations work together to create a student-friendly local broadcast schedule that facilitates viewing at home or at work.

Since ALS began in 1981, a total of 1,987 colleges and universities all across America have enrolled more than two million students. Sheila Turner was one of them.

A single parent of two, Turner was working at the University of Alaska at Anchorage when she started taking ALS courses in 1986. "I knew I needed to get an education. I'm a single parent and I was working full-time. It was almost impossible for me to go to class every day, all day. So the courses enabled me to be home with my kids and still go to school. I think I took every telecourse available."

Sheila Turner graduated in December of 1992 with a degree in psychology. Diploma in hand, Sheila moved from Anchorage to Hawaii. What a difference a degree makes! "I wouldn't even have contemplated making the move without the degree. Having the education was terribly important to me. It was a goal I'd set, and I was bound and determined to get there. The telecourses made it so much more viable."

Turner is now working as a program coordinator at a family-crisis center.

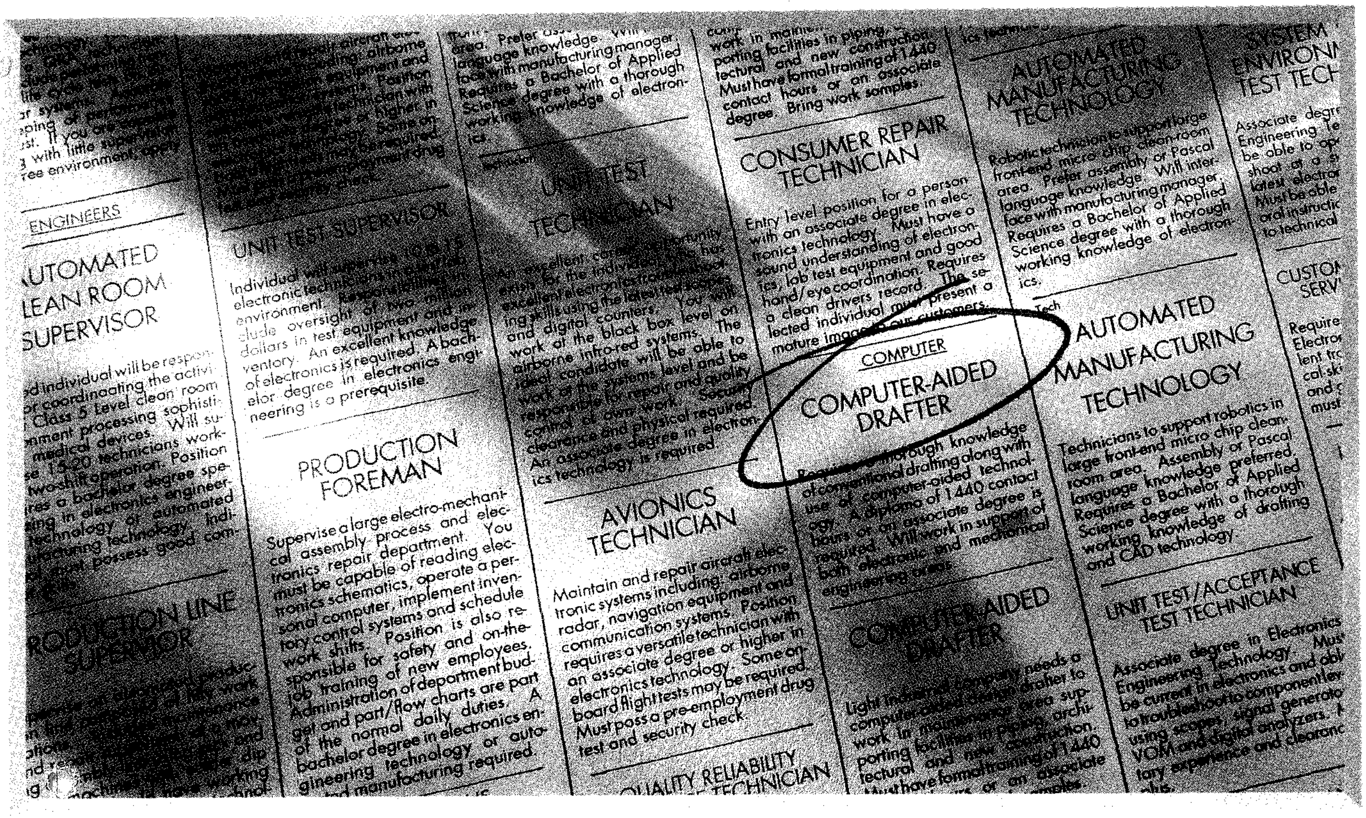
Tools for
TEACHERS

"I find it scandalous that every industry in America is using technology and teachers are still using nineteenth-century chalk and board. If we were to bring technology into the classroom tomorrow, we would have the best-educated people on the planet by the end of the century."

Ernest Boyer
The Carnegie Foundation for
the Advancement of Teaching

© 1993 ITT Corporation.

ITT TECH STUDENTS PASS THEIR BIGGEST TEST AFTER GRADUATION.



ENGINEERS

UTOMATED LEAN ROOM SUPERVISOR

UNIT TEST SUPERVISOR

Individual will supervise [illegible] electronic technicians [illegible] environment. [illegible] clude oversight of two million dollars in test equipment and inventory. An excellent knowledge of electronics is required. A bachelor degree in electronics engineering is a prerequisite.

PRODUCTION FOREMAN

Supervise a large electro-mechanical assembly process and electronics repair department. You must be capable of reading electronics schematics, operate a personal computer, implement inventory control systems and schedule work shifts. Position is also responsible for safety and on-the-job training of new employees. Administration of department budget and part/flow charts are part of the normal daily duties. A bachelor degree in electronics engineering technology or automated manufacturing required.

UNIT TEST TECHNICIAN

An excellent career opportunity exists for the individual who has excellent electronics troubleshooting skills using the latest test scopes and digital counters. You will work at the black box level on airborne infra-red systems. The ideal candidate will be able to work at the systems level and be responsible for repair and quality control of own work. Security clearance and physical required. An associate degree in electronics technology is required.

AVIONICS TECHNICIAN

Maintain and repair aircraft electronic systems including: airborne radar, navigation equipment and communication systems. Position requires a versatile technician with an associate degree or higher in electronics technology. Some on-board flight tests may be required. Must pass a pre-employment drug test and security check.

QUALITY RELIABILITY TECHNICIAN

CONSUMER REPAIR TECHNICIAN

Entry level position for a person with an associate degree in electronics technology. Must have a sound understanding of electronics, lab test equipment and good hand/eye coordination. Requires a clean drivers record. The selected individual must present a mature image to our customers.

COMPUTER

COMPUTER-AIDED DRAFTER

Requires a thorough knowledge of conventional drafting along with use of computer-aided technology. A diploma of 1440 contact hours or an associate degree is required. Will work in support of both electronic and mechanical engineering areas.

COMPUTER-AIDED DRAFTER

Light industrial company needs a computer-aided design drafter to work in maintenance area supporting facilities in piping, architectural and new construction. Must have formal training of 1440 contact hours or an associate degree. Bring work samples.

AUTOMATED MANUFACTURING TECHNOLOGY

Robotic technician to support large front-end micro chip clean-room area. Prefer assembly or Pascal language knowledge. Will interface with manufacturing manager. Requires a Bachelor of Applied Science degree with a thorough working knowledge of electronics.

Tech

AUTOMATED MANUFACTURING TECHNOLOGY

Technicians to support robotics in large front-end micro chip clean-room area. Assembly or Pascal language knowledge preferred. Requires a Bachelor of Applied Science degree with a thorough working knowledge of drafting and CAD technology.

UNIT TEST/ACCEPTANCE TEST TECHNICIAN

SYSTEM ENVIRON TEST TECH

CUSTOM SERV

Finding a job with a future, one that is related to their education, that's the ultimate test college graduates face today. A good education isn't enough. Students need both the theory and the practical application of that theory which are necessary in an increasingly specialized job market.

At ITT, we had a vision for a system of higher education that prepares students to meet the demands of American businesses. Taught by instructors with real-world experience. So graduates will be better prepared to handle the jobs tomorrow's technological workplace will produce.

That's what led us to invest over $60 million in ITT Technical Institutes. With a plan to double it by the year 2000. Today, ITT Tech, part of ITT's Financial & Business Services group, is one of the leading private career-focused programs in the U.S. Teaching entry level skills for productive jobs in telecommunications, consumer electronics, aerospace, computer drafting and other 21st century fields. It's good to know our investment is working.

ITT We're adding more than just our name.

ITT FINANCIAL & BUSINESS SERVICES   ITT MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS   ITT RAYONIER   ITT SHERATON

courtesy Family Communications, Inc.

For decades, Mister Rogers has been assuring children that they are special.

From crayons to computers, scissors to satellites, public television is striving to give teachers the tools they need. With computer networks, satellite hookups, live videoconferences, prerecorded videocassettes, and print materials for the classroom, public television is linking almost two million teachers with the experts and information they need to do their jobs efficiently and effectively.

PBS Learning Link is an on-line computer network made available to more than twenty thousand teachers and students nationwide through their local public television stations. It gives K-12 teachers a quick, efficient way to access useful classroom resources, including upcoming public television broadcasts they can integrate into their lesson plans and record off the air.

Launched in 1990, the Thirteen/WNET (New York)/Texaco Teacher Training Institute for Science, Television, and Technology trains educators (K-12) to teach science and math with instructional television (ITV). More than thirty thousand teachers who reach more than four million students have directly benefited from this service. For the first time, workshops in this method were recently made available nationwide via satellite. In addition, turnkey training—teachers training other teachers—greatly expands the program's reach in each state. The Institute is currently operating at twenty-one sites in nineteen states across America.

The next GENERATION

For twenty-five years, public television has been the primary source of educational television programs for children. Award-winning series, including shows such as "Sesame Street," "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood," "Shining Time Station," "Barney and Friends," "Lamb Chop's Play-Along," "Reading Rainbow," "Where In the World Is Carmen Sandiego?," "Ghostwriter," "Club Connect," and "In the Mix," offer a wide range of choices for preschoolers, children, tweens and teens.

Public television is there with programs and outreach efforts for all children throughout their school years. But public television is more than just programs.

Many of public television's current outreach efforts are focused on addressing the country's first National Education Goal: "By the year 2000, all children in America will start school ready to learn." Both "Sesame Street" and "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood," for example, have developed new training programs for child-care providers, and PBS is planning a new Ready to Learn Service for young learners, their parents, and caregivers.

The Sesame Street Preschool Education Programs (PEP), an innovative outreach project, prepares preschoolers to succeed in school by introducing them to learning as a fun experience. It teaches child-care providers how to watch "Sesame Street" with children and how to involve kids in activities that reinforce what they've learned from the program. The Sesame

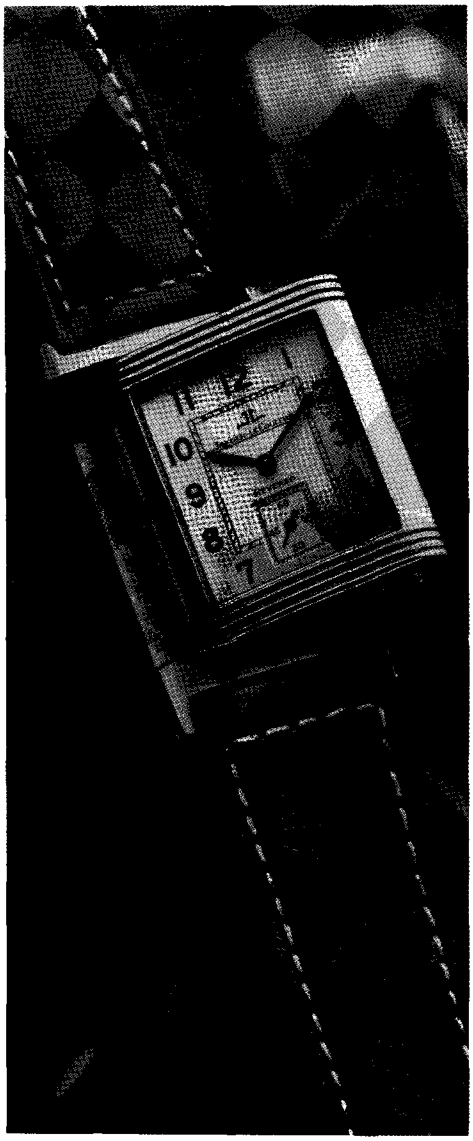
Street PEP project is now available in thirty-nine states nationwide, through seventy-nine local public television stations, and has served 87,882 children already.

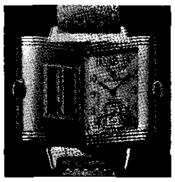
The Mister Rogers' Neighborhood Child Care Partnership trains child-care providers to use the Mister Rogers' Neighborhood program in conjunction with a plan-and-play book that suggests activities to help preschoolers talk, and play, about the themes related to each program. More than 220 public television stations in forty-four states are involved in the Mister Rogers' Neighborhood program.

The PBS Ready to Learn Service will build on the success of these efforts by providing a family service that helps children become ready for school. The service will build on existing strengths of public television, especially the nationwide infrastructure of 351 local station, harnessing the power of television as teacher.

Dr. Ernest Boyer, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, explains, "Let's imagine public television coming together, creating a new kind of classroom. As we bring children and older people together, as we bring families and parents together with day-care providers, we're starting to build a web of support. So the better description of this dream that we're proposing is an electronic neighborhood, with public television helping to act as the convener of this, by the ideas and the programming that would become a point of consensus and common discourse. In the end, good community is good communication. Public television, in my opinion, is the only network that has that possibility. It has had, and continues to have, one mission—to serve the public good."

> Public television is there with programs and outreach efforts for children throughout their school years.





REVERSO.
AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1931.

THE LEGEND LIVES ON – IN THE REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE". OUR MASTER-WATCHMAKERS NEVER REST ON THEIR LAURELS. NEITHER ON OUR 160-YEAR TRADITION OF MAKING THE FINEST MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS, NOR ON THE FAME OF THE REVERSO'S REVERSIBLE CASE, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN MADE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS IN THE CONSISTENT PURITY OF THE ART DÉCO STYLE. THE LARGER REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE" ALREADY POSSESSES ALL THE NECESSARY QUALITIES TO BECOME A HIGH-VALUE COLLECTOR'S WATCH.

AN INGENIOUSLY SIMPLE MECHANISM ALLOWS THE CASE OF THE REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE" TO BE TURNED OVER AND REVERSED. WHEN ENGRAVED WITH YOUR MONOGRAM, THE REVERSO REVEALS WITH EXQUISITE STYLE THAT IT IS THE ONLY WATCH WITH TWO FACES.

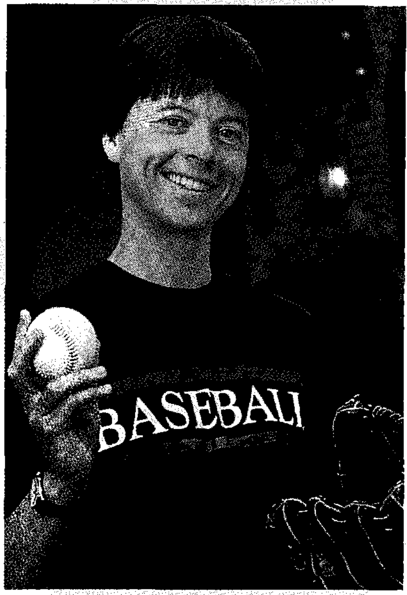
JAEGER-LECOULTRE

cellini
FINE JEWELRY
The Waldorf = Astoria • 301 Park Avenue • New York, NY 10022 • **212/751-9824**
509 Madison Avenue • New York, NY 10022 • **212/888-0505**
To order, or for further information, please call **800-255-3310**

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT WATCHES FROM JAEGER-LECOULTRE, OR FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE, CONTAINING MORE THAN 200 PAGES WITH DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S HISTORY AND PRODUCTS, CONTACT:
JAEGER-LECOULTRE, P. O. BOX 1608, WINCHESTER, VA 22604, TELEPHONE (800) JLC-TIME.

The past as prologue

AN INTERVIEW WITH KEN BURNS



Q: In exploring our past, what do we learn about our future?

A: I think the key to our future is our past. If you don't know where you've been, you can't possibly know where you're going. Particularly for Americans, who tend to ignore their past and sort of burn it behind them like rocket fuel, an awareness of the past is critical in these complicated times for knowing where we're going.

Q: Do you agree with the theory that the technological revolution is changing the way we learn?

A: I believe that it is changing the way we learn, but we have to be wary about what we think about new ways of learning. You hear particularly that students can't learn anymore from books, that they have to learn from television or visual presentations. That's ridiculous. These forms did Plato and Aristotle quite well, thank you. We have to remember despite all our advances that the greatest machine ever invented by man is the book. And nothing will replace that as the greatest machine.

Q: In this new information age, do you think public television can help provide equity and access so that we don't have a society of information haves and have-nots?

A: Absolutely. The very word "public" ensures that our mandate involves going out and seeking those people who would be, I'm afraid, disenfranchised by this new technology. An information age means absolutely nothing if the quality of information isn't up to some standards of human evolution. We no longer evolve physically, but we certainly need to evolve intellectually and spiritually. And I think one of the great roles that public television provides is to come through and say to the information age: This is how you can put your brain to the best possible use, and furthermore, we intend to reach out not just to the moneyed, not just to the affluent, not just to those easiest to reach, but to those who are disenfranchised, those who are disadvantaged, those who need us more than anything else.

Q: Do you think public television can actually provide the nation with shared experiences much like your "Civil War" series did?

> **We know the diet of junk food; what public television offers is a much more nutritional alternative.**

A: I think it does all the time. We have to realize that not everything is going to take our breath away or surprise us or startle us as the Civil War might have done. But every day when we connect to children, every day when we connect to people whose appetite for science is not whetted anywhere else but on public television, every day with in-depth news, we're seeing that network of public television reaching out and touching people. Every once in awhile you have a wonderful burst of creative energy that sort of captures everyone's imagination. That's what television should be about.

Q: What were the ripple effects of the showing of "Civil War"?

A: We know that in the first showing in the fall of 1990, forty million people saw some or all of it. One assumes in subsequent broadcasts and in the books and in the soundtrack albums and in the educational outreach, that a hundred million people came to at least know it. Documentary filmmakers are not familiar faces, but I have become that, and that in itself is quite startling. It represents a core hunger in this country for something substantial. We know the diet of junk food; what public television offers is a much more nutritional but nevertheless good-tasting alternative. I think the country is turning in that direction in general, and public television is there to service it. And most important—and this is what everyone thinks is obvious, but is so critical—free of commercial interruption.

Q: How has public television made a difference in your life.

A: It *is* my life. There's no other place that I would prefer producing. I enjoy creative freedom, the ability to control what I do, and at the same time be a member of a family that is interested in not just numbing its population, its viewers, its constituency, but hopefully enlightening them. And in the process enlightening me. This is a two-way street. The process of making these films is a wonderful treat for me.

Q: Who's going to win the World Series?

A: The Boston Red Sox, of course.*

---

* Ed. Note. The interview was conducted before (any team but Boston) won the Series. Notwithstanding his forthcoming nine program/inning series on PBS about baseball, it should be remembered that Ken Burns is a documentary filmmaker, not a sports prognosticator.

MERRY BRITMAS
GREAT HOLIDAY GIFTS FROM THE BBC

BLACK ADDER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL
THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY Collector's Edition
FAWLTY TOWERS: The Complete Set
THE SECRET GARDEN Gift Set

Plus other great favorites including
ARE YOU BEING SERVED?,
YES, PRIME MINISTER,
RED DWARF, DR. WHO,
and many more!!

BBC FROM CBS/FOX
Britain's Finest Hours

Available at:
SUNCOAST
MOTION PICTURE COMPANY

Distributed by FoxVideo. ©1993 The CBS/FOX Company. All Rights Reserved.
Programs: © BBC Enterprises Ltd. All Rights Reserved.
Black Adder's Christmas Carol
The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy
The Secret Garden
The Secret Garden Diary
SPECIAL PRICE!
Video and Diary
Fawlty Towers The Complete Set

Advertisement

THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES

Use our touch-tone phone line to hear special messages from PBS and the advertisers of this supplement listed below. Call toll-free.

1•800•447•6553

Acura
30239

BBC From CBS/Fox:
Britain's Finest Hours
30240

Canon FAXPHONE®
30241

Hofstra University
30242

Infiniti Division of Nissan
Motor Corporation
U.S.A.
30243

Mazda Motor of
America
30244

PBS
30245

Pfizer U.S.
Pharmaceuticals Group
30246

Tourneau
30247

No change
PLANNED

On May 25, 1953, KUHT/Houston broadcast the first public-television program. Since then, for more than forty years, public television has been providing its viewers with quality programming, showing us at our best—and sometimes at our worst. Seeking to make history come to life, and struggling to make sense of current events. Delighting the imagination with artists who make us laugh, cry, and leap for the sky. All that will never change. Public television will always deliver quality programs.

From "The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour," to "Frontline," from "Mystery!," "Masterpiece Theatre," and "NOVA," to "Nature" and "This Old House," you will continue to see the best on public television. Outstanding new programs on the horizon include: "Baseball," "The Great Depression," "Malcom X: Make It Plain" (from "The American Experience"); "The Mao Years," "Picasso," and "Frederick Douglass: When the Lion Wrote History."

The result of this quality programming and community commitment is an intensely loyal membership—public television has more than 5.2 million members, making it one of the largest membership organizations in the country.

One in five
HUNDRED—ONE IN A MILLION

It is important that America match the genius of its technological advances with equal genius in applying those advances. The imminent five-hundred-channel environment could be used to inform and improve, or it could descend to the level of video junk mail clogging the airwaves. More choices don't necessarily mean better quality programs. But one choice does, and that's PBS. It's the one in five hundred because it's one in a million.

Where will you find public television in the twenty-first century? In your community, school, workplace, and home—delivering provocative programs, innovative new services, and exciting educational opportunities. Public television will be there, telling America's stories, reflecting our glories, triumphs, hopes and dreams . . . leading the way into the twenty-first century for all Americans. Truly a public service you can rely on.

Upon signing the Public Broadcasting Act on November 7, 1967, President Lyndon B. Johnson said, "Television is still a young invention, but we have learned already that it has immense, even revolutionary power to change our lives. I hope that those who lead will direct that power toward the great and not the trivial purposes."

As it approaches its twenty-fifth anniversary, PBS will continue to strive toward the great, not the trivial. The technology is new, but the goal is the same—to educate, enlighten, and inspire.

Writer John Yahner's four-year-old triplets are being raised on public television.

---

courtesy The Kentucky Network

Public television used celebrities like Edward James Olmos on "GED—Get It!" to create an awareness of the benefits of earning a GED diploma.

[illegible]

OF WHAT MAKES YOU

UNIQUE,

Over 500 yearly cultural events,

from concerts to conferences,

take place on our campus.

IN TOTAL HARMONY

WITH YOUR

ENVIRONMENT.

HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY

WE TEACH SUCCESS.

Hempstead, L.I., New York 11550

It uses sunlight to cool you.
Air to protect you.
And it's always thinking of you.

The Mazda 929 In a category of automobile where the machine so often selfishly monopolizes the attention, there is one luxury sedan that's surprisingly sensitive to the needs of its driver. ▨ The Mazda 929. ▨ Thanks to an available Solar Powered Ventilation System that helps cool the cabin while it's parked, the 929 makes you feel welcome from the moment you get in. ▨ Driver's- and passenger's-side air bags are ready to help protect you on the road. ▨ Why, it even remembers to defog the windows when you turn on the windshield wipers. ▨ Of course, the 929 also offers the unflustered performance that discerning drivers expect from a fine car. The engine, with 193 horsepower, is generous. And the suspension thoughtfully adapts to cope with the alternating demands of monotonous interstate or treacherous, serpentine back roads. ▨ So before you purchase a luxury sedan, we urge you to give some serious thought to the Mazda 929. After all, it would do the same for you.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.®

Standard features include 4-wheel disc brakes with Anti-lock Brake System (ABS), 3.0L, DOHC, 24-valve V6 engine, automatic climate control, power moonroof and a 36-month/50,000-mile, no-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" limited warranty. See dealer for limited-warranty details. For a free brochure on the 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000. © 1993 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: “Household Saints” (directed by Nancy Savoca).
Theatre 2: “Ruby in Paradise” (Victor Nuñez).
Theatre 3: “Farewell My Concubine” (†).
Theatre 4: “The Piano” (†).
Theatre 5: “Into the West” (Mike Newell).
Theatre 6: “The Wedding Banquet” (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Nov. 24: “Welcome Mr. Marshall!” (1952, Luis Garcia Berlanga; in Spanish); and “Love Crazy” (1948, Juan de Orduña; in Spanish).
Nov. 25: Theatre closed.
Nov. 26-28: “The Little Apartment” (1958, Marco Ferreri; in Spanish); and “Main Street” (1956, Juan Antonio Bardem; in Spanish).
Nov. 29: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 30: “The Little Apartment”; and “Life Hanging from a Thread” (1945, Edgar Neville; in Spanish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: “Mrs. Doubtfire” (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 2: “A Perfect World” (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 3: “Mrs. Doubtfire.”

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: “The Remains of the Day” (†).
Theatre 2: “A Bronx Tale” (†).
Theatre 3: “Addams Family Values” (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia.
Theatre 4: “My Life” (†).
Theatre 5: “The Age of Innocence” (†).
Theatre 6: “Short Cuts” (†).
Theatre 7: “Flesh and Bone” (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 25: “Sex & Zen” (Michael Mak; in Cantonese), with Lawrence Ng.
From Nov. 26: Contemporary films of the African Diaspora Festival.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: “Tim Burton’s The Nightmare Before Christmas” (†).
Theatre 2: “The Joy Luck Club” (†).
Theatre 3: “Tim Burton’s The Nightmare Before Christmas” (†).
Theatre 4: “George Balanchine’s The Nutcracker” (Emile Ardolino).
Theatre 5: “Man’s Best Friend” (John Lafia), with Ally Sheedy and Lance Henriksen.
Theatre 6: “The Three Musketeers” (†).
Theatre 7: “Josh and S.A.M.” (Billy Weber).

19th Street East 6, B’way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: “The Piano” (†).
Theatre 2: “The Joy Luck Club” (†).
Theatre 3: “The Three Musketeers” (†).
Theatre 4: “The Piano” (†).
Theatre 5: “A Perfect World” (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 6: “Tim Burton’s The Nightmare Before Christmas” (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
“We’re Back! A Dinosaur’s Story” (Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: “The Three Musketeers” (†).
Theatre 2: “Tim Burton’s The Nightmare Before Christmas” (†).
Theatre 3: “Man’s Best Friend” (John Lafia), with Ally Sheedy and Lance Henriksen.
Theatre 4: “Josh and S.A.M.” (Billy Weber).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: “Flesh and Bone” (†).
Theatre 2: “Addams Family Values” (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia.
Theatre 3: “Addams Family Values.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Carlito’s Way” (†).

THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
28	29	30	24	25	26	27

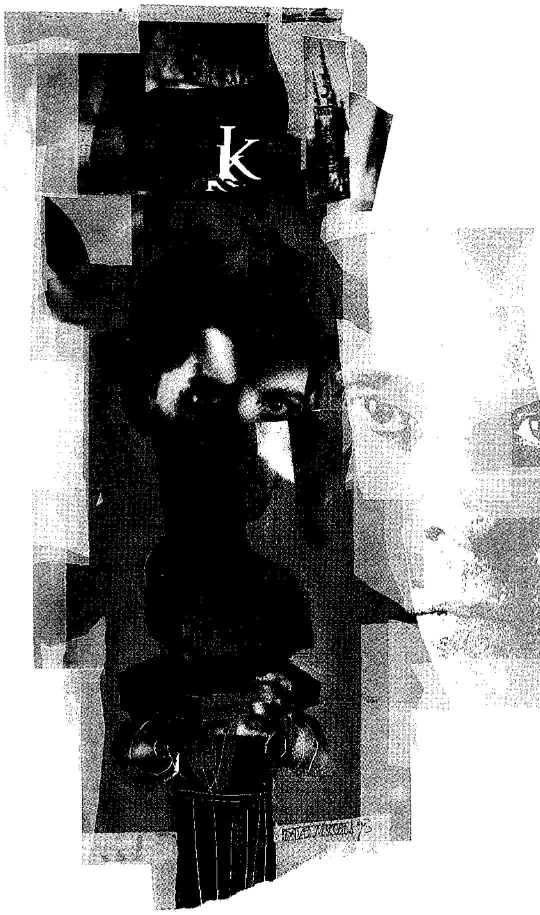
FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 68.

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
“Farewell My Concubine” (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: “Tim Burton’s The Nightmare Before Christmas” (†).
Theatre 2: “Tim Burton’s The Nightmare Before Christmas” (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
“Mrs. Doubtfire” (Chris Columbus).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
“Baraka” (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).



Opening November 24, Kyle MacLachlan in “The Trial.”

DAVID MCKEAN

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: “Man’s Best Friend” (John Lafia), with Ally Sheedy and Lance Henriksen.
Theatre 2: “Josh and S.A.M.” (Billy Weber).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
“A Home of Our Own” (Tony Bill).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: “The Age of Innocence” (†).
Theatre 2: “My Life” (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: “The Three Musketeers” (†).
Theatre 2: “Short Cuts” (†).
Theatre 3: “Short Cuts” (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: “Carlito’s Way” (†).
Theatre 2: “Carlito’s Way” (†).
Theatre 3: “A Bronx Tale” (†).
Theatre 4: “George Balanchine’s The Nutcracker” (Emile Ardolino).
Theatre 5: “Look Who’s Talking Now!” (Tom Ropelewski), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 6: “We’re Back! A Dinosaur’s Story” (Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: “A Perfect World” (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 2: “A Perfect World.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
“The Piano” (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: “Addams Family Values” (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia.
Theatre 2: “The Saint of Fort Washington” (Tim Hunter), with Matt Dillon and Danny Glover.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
“The Joy Luck Club” (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“Fearless” (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“We’re Back! A Dinosaur’s Story” (Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: “Carlito’s Way” (†).
Theatre 2: “Mrs. Doubtfire” (Chris Columbus).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: “Flesh and Bone” (†).
Theatre 2: “Addams Family Values” (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia.
Theatre 3: “A Bronx Tale” (†).
Theatre 4: “The Three Musketeers” (†).
Theatre 5: “The Age of Innocence” (†).
Theatre 6: “George Balanchine’s The Nutcracker” (Emile Ardolino).
Theatre 7: “A Perfect World” (Clint Eastwood).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: “Man’s Best Friend” (John Lafia), with Ally Sheedy and Lance Henriksen.
Theatre 2: “Tim Burton’s The Nightmare Before Christmas” (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: “Highway Patrolman” (directed by Alec Cox), with Roberto Sosa.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: “The War Room” (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: “Carlito’s Way” (†).
Theatre 2: “Carlito’s Way” (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: “Dazed and Confused” (Richard Linklater).
Theatre 2: “Dangerous Game” (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel, Madonna, and James Russo.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: “La Strada” (1954, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "Jamón Jamón" (Bigas Luna; in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 4: "My Life" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 6: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia.
Theatre 7: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 8: "Mrs. Doubtfire."
Theatre 9: "Addams Family Values."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Josh and S.A.M." (Billy Weber).
Theatre 2: "Fatal Instinct" (Carl Reiner).
Theatre 3: "George Balanchine's The Nutcracker" (Emile Ardolino).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Josh and S.A.M." (Billy Weber).

November 26-30, films by Zbigniew Rybczynski at the Walter Reade Theatre.

COURTESY OF ZBIGNIEW RYBCZYNSKI

Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 3: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Carlito's Way" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Flesh and Bone" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Cool Runnings" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "The War Room" (†).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"The Trial" (David Jones).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Remains of the Day" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wedding Banquet" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fearless" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (Chris Columbus).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (Stephen Frears).
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Carlito's Way" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
Theatre 2: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia.
Theatre 3: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 5: "The Three Musketeers" (†).
Theatre 6: "My Life" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
Through Nov. 25: "Household Saints" (Nancy Savoca).
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cool Runnings" (†).
Theatre 2: "Josh and S.A.M." (Billy Weber).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (directed by Marco Brambilla).
Theatre 2: "Man's Best Friend" (John Lafia), with Ally Sheedy and Lance Henriksen.
Theatre 3: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 4: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story" (Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 5: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 6: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).
Theatre 7: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "The Three Musketeers" (†).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 3" (Fred Dekker).
Theatre 3: "Cool Runnings" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (Chris Columbus).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Nov. 25: "I Vitelloni" (†).
Nov. 26-27: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina and Sandra Milo.
Nov. 28-29: "Fellini's Casanova" (†).
Nov. 30: "And the Ship Sails On" (1983, Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Nov. 24: "Howards End" (James Ivory), with Anthony Hopkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Helena Bonham Carter, Emma Thompson, and James Wilby; and "A Month in the Country" (1988, Pat O'Connor), with Colin Firth, Kenneth Branagh, Patrick Malahide, and Natasha Richardson.
Nov. 25-27: "Pride and Prejudice" (†); and "Anna Karenina" (1948, Julien Duvivier), with Vivien Leigh and Ralph Richardson.
Nov. 28-29: "The Entertainer" (†) and "The Tall Guy" (†).
From Nov. 30: "Wuthering Heights" (1939, William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 24: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984, Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest; and "Stand By Me" (†).
Nov. 25: "Charade" (1963, Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, Walter Matthau, James Coburn, George Kennedy, and Ned Glass; and "Arabesque" (†).
Nov. 26-27: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Björnstrand.
Nov. 28: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
Nov. 29: "The Woman Next Door" (1981, François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
Nov. 30: "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (1938, Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Claire Trevor, and Donald Crisp; and "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938, Lloyd Bacon), with Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jame Bryan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Naples . . . and Nothing More" (1928, directed by Eugenio Perego; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 3 and Nov. 29 at 6: A program of short nature films by Arne Sucksdorff. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6: "Immacolata and Concetta" (1979, Salvatore Piscicelli; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6 and Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Threat" (1986, Stefan Jarl; in Swedish). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2: "The Digger" (1930, Gustavo Serena; in Italian and English). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30 and Nov. 29 at 3: "Time Has No Name" (1989, Stefan Jarl; in Swedish). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5: "The Digger" (1979, Alfonso Brescia; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5 and Nov. 30 at 6: "The Great Adventure" (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: "Chains" (1950, Raffaello Matarazzo; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5: "Neapolitan Tears" (1984, Ciro Ippolito; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5 and Nov. 30 at 2:30: "The Soul Is Greater Than the World" (1985, Jarl; in Swedish). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Desecration" (1924, Perego; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "I'm Starting from Three" (1981, Massimo Troisi; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "The Holy Night" (1922, Elvira Notari; an Italian silent film) and "Peppeniello" (1914, Alberto Degli; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "The Opportunities of Rosa" (1981, Salvatore Piscicelli; in Italian).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films by the Japanese director Seijun Suzuki. Nov. 24 at 2 and 6:30 and Nov. 25 at 4 and 8:15: "Yumeji" (1991). . . . Nov. 24 at 4:45 and Nov. 25 at 2 and 6:30: "Detective Bureau 23" (1963). . . . Nov. 24 at 9: "Kanto Vagabond" (1963). . . . ¶ Nov. 26-28 and 30: Three different programs of films by Zbigniew Rybczynski.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective program of the museum's first five years. Nov. 26-27 at 2: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957, Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 4:30: "The Great Rock and Roll Swindle" (1980, Julien Temple), with Malcolm McLaren, Sid Vicious, and Nancy Spungen. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2 and 4:30: Two different programs featuring episodes from the television show "Saturday Night Live."

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (3[illegible]6160)—Nov. 24 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (1988, Etienne Chatiliez; in French), with Hélène Vincent, André Wilms, and Catherine Jacob.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Nov. 24 at 7 and 9: "Anaïs Nin Observed" (1973, Robert Snyder). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: A program of films by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 4 and 6: A program of films by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5: "L'Age d'Or" (1930, Luis Buñuel; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 7 and 9: "The Henry Miller Odyssey" (1969, Snyder). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8: "What About Me" (1992, Rachel Amodeo).

"The first time I gave her a diamond ring my hands trembled. Now hers will."

I'll always remember that face. The smile bordering on a tear. Silence as powerful as music. Eyes as lively as the diamond I nervously slipped on her finger. And now that we have come so far together, perhaps now is the moment to celebrate that love, once again, with a diamond as exceptional as our love.

Exceptional woman.
Exceptional diamond.

An exceptional diamond of two carats, or more, is so rare that fewer than one percent of women will ever own one. If you are considering an important diamond gift for your wife, like this ring featuring a brilliantly cut 2.05-carat center stone, simply call for your guide to a diamond's quality and value, as well as the name of your local expert diamond jeweler. 1-800-241-9444.

De Beers

A diamond is forever.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

George Balanchine's The Nutcracker—Based on New York City Ballet's stage production, with Macaulay Culkin as the Nutcracker Prince and Darci Kistler as the Sugarplum Fairy. Narrated by Kevin Kline. Directed by Emile Ardolino. Opening November 24.

Josh and S.A.M.—A road movie about two brothers (eight and twelve) who decide to run away from home, behind the wheel of a car. With Jacob Tierney, Noah Fleiss, Martha Plimpton, Chris Penn, and Stephen Tobolowsky. Directed by Billy Weber. Opening November 24.

The Little Apartment—A young man decides to marry his octogenarian landlady in order to inherit her apartment, in Marco Ferreri's 1958 black comedy about the housing shortage in postwar Madrid. With José Luis López Vázquez and Mary Carillo. In Spanish. Opening November 26.

Mrs. Doubtfire—Daniel and Miranda Hillard (Robin Williams and Sally Field) are getting a divorce. In order to spend time with his children, Daniel dresses up as an elderly British woman and gets a job as Miranda's housekeeper and nanny. With Pierce Brosnan, Harvey Fierstein, and Robert Prosky. Directed by Chris Columbus. Opening November 24.

A Perfect World—Clint Eastwood directed and co-stars in this drama, set in Texas in 1963, about a schizophrenic criminal (Kevin Costner) who escapes from prison, takes a seven-year-old boy (T. J. Lowther) hostage, and goes on the lam. Eastwood plays a Texas Ranger and Laura Dern is a criminologist. Opening November 24.

The Snapper—Stephen Frears' sentimental comedy about a working-class family in Dublin and what happens when twenty-year-old unmarried Sharon announces she is pregnant but refuses to name the father. With Colm Meaney, Ruth McCabe, and Tina Kellegher as Sharon. Based on Roddy Doyle's novel, the second volume of his Barrytown trilogy. ("The Commitments," the film version of the first, was released in 1991.) Opening November 24.

The Trial—Based on the Kafka novel, from a script by Harold Pinter. With Kyle MacLachlan as Josef K., Anthony Hopkins as the prison chaplain, and Jason Robards as Josef K.'s lawyer. Directed by David Jones. Opening November 24.

We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story—An animated tale of four dinosaurs who journey to modern-day New York City. Directed by Dick Zondag, Ralph Zondag, Phil Nibbelink, and Simon Wells; based on Hudson Talbott's book for children; screenplay by John Patrick Shanley; score by James Horner. Opening November 24.

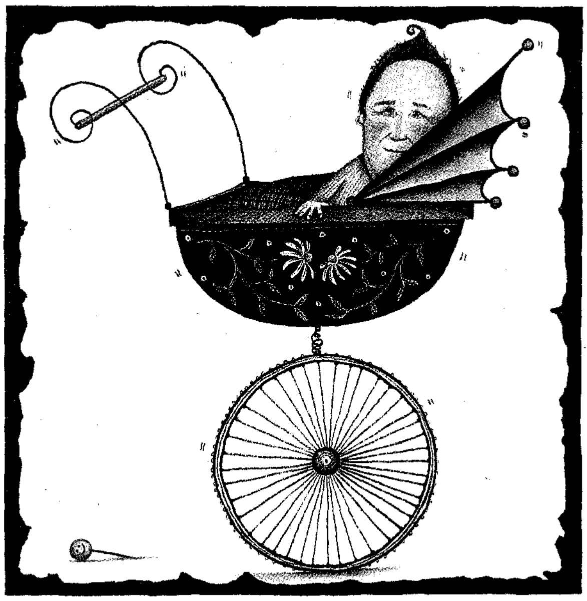
CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

The Age of Innocence—Martin Scorsese returns to form with this hectic adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Everything looks right, from roast duck to waistcoats, but the movie has no ambitions to be a costume museum; it homes in on the passions that had to be veiled by good manners. As the film begins—a showy, overwhelming scene at the opera—we see Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) about to announce a perfect match with the young May Welland (Winona Ryder). Such perfection is a prison, with no hope of escape, and the vigorous sadness of Day-Lewis tells the whole story; he will never rebel, but in his eyes you see him wishing he could. Less fruitful is the casting of Michelle Pfeiffer as May's older cousin, the mysterious Countess Olenska, with whom Archer falls hopelessly in love.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/13/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

A Bronx Tale—Robert De Niro's début as a director. The plot turns on the tussle for a boy's soul: De Niro plays Lorenzo, whose son Calogero is spending too much time with a local hood named Sonny (Chazz Palminteri) and his band of merry men—Tony Toupee, Eddie Mush, and so forth. The tale, set in 1960, was originally written by Palminteri as a five-minute monologue, then grew into a full stage performance before becoming a screenplay; by now it feels tired, and you can't help feeling that the material has already been worked to death onscreen. But Lillo Brancato gives a silky, striking performance as the teen-age Calogero.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center.)

Carlito's Way—The story that Brian De Palma tells in his new gangster movie is the simple and familiar one about a crook who wants to go straight but can't. The hero, Carlito Brigante (Al Pacino), is a romantic, honorable hoodlum, who seems to have stepped right out of a Warners crime drama from the thirties: he's a man's man in a world of weasels. The picture is fascinating to watch, because the director's technique is far too sophisticated for the schematic, entirely predictable script (by David Koepp, from two novels by Edwin Torres). The great passages here—a tense shoot-out in an East Harlem social club and a long, daring, and beautifully sustained chase sequence at the end—are like dreams of another, better movie. They're heartening evidence that De Palma, a chronic offender against filmmaking convention, couldn't go completely straight if he tried. Also with Sean Penn, Penelope Ann Miller, John Leguizamo, and Luis Guzman.—T.R. (11/22/93) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)


Opening November 24, Colm Meaney in "The Snapper."

CLARE MACKIE

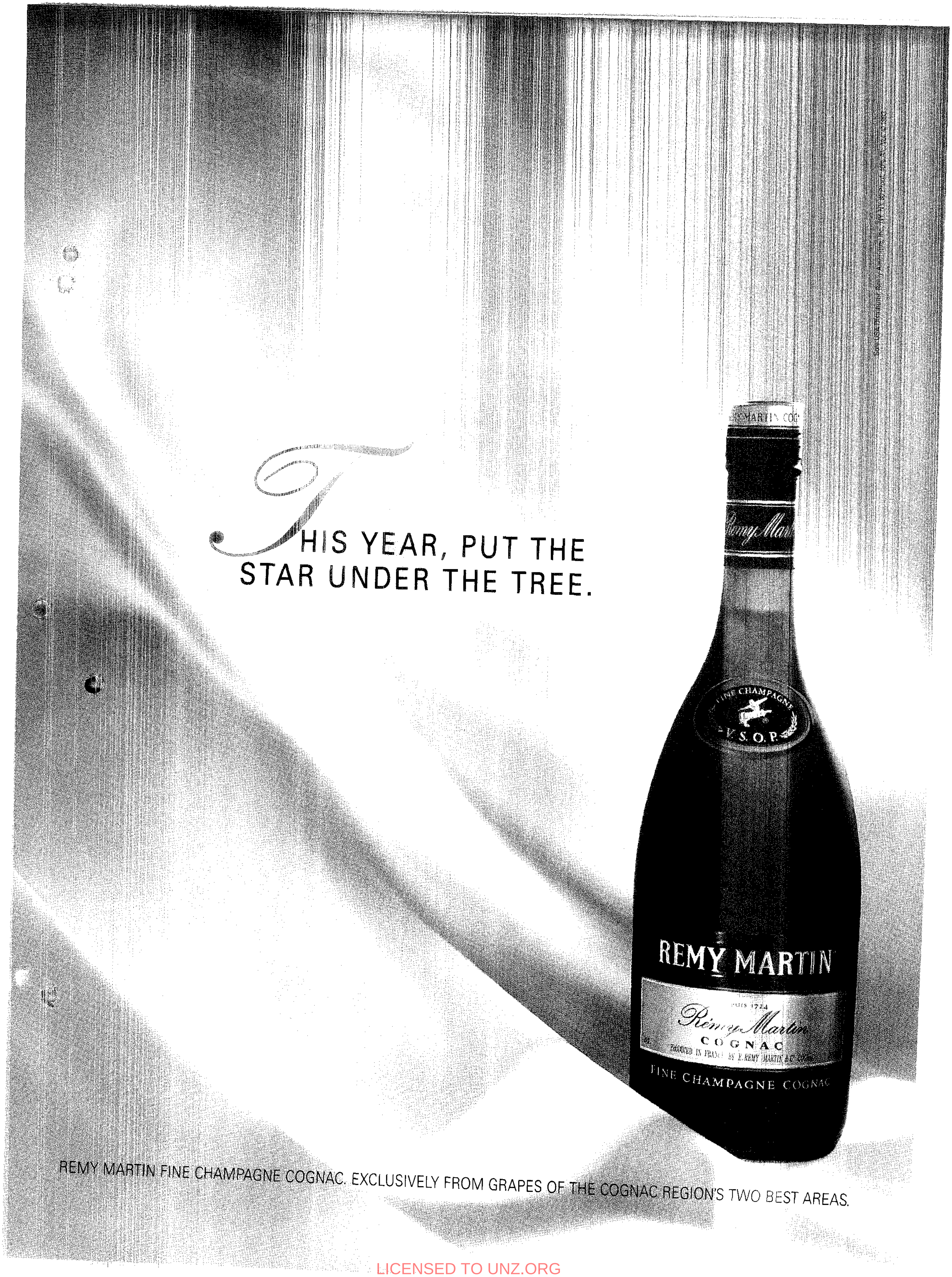
Cool Runnings—The filmmakers take the adventure of the 1988 Jamaican Olympic bobsled team and turn it into a kiddie movie—almost a toddler movie. Except for a few piquant sports details, they fictionalize everything and play it for easy laughs and melodrama; they even sink to portraying East German bobsledders as racist villains. Jon Turteltaub directed.—M.S. (57th St. Playhouse, Olympia, and Embassy.)

Farewell My Concubine—Chen Kaige's film is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school—the sort of drama that uses the unsettled emotional lives of a handful of characters to portray the human cost of war and of constant political upheaval. The movie follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their farewell performance together, in 1977. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly, for more than two and a half hours, and at a certain point you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies are only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject is whether it's possible, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values, to remain true to anyone or anything: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. In Mandarin.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Fearless—The central event in Peter Weir's movie is the crash of a commercial airliner. Weir knows a metaphor for the fragility of modern man's existence when he sees one, and he seizes on this calamity as if it were something that he had been searching for all his life: an ideal vehicle for the sort of apocalyptic imagery and metaphysical speculation that dominated his early films, like "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975) and "The Last Wave" (1977). In terms of imagery and rhythm, this is a stunning piece of filmmaking; it's also a shamelessly florid exercise in therapeutic uplift. Essentially, Weir hijacks a fairly straightforward story about a couple of crash survivors (played by Jeff Bridges and Rosie Perez) and takes it to the Twilight Zone.—T.R. (10/25/93) (Tower East, and Columbus Circle.)

Flesh and Bone—The first film written and directed by Steve Kloves, "The Fabulous Baker Boys," was the most mature début in years, and a tough act to follow. His second is a d[illegible] and desperate piece of work; the Baker Boys were fated to stay middling and unknown, but the doom hanging over his new characters is altogether more severe. Dennis Quaid plays Arlis Sweeney, who as a young boy was an unwilling accomplice to the crimes of his father (James Caan). He minds his own business until he falls for Kay (Meg Ryan) and finds himself dragged back to the wickedness of the past. Although the plot comes to rely on a particularly outlandish series of coincidences, it's a credit to Kloves's skill that you can almost put this out of your mind and enjoy his long, suspended scenes, brimming with lust or the need to lash out. But he is properly an ironist, not a dealer in Hawthorne-like fables, and you miss the moments of levity that lifted the earlier movie, just as you long for Dennis Quaid's face, swollen with distress, to relax into one of his old wide grins. The movie is almost stolen by a gorgeous performance from Gwyneth Paltrow, as a sly young drifter. Paltrow seems to know more about cool than all the other players put together.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Orpheum VII, Worldwide Cinemas, Festival, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Gettysburg—Michael Shaara's thoughtful, surprisingly supple novel ("The Killer Angels") becomes something completely different: a Civil War buff's dream. The writer-director, Ronald F. Maxwell, strains to be rousing. His four-hour-and-eight-minute spectacle—featuring five thousand reënactors doing Pickett's Charge on the actual site—is overscored and often overacted. It needlessly reminds audiences of the battle's momentousness. Still, this clunky movie does have stirring passages (especially the defense of Little Round Top) and a few valiant performances, such



THIS YEAR, PUT THE STAR UNDER THE TREE.
REMY MARTIN
FINE CHAMPAGNE V.S.O.P.
Rémy Martin
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
REMY MARTIN FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC. EXCLUSIVELY FROM GRAPES OF THE COGNAC REGION'S TWO BEST AREAS.
Sole USA Distributor: Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY 80 Proof, 40% Alc./Vol. ©1993

Deliver
a Dickens

Send
a Seuss

Mail
a Morrison

Our personal book shoppers
will help you find the perfect
book for everyone on your list.
We carry everything—
from best sellers to classics,
all at discounted prices.
We gift wrap for free and
enclose your personal message.
We can even Federal Express
overnight. Gift certificates
are also available.
Amex, MC, Visa accepted.

CALL
1 800 BOOKS 1-2-3
A Time Warner Company
9F21

as Sam Elliott's fiery Brigadier General Buford and Jeff Daniels' eloquent, comedy-tinged Colonel Chamberlain. With Martin Sheen (as Robert E. Lee), Stephen Lang (as Pickett), Richard Jordan, Kevin Conway, and Tom Berenger, whose portrayal of Longstreet disappears into his picturesque beard.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

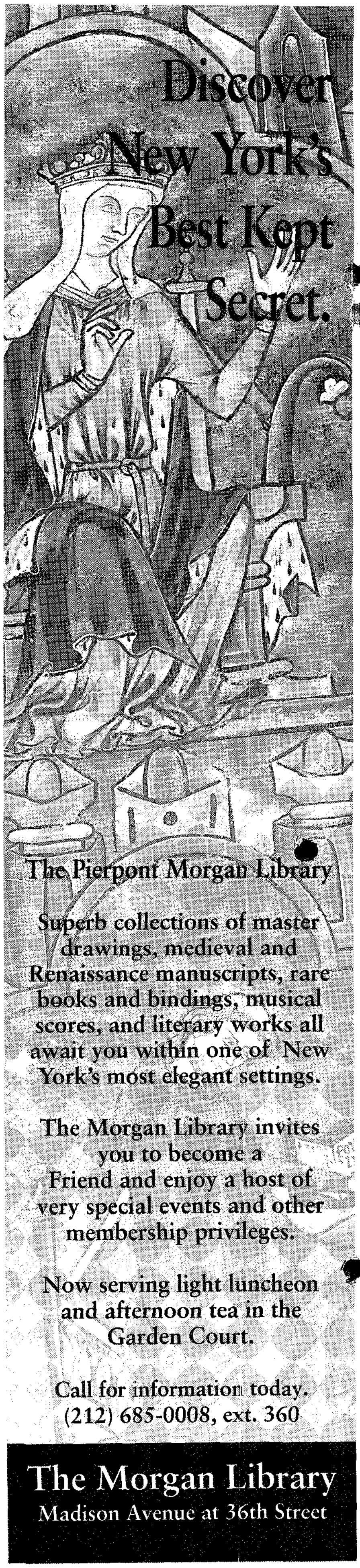
THE JOY LUCK CLUB—Amy Tan's 1989 novel is actually a collection of sixteen linked short stories about Chinese immigrant mothers trying to impart their knowledge of life to their Americanized daughters. Unfortunately, Tan and Ronald Bass ("Rain Man"), who wrote the movie, have attempted to cram all her mini-narratives into the script, diminishing instead of enlarging them. The contemporary scenes of marital discord and generational strife seem pat or trite, while the flashbacks to the mothers' woeful lives in China seem overblown or empty and portentous. Wayne Wang's limp direction is only part of the problem. Tan and Bass rely so heavily on voice-over narration that it sponges up the possibilities for genuine drama and emotion. By the end, the filmmakers just about beg for tears.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 68th St. Playhouse, and Guild.)

MY LIFE—Bruce Joel Rubin's first film as a director is the story of a fortyish man named Bob Jones (Michael Keaton) who, upon learning that he has inoperable cancer, videotapes a kind of autobiography to immortalize himself for his unborn child. For Rubin, the screenwriter of "Ghost" and "Jacob's Ladder," mortality has turned out to be great shtick. He has identified a new, gigantic, and readily exploitable movie market: people who know that they're going to die (sooner or later) and feel pretty lousy about it. This picture—released by Columbia, which is owned by Sony—ultimately plays like a long, cruel infomercial for camcorders. Its stated moral is, in the hero's words: "Dying is a really hard way to learn about living." Receiving spiritual education from big-budget studio movies is no day at the beach, either. Also with Nicole Kidman, Haing S. Ngor, and Michael Constantine.—T.R. (11/22/93) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE PIANO—With Holly Hunter, Harvey Keitel, and Sam Neill; directed by Jane Campion. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE REMAINS OF THE DAY—Anthony Hopkins plays Stevens, a butler who has given long and faithful service at Darlington Hall and maintained his emotional temperature at absolute zero. This has cost him dearly: first, he failed to see that his master (James Fox) was dangerously bent on appeasement with the Germans in the nineteen-thirties; and, second, he refused to accept, or even acknowledge, the love offered to him by the housekeeper (Emma Thompson). Adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala from the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, this Merchant-Ivory production strains so hard to portray dignified restraint that it almost seizes up with good manners. Some viewers may swoon at the parade of impeccable props, but a fancy look is no substitute for dramatic grip; it merely flatters us with the promise of refinement. This is especially unfair to Thompson, who is forced to smother her naturally high spirits; as for Hopkins, you can't help waiting for a touch of Hannibal Lecter behind the façade. Why serve a bunch of snobs with professional aplomb when you could serve them spit roasted with watercress?—A.L. (11/15/93) (Village Theatre VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Paris.)

SHORT CUTS—Robert Altman uses nine short stories by Raymond Carver as the raw material for a latter-day "Nashville," set in Southern California. (One story line—by far the weakest—is the invention of Altman and his co-screenwriter, Frank Barhydt.) Most of the stories in the three-hour-and-seven-minute movie are about misunderstandings—often outright hostilities—between men and women,



The Pierpont Morgan Library

Superb collections of master drawings, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, rare books and bindings, musical scores, and literary works all await you within one of New York's most elegant settings.

The Morgan Library invites you to become a Friend and enjoy a host of very special events and other membership privileges.

Now serving light luncheon and afternoon tea in the Garden Court.

Call for information today.
(212) 685-0008, ext. 360

The Morgan Library
Madison Avenue at 36th Street

and the juxtaposition of all these poisonous domestic relationships has the effect of turning Carver's closely observed, scrupulously specific small dramas into a big, obvious generalization about men's brutality and women's capacity for endurance. Despite Altman's exquisite control of pace, the movie seems thin and insubstantial, and every moment feels pretty much like every other. Of the twenty-two principal actors, a handful do terrific work here: Jack Lemmon, Bruce Davison, Julianne Moore, Lily Tomlin, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Madeleine Stowe.—T.R. (9/27/93) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema II, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

e Three Musketeers—The "Boys in Doublets" edition, with Chris O'Donnell as the Gascon upstart D'Artagnan, and Kiefer Sutherland, Oliver Platt, and Charlie Sheen as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. They lack the ardor and physical authority to make derring-do stir emotions; Platt gets by on comic attitude alone. The look is opulent, the swordplay extravagant, and Alexandre Dumas's warhorse plot still hooks an audience. But David Loughery's adaptation, with cheesy anachronistic dialogue and bits from previous Musketeer movies and costume pictures, seems intended to do nothing more than give youngsters their first taste of swashbuckling. Loughery and the director, Stephen Herek, provide an insidious form of ageism. King Louis XIII (Hugh O'Conor) is a boy, his queen a pure child-wife (Gabrielle Anwar); when they join D'Artagnan and the Musketeers in revolt against Tim Curry's tiresomely slimy Cardinal Richelieu, it's youth and beauty against age and corruption.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas—This full-length animated movie was shot in stop motion, with all the febrile, twittery fascination that the medium exerts; it has a magic-toyshop feeling, with unexpected objects stuttering into life. Directed by Henry Selick, it was devised and co-produced by Tim Burton, who leaves a trail of his familiar obsessions: graveyard humor, whirling snow, a velvety darkness. But the atmosphere is too rich for the pallid plot: Jack Skellington, the bony master of ceremonies in Halloweentown, discovers the spirit of Christmas and tries to import it into his ghoulish world. The clash of styles—demonic vs. cute—pays off only toward the end; for all the witty, festering details, the film is strangely static. The score is by Danny Elfman.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The War Room—The somewhat deranged charm of James Carville, the chief strategist of Bill Clinton's Presidential campaign, dominates D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus's exhilarating documentary. Although the film may not supply many new insights into the process of choosing a President, it gives us plenty of fresh data about the nature of political commitment and it does justice, too, to the sheer reckless pleasure of electoral gamesmanship. And Carville is the largest, most resonant character in recent American movies, someone whose work is such a complete expression of his personality that you can't help laughing: the unity of this life and this art seems too good to be true.—T.R. (11/8/93) (Film Forum, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Wedding Banquet—Except for the title celebration itself—a ritualized mob scene that gets weirder and funnier as it goes on—this cross-cultural, cross-sexual comedy-drama, set in New York City, is just a wan getting-to-know-you fable for alternative families. Ang Lee's film centers on the marital subterfuge of a successful gay Taiwanese immigrant (Winston Chao): despite having a longtime companion (Mitchell Lichtenstein), he weds a struggling artist (May Chin) from mainland China to satisfy his traditional parents, who come from Taiwan for an extended visit as soon as they learn he's engaged. Chao and Lichtenstein are likable, but Chin, as the confused, desirous bride, and Sihung Lung and Ah-Leh Gua, as the dignified, well-meaning father and mother, are the ones who deserve cheers.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, Cinema 3, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

REVIVALS

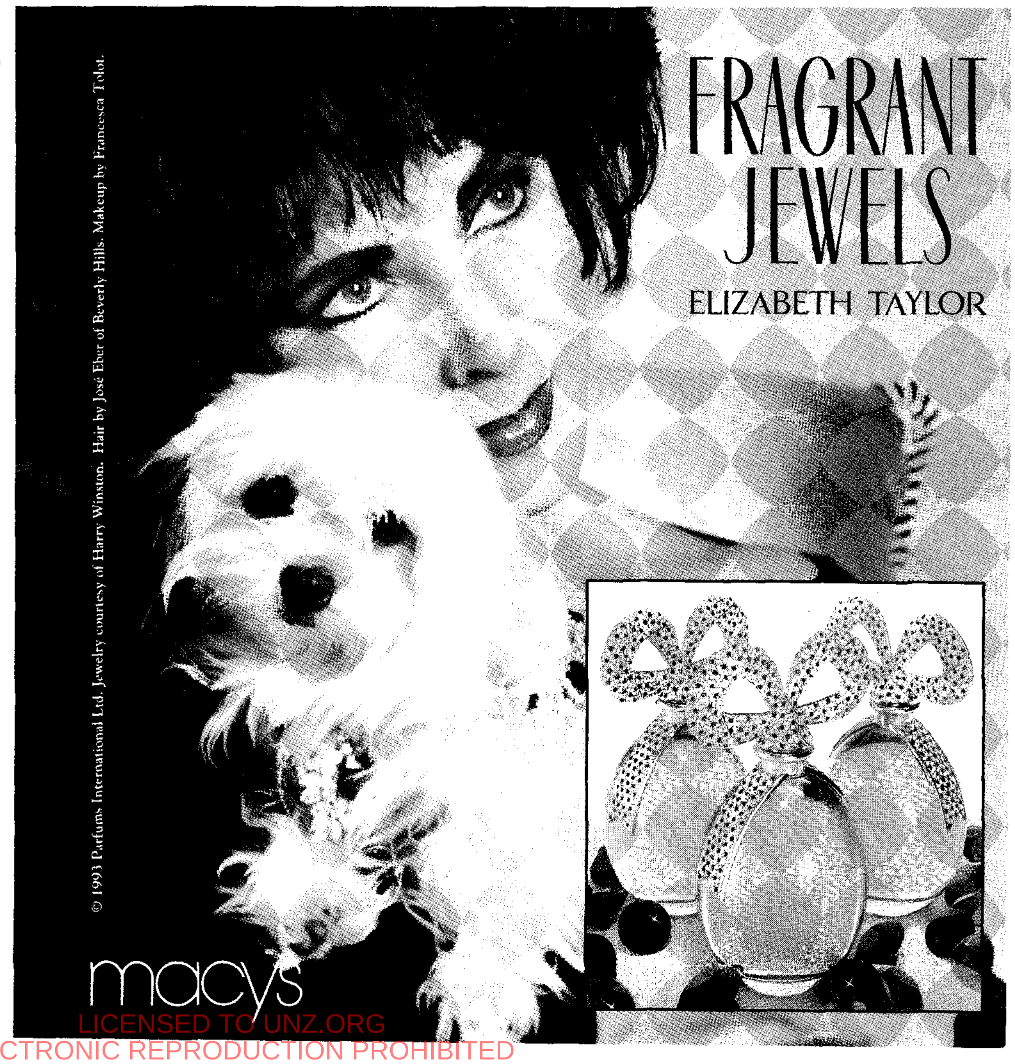
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Arabesque (1966)—Stanley Donen tried to duplicate the success of his Hitchcockian pastiche "Charade" with this arch miscalculation, starring Gregory Peck as an American don at Oxford and Sophia Loren as an Arabian woman of mystery. Lightning doesn't strike twice for Donen, partly because Peck and Loren fail to ignite a single spark. Peck can't satirize academic clumsiness—he just acts clumsily—while Loren seems otherwise engaged until the final reel. The plot turns on a code that's crucial to the future of a tycoon (Alan Badel), a guerrilla leader (Kieron Moore), and a prime minister (Carl Duering) who are angling for control of a Middle Eastern state; Peck is the innocent savant who cracks it. The set pieces have more gimmickry than energy or grace, and the dialogue is way off: it's supposed to be hilarious that a revolutionary uses slang like "Daddy-o." Script by Julian Mitchell, Stanley Price, and Pierre Marton (Peter Stone), from Gordon Cotler's novel, "The Cipher."—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 25.)

The Entertainer (1960)—The John Osborne play, set during the Suez crisis of 1956, was staged by Tony Richardson in 1957, starring Laurence Olivier as Archie Rice; it was his greatest contemporary role, and he appears in this film version, again directed by Richardson. The play is a lewd, tragic vaudeville about the life of a bankrupt pursued by creditors, a crapulent song-and-dance man whose emotions break through onstage in stale blue jokes as he ogles the half-naked chorus girls and razzes the orchestra leader. The action shifts between the music-hall stage and the rooms that Archie and his wife, Phoebe (Brenda de Banzie), share with his father, Billy Rice (Roger Livesey), who was a headliner in his day but now, in his seventies, is retired to a life of mildewed gentility. Billy was a great performer, part of a living tradition; Archie, still hanging on at fifty, has never had the purity that his father had—he refers to himself as "old Archie, dead behind the eyes." He's obscenely angry as he lashes out at us, the audience, in frustration at his own mediocrity. Osborne is a master of invective. He can't bring Archie's principled, observant daughter, Jean (Joan Plowright), to life, but when it comes to a character like Archie—a man who does so much to make you hate him that you can't—he gives him a Shakespearean fury. The film errs in many ways, and at times the editing seems glaringly poor, but Olivier's performance gives it venomous excitement.—P.K. (Gramercy; Nov. 28-29.)

Fellini's Casanova (1976)—Fellini has done something no one else in screen history ever has: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be done successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crises on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten. With Donald Sutherland, who is used as a deliberately unfunny caricature of Casanova.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 28-29.)

The Great Adventure (1953)—One of the handful of great nature films, Arne Sucksdorff's feature-length documentary is a sensuous mixture of beauty and cruelty. Refusing, as he says, "to tape reality," Sucksdorff waits until he gets the shot he wants—lynx and otter, fox and wood grouse, framed in dazzling compositions. In Swedish.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 27 and 30.)



FRAGRANT
JEWELS
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
© 1993 Parfums International Ltd. Jewelry courtesy of Harry Winston. Hair by José Eber of Beverly Hills. Makeup by Francesca Tolot.
macys

PRIVATE INVESTING

If the DOW is up, the Nikkei is down, and the FT100 is mixed, where are you?

When your investment portfolio is managed by Swiss Bank Corporation, you're in an excellent position to respond to changing market conditions worldwide.

That's because Swiss Bank Corporation has over 100 years of global investment experience and worldwide capabilities—including more than 100 financial analysts and 88 offices in 34 countries—so we're able to move in and out of markets quickly to our clients' advantage. In short, we can capture opportunities in various markets—from the Dow and the Nikkei to the FT100 and numerous other exchanges around the world. Opportunities that complement and enhance our clients' specific financial goals.

If you're an investor with substantial assets and would like more information, in New York City, call Hanspeter A. Walder (212) 574-3374. In San Francisco, call Diane Spirandelli, (415) 774-3324. In Los Angeles, call Raymond Simon, (213) 625-1926.

Swiss Bank Corporation
Schweizerischer Bankverein
Société de Banque Suisse

THE KEY SWISS BANK

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

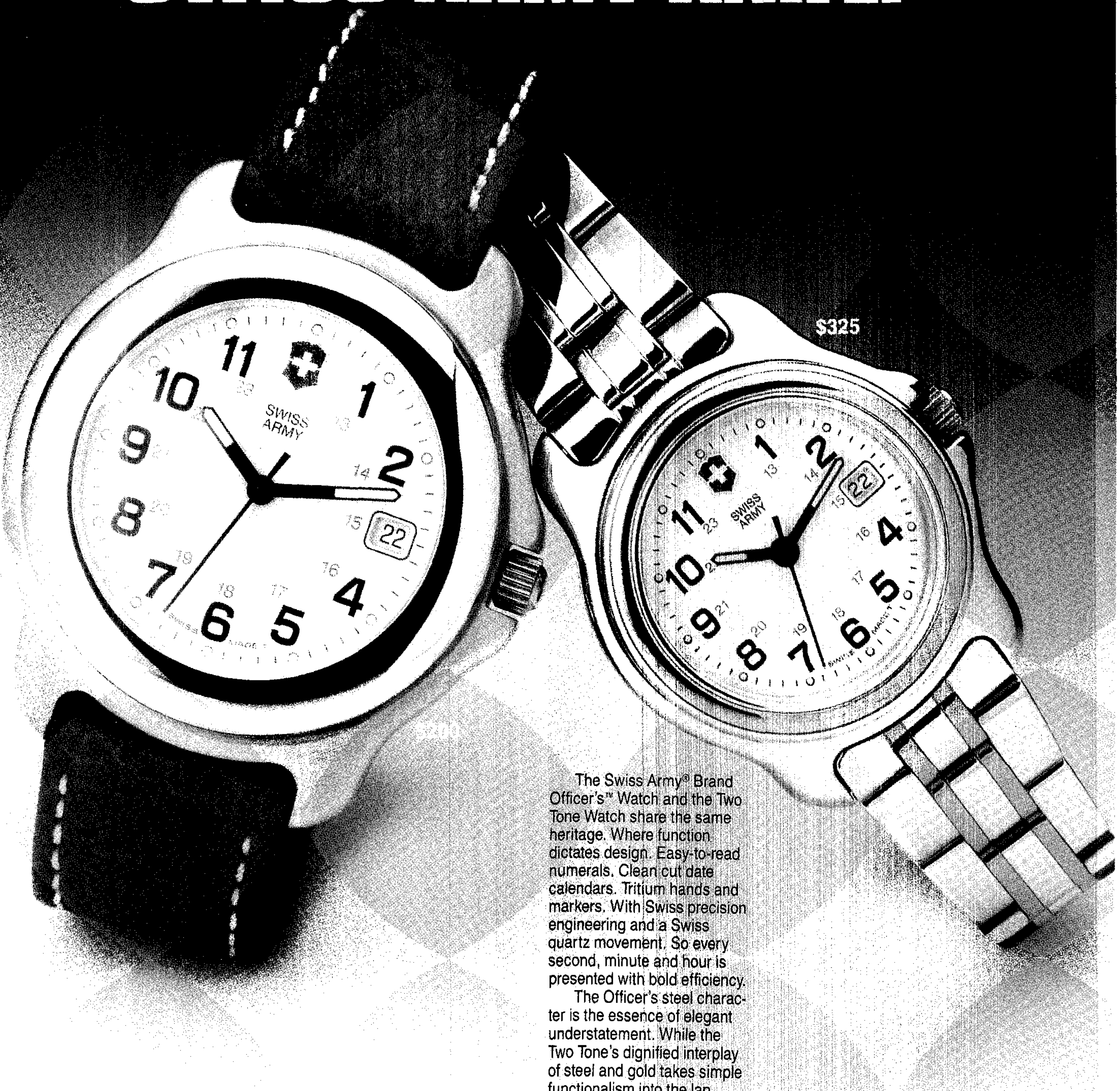
Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted from Helen Jerome's play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Austen's characters are brought to life by M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—P.K. (Gramercy; Nov. 25-27.)

Stand By Me (1986)—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. They're like a pastoral support group, quick to perceive signs of trouble and to lay gentle, firm hands on needy shoulders. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. All that stays with you is the tall tale that Gordie, the central character, tells his friends around the campfire; it's a stupendous gross-out about a fat boy known as Lardass (Andy Lindberg) who enters a blueberry-pie-eating contest. With Will Wheaton as the little Gordie and Richard Dreyfuss as the adult Gordie who narrates the story, and River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Kiefer Sutherland, and, in a flashback, John Cusack.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24.)

The Tall Guy (1989)—Jeff Goldblum as an American actor in London who has spent six years playing stooge to a detestably smug English comic (Rowan Atkinson) and has lost his confidence and most of his sex drive. Then this gangling wreck is cast as the lead in an Andrew Lloyd Webber-style version of "The Elephant Man"—"Elephant!" the musical. Directed by Mel Smith, from a script by Richard Curtis, this satire of the life of the theatre has a loose, inventive dottiness. Goldblum's wide-eyed sloppy good nature sets off Atkinson's lethal genius at playing an articulate swine, and the whole cast appears to be acting in clover. That includes Emma Thompson, who seems stripped down to pure flakiness, and Geraldine James as a nympho landlady, Hugh Thomas as a diphead doctor, Anna Massey as a gleaming smart agent, Kim Thomson as a curly-haired singer, and the insidious Peter Kelly as the smarmy mountebank who stages "Elephant!"—P.K. (Gramercy; Nov. 28-29.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Frustrated small-town boys with big ideas, the central characters are sons of indulgent, middle-class families, who cadge off their parents, loaf, and dream of women, riches, and glory. Their energies are wasted in idiotic pursuits; whatever dreams or ideals they have are pathetically childish or rotten. The director, Federico Fellini, observes the farce of their lives without condescension; his tone is satirical, yet warm and accepting—the distinctive Fellini tone, in his first fully confident piece of direction. The group suggests an American wolf pack. There is Fausto the flirt (Franco Fabrizi), who will become another unhappy, middle-class family man; plump, ludicrous Alberto the buffoon (Alberto Sordi); Leopoldo the poet (Leopoldo Trieste), whose naïve artistic illusions wilt when he is propositioned by an ancient homosexual actor; and Moraldo (Franco Interlenghi), Fellini's autobiographical hero, the only one who finds the guts to say goodbye to this futile provincial life. In Italian.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; through Nov. 25.)

BUILT LIKE OUR SWISS ARMY KNIFE.



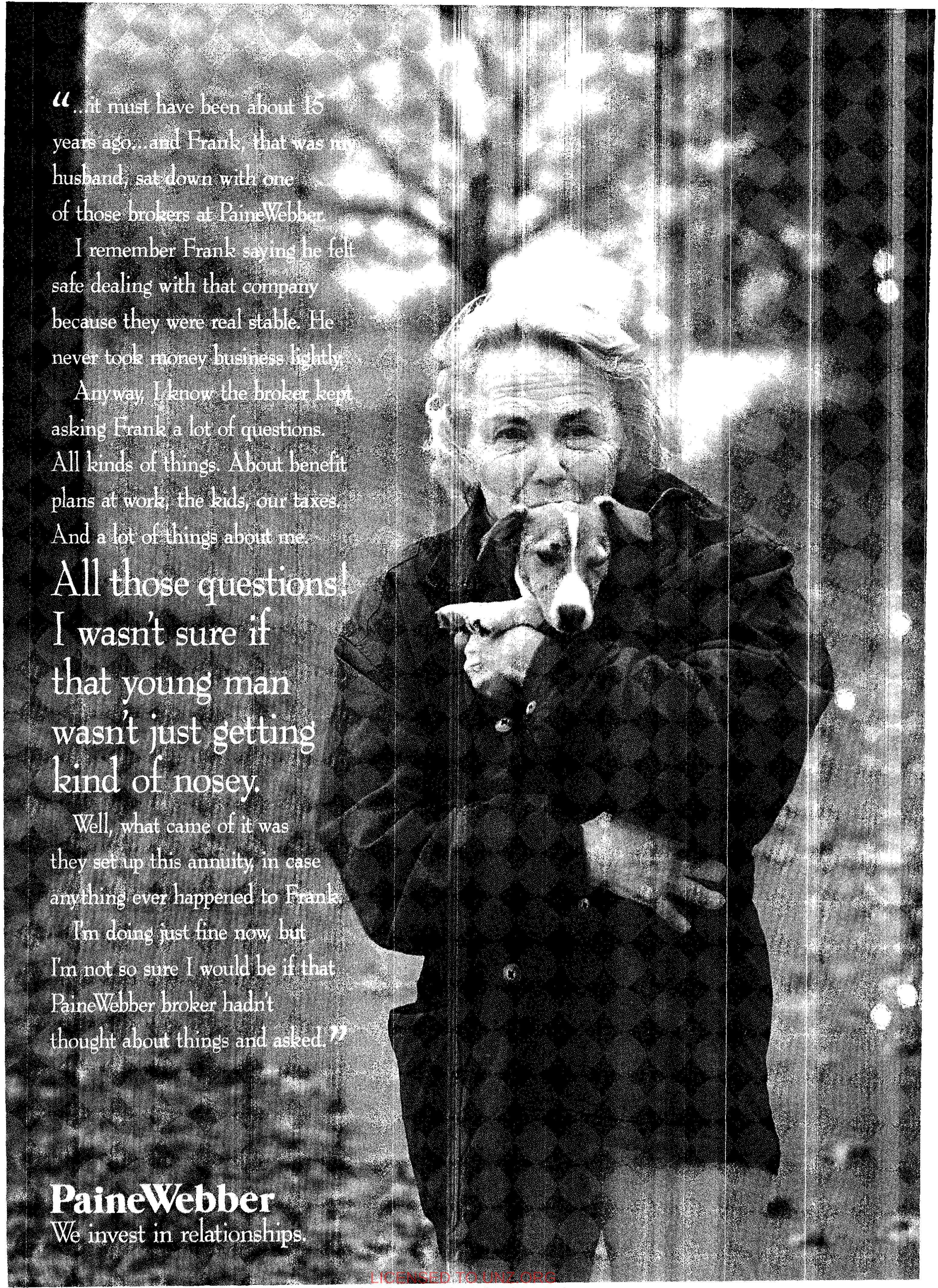
The Swiss Army® Brand Officer's™ Watch and the Two Tone Watch share the same heritage. Where function dictates design. Easy-to-read numerals. Clean cut date calendars. Tritium hands and markers. With Swiss precision engineering and a Swiss quartz movement. So every second, minute and hour is presented with bold efficiency.

The Officer's steel character is the essence of elegant understatement. While the Two Tone's dignified interplay of steel and gold takes simple functionalism into the lap of luxury.

SWISS ARMY®
BRAND

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

© 1993 SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD. A DIVISION OF THE FORSCHNER GROUP, INC. SHELTON, CT. 1-800-442-2706



"...it must have been about 15 years ago...and Frank, that was my husband, sat down with one of those brokers at PaineWebber.

I remember Frank saying he felt safe dealing with that company because they were real stable. He never took money business lightly.

Anyway, I know the broker kept asking Frank a lot of questions. All kinds of things. About benefit plans at work, the kids, our taxes. And a lot of things about me.

All those questions! I wasn't sure if that young man wasn't just getting kind of nosey.

Well, what came of it was they set up this annuity, in case anything ever happened to Frank.

I'm doing just fine now, but I'm not so sure I would be if that PaineWebber broker hadn't thought about things and asked."

PaineWebber
We invest in relationships.

THE NEW YORKER

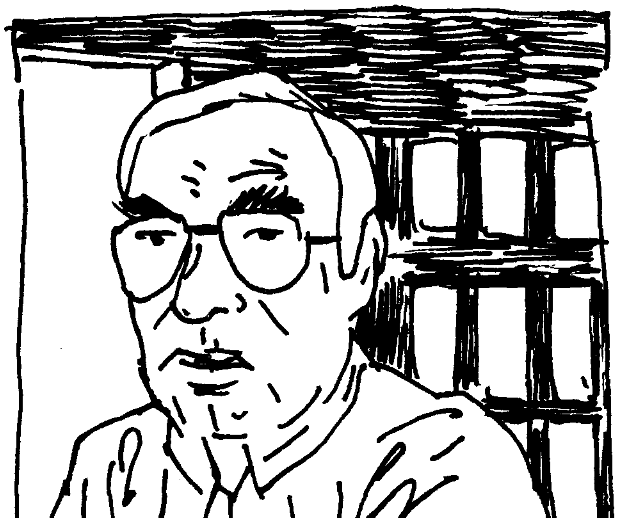
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

FELIX ROHATYN IN AUTUMN

"LOOK out the window," Felix Rohatyn, the city's best-known investment banker, was saying one morning last week over breakfast in his Fifth Avenue apartment. Mr. Rohatyn gently set down his piece of toast, a delicate morsel that had been sliced by an unseen hand. Outside, the morning traffic rushed down the Avenue; the treetops in the Park fairly blazed. "Look, look well," Mr. Rohatyn said, "and you can imagine that very few people in my world can imagine what life is like in the inner city."

On October 15th, two weeks before Rudolph Giuliani won the mayoral election, Mr. Rohatyn stepped down after eighteen years as chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, or Big MAC—the agency that, in 1975, put together the social contract among leaders of labor, the city, the state, and the banks whereby New York was rescued from the brink of bankruptcy. He left the post before the election to avoid the appearance of being unable, or unwilling, to work with a Republican. But, as Mr. Rohatyn was making clear now, in his own subtle and guarded way, he has strong doubts whether the new mayor will be able to bridge the gap between the insulted and injured of the city—its underclass—and the fortunate world with the pretty views. "A mayor has to be a sort of philosopher-king," Mr. Rohatyn said. "He has to talk to so many different ethnic, religious, racial, and economic groups, many of which are in direct competition with each other. He has to be *their* mayor, the bridge *between* these worlds. You see, the mayor's office is not an extraordinarily powerful office in its reality. Its power has to be created through its message." For this reason, in part, Mr. Rohatyn added, he had supported David Dinkins.

Now the city faces a set of financial problems and inner agonies that will not be solved very easily, Mr. Rohatyn went on to say. Despite the lack of real debate in the campaign—its lack of urgency—the problems now make those of eighteen years ago seem almost quaint. "In 1975, we had a fairly circumscribed crisis," he explained. "You could define it: the structure of the city's short-term debt was in disarray. There were budgetary deficits, and so on, but it was the interest on the short-term debt—the money borrowed to finance the deficits—that was piling up and becoming the issue. The city just could not borrow any more. But there were circumstances working in our favor to solve this. We were lucky to have an economy just turning for the better, and a governor, Hugh Carey, and a labor leadership that were responsible and were able to deliver on their commitments. The labor leaders knew, of course, that if the city went down there was a very good chance that they would never be able to deliver on their pension funds. All understood that there was a common interest at stake. But that was then. Today, the city is much more polarized along racial and class lines. Today, the state is in a weak position and therefore really can't help the city. We have a serious budget problem, which was just not dealt with in the good years of the early and mid-eighties. During those years, the city just went right back to hiring people, and the revenues coming in levelled off and started going down. The city's economy since 1987 has been weak. It's expected that, on a thirty-one-billion-dollar city budget, there will be a deficit of at least a few hundred million dollars in fiscal 1994 and, in 1995, a deficit of up to two billion."



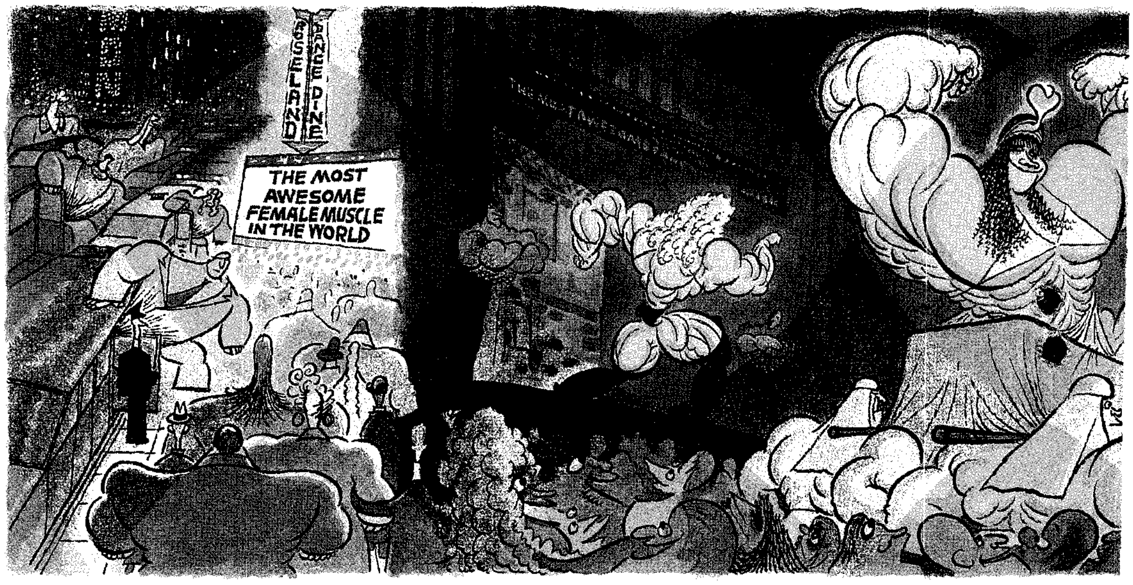
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY PANTER

Mr. Rohatyn conceded that political vanity and short-sightedness were partly responsible for the city's return to fiscal illness, but he also pointed out that there was no way politicians, bankers, or labor leaders could have anticipated the enormous drain on New York's resources from the

HUNKETTES

NO DISCUSSIONS OF FEMALE VICTIMHOOD THE OTHER NIGHT AT ROSELAND. JUST TWO DOZEN WOMEN BODY-BUILDERS, VERY PUMPED UP.

by ARNOLD ROTH


ROSELAND
DANCE DINE
THE MOST AWESOME FEMALE MUSCLE IN THE WORLD

AIDS crisis, the rise in the use of crack cocaine, and an ever-expanding number of homeless people. "And, at the same time, the jobs picture is difficult," he said. "The requirements for skill levels in the financial world, in media firms, law firms—the jobs that have a future and pay well—have all gone up. You just need a more skilled workforce now. And, at the lower end of the scale, lots of jobs have either left the city or become computerized."

It is Mr. Rohatyn's view that the city lacks labor leaders who can reliably deliver concessions, the way Victor Gotbaum and Albert Shanker did in 1975. Yet he sees no way to cure the budget mess except through attrition, or even layoffs, in the public workforce. And, like most, he is not counting on increased federal help with the city's enormous Medicare and Medicaid bills. "It's not a short-term crisis like '75, and we face a sea of problems," Mr. Rohatyn said. "I don't believe big cities die. They degrade. The population can change. Those who can afford to might move out."

Then, just as the coffee was cooling, and the fresh-squeezed grapefruit juice was warming in the sunlight pouring through the tall windows, Mr. Rohatyn brightened. He began to talk of the city's "intellectual capacity for the twenty-first-century economy," its position as a financial and media capital, its potential as a center of tourism. The President, he said, should start a public-works program financed by a gasoline tax to rebuild the city's—and the country's—deteriorating roads and bridges, install a high-speed rail system, build new airports. All those projects would create thousands of jobs. "And, by the way, why the hell should Oscar de la Renta go to Paris? Why shouldn't New York be the fashion capital of the world?"

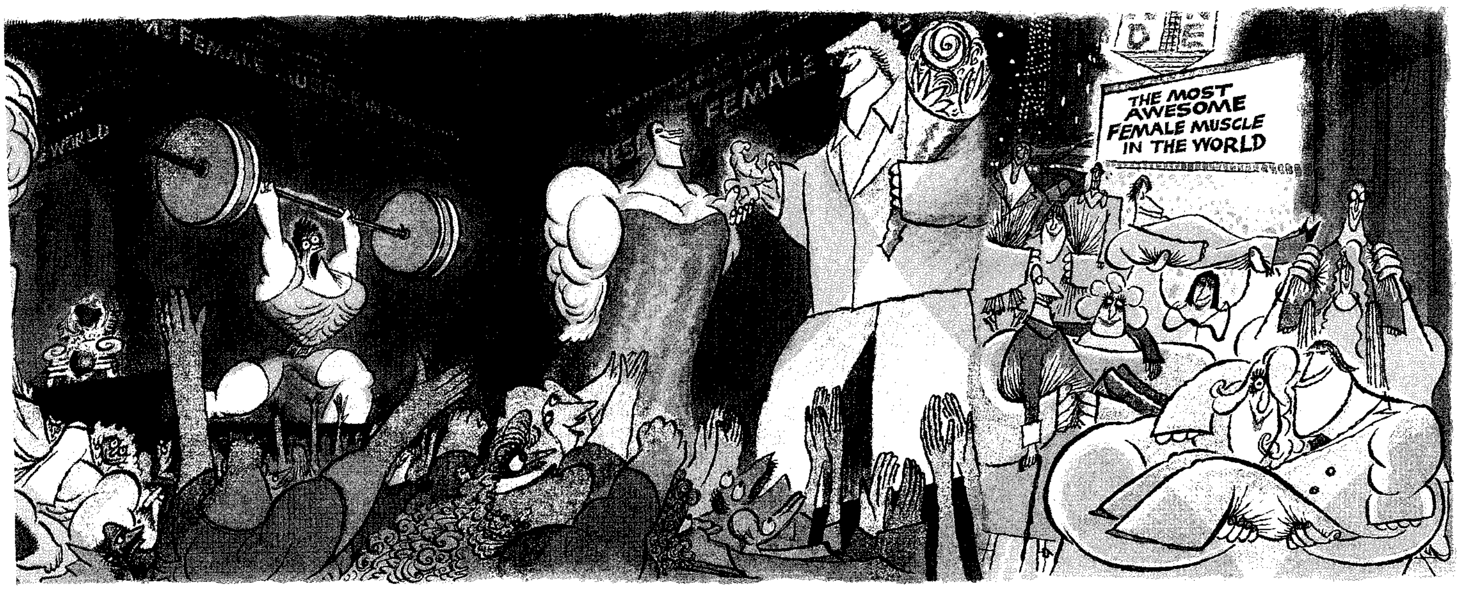
Like the city itself, Mr. Rohatyn is facing the prospect, if not the consequences, of age. Once the boy wonder of the investment bank Lazard Frères & Company, he is sixty-five, and on November 10th the *Wall Street Journal* published a story wondering what will happen when he, the firm's "biggest rainmaker," begins to slow down. The *Journal* picked Steven Rattner, a forty-one-year-old specialist in media mergers who was formerly a reporter at the *Times*, as the likeliest figure to fill the void. The Messrs. Rohatyn and Rattner, along with the principal partner of Lazard Frères, Michel David-Weill, were mum on the question of succession. But Mr. Rohatyn told us that, while he has left MAC and no longer suffers well all the details of investment banking, he has no intention of fading from the scene—especially the public scene. He has just agreed to a request from Governor Cuomo that he lead a study on the potential impact on New York of the President's proposed health-care reforms.

Now Mr. Rohatyn was encouraging us not to think in such gloomy terms about the city's future, and he invited us once more to look out the window. "It's all there," he said. And he was right. From that window, it was: it was all there.

SEX WITH ANIMALS (BY ANIMALS)

CLIVE BROMHALL has a thing for real, live animal sex, though he wouldn't put it that way, exactly. Bromhall is a thirty-two-year-old British zoologist who can tell you that barnacles unfurl sex organs up to ten times their unaroused body size, and that the m[illegible] olive baboon is likely to ingest his own semen after masturbating, and that female porcupines force themselves relentlessly on male porcupines—and that, if stuff like this stimulates your curiosity, you might do well to tune in this week to "The Nature of Sex," a six-hour television series, co-produced by Bromhall, that will be broadcast across the country on PBS. The sexual practices of no fewer than a hundred and fifty species are examined in the shows, a network publicist told us. Deciding to engage in a little calm talk before plunging into all this sex, we phoned Dr. Bromhall in Bristol, England, where he lives and works, and asked him what we migh[illegible] expect.

"There were two types of behavior that we avoided, not out of any prud-


THE MOST AWESOME FEMALE MUSCLE IN THE WORLD

ishness on our part but because, without the time to go into them *very* deeply, they're dangerous to talk about since they so easily lend themselves to misinterpretation," Dr. Bromhall explained. "Homosexuality was one. The other was rape. There are animals that rape each other. Ducks, for instance. They're famous for it. At the end of the breeding season, the males go around and essentially have gang bangs. Now, what if we tried to cover that, and explain it biologically, but in a very limited time? It would be terribly dangerous. You can just imagine the court cases that might result: 'Honestly, Your Honor, this program says it's my biological urge—I can't do anything about it.' "

We asked Dr. Bromhall if any thought had been given to whether the more graphic explorations of animal sexuality which did make it into the program might be a little shocking to some viewers.

"Well," he said, "on the level of what we felt we could and couldn't show on TV, and how people might react to that, obviously you can show an insect mating. People seem to have no problems with that. But you get to dogs mating, and the average viewer starts to get a little uneasy. And then you get to chimps mating—the bonobos, for example, which have sex all the time, they're promiscuous in the extreme, sex has taken the place of aggression in their society in terms of working out problems—and there's definitely a lot of discomfort in the viewer."

Perhaps, we suggested, this show could help us learn to overcome our discomfort.

"Oh, yes, most definitely," Dr. Bromhall replied, enthusiastically. "I think if you see what goes on in the animal kingdom you can come to terms far more easily with your own sexuality. For example, humans tend to find it terribly difficult to have monogamous relationships. But the fact is we had a polygamous ancestry, although human beings do seem to be becoming, biologically speaking, more monogamous. Males and females have, over the last couple of million years, become increasingly similar in size, which is indicative of monogamy. The truth is, we're monogamous with a dab of promiscuity. And, you know, the truth will set you free."

RUNWAY SHOOTING KILLS THOUSANDS

THIS is a story of runways and flyways and the various ways in which the two collide. John F. Kennedy International Airport, New York's largest and busiest, sits on the far eastern edge of Queens, where an Alphaville urban landscape suddenly gives way to a maze of salt marshes, channels, and creeks known as the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge—one of the largest and busiest landing sites for birds along the so-called Atlantic Flyway. As Ed Abrams, a supervisor with J.F.K.'s Bird Hazard Management Program, explained one recent afternoon, while driving his patrol vehicle down the service road between Runway 13 Right–31 Left—which, at fourteen thousand five hundred and seventy-two feet, is the longest commercial runway in the United States—and the island-strewn, bright-blue waters of Grassy Bay, "birds and planes are just incompatible." One ingested bird, he noted, can stall an engine, and threaten hundreds of lives. Two years ago, he recalled, a departing 747 with three hundred and fifty people on board had to abort its takeoff when a gull shut down one of its engines. "People ask me what I do for a living, and I have to resort to black humor. I tell them I shoot seagulls."

In 1975, a DC-10 carrying a hundred and thirty-nine people hit a flock of gulls as the plane was about to take off from J.F.K. All the passengers happened to be airline personnel, and managed to escape unharmed, but the plane caught fire and was completely destroyed. The incident spawned the airport's daily bird-patrol program—two vehicles doing runway "bird sweeps" from dawn till dusk. Abrams, who is forty years old and was born just across the bay, in Far Rockaway, has become something of a bird-watcher in spite of himself during twelve years on patrol; making his rounds, he sees ibis, egrets, marsh hawks, ospreys, and snowy owls, among other birds, but mostly he sees seagulls—especially laughing gulls, six thousand or so nesting pairs of which summer in the marshes near the end of Runway 4 Left–22 Right. Abrams estimates that eighty per cent of the plane-bird collisions and near-collisions at J.F.K. each year involve laughing gulls. "It's because they're stupid," Abrams said. "You can put a dead one down on the tarmac to scare away the others, and Joe will waddle right up to Orville to see what happened to him."

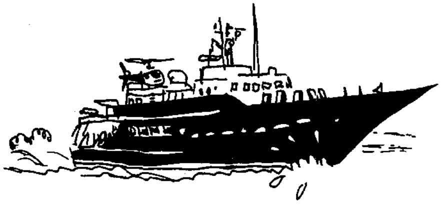
During the summer months, the gulls fly back and forth across runways in search of food. All year round, gulls go clamming in the shoals at low tide and bring the booty up onto the hard runways for easier opening. As the weather turns cool, they flock to the busiest runways—the ones holding the most jet-engine heat. Abrams, in his bird-patrol vehicle, has a number of bird-clearing options shy of the last resort—the shotgun kept upright in a stand beside the glove compartment. That afternoon, spotting a small flock of roosting gulls as he drove around the end of a runway that juts out into the bay, he drew up beside them and honked his horn, and they fled. If this strategy had failed, Abrams would have plugged in a tape marked "Seagull in Distress" and blasted it through a rooftop megaphone. Whenever the tape doesn't do the trick, he next shoots "screamer shells" out of a starter pistol. "The problem is that the birds get used to everything," Abrams said. He then pointed to a row of what looked like decoy bird heads positioned along each side of the runway. "Those are propane noise cannons," he explained. "They go off at regular intervals. The birds just flutter up when they go boom and then flutter back down." He added that balloons with scary owl faces painted on them have also failed to keep the gulls away.

May through August is peak flying season at J.F.K., for both birds and planes, and over that period the Port Authority orders loaded shotguns out in force. Along with Abrams and his daily patrolling partner, five federally licensed Department of Agriculture sharpshooters are brought in, and, with the reluctant approval of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, they set up stools and lunch coolers in the scrub alongside the active runways and shoot at any gulls heading over runway space. In the three years that the shooting program has been in effect, more than thirty-five thousand gulls have been shot, and the number of birds struck by planes has decreased by nearly ninety per cent. "Hey," Abrams said in a muffled tone, as though talking to himself, "you don't like to do it, but these are planes coming in."

He started back toward the Port Authority terminal through a seldom used road at the far eastern edge of the airport. Winding along a stretch of water called Head of Bay Basin, the road runs through an undeveloped area of tall grasses, dense shrubbery, and baby birches. Except for the sun-tinged jets soaring above, there were no indications of an airport. He was trying to get a glimpse of the snowy owl he'd been seeing out here in the past few weeks, but came up empty. He called the other patrol vehicle on the walkie-talkie to ask about it. No sign, he was told. As we emerged from the brush, the airport terminal and the central control tower rose before us, with the Manhattan skyline in the distance, and then we pulled to a stop beside a clapboard house that the bird-patrol unit uses as a storage shed. The door was locked. Beside it was a blue plastic barrel where birds found dead on the airport grounds—midair-collision victims—are deposited. Abrams looked inside and saw a large, bloodied splay of tufted white. "That's him," he said, walking away. "He got whacked. They're slow fliers, the snowy. They're cumbersome."

VERY NOW VOYAGERS

If you took a football field and folded it at the forty-nine-and-a-half-yard line, and then folded it again, lengthwise, from one sideline to the other, and then again, from that fold to the other side, and then again, from the second fold to a point roughly halfway back across, and on top of it built an eleven-bedroom, fourteen-bathroom triplex apartment with a wine cellar, and on top of that put two motorcycles, two boats, a helicopter, and a bagpiper, and put the whole thing in the Hudson River, and wandered around on it drinking nonalcoholic beer and gawking at expensive paintings, and sat down next to the wife of the publisher of the magazine *Barbie* for a dinner of smoked salmon, miniature crab cakes, and beef tenderloin while gazing dreamily at the World Trade Center, Ellis Island, and the Statue of Liberty, then you would have a pretty good idea of what we experienced the other night, when, along with roughly a hundred other people,



we went for a cruise on the Forbes yacht, the Highlander. The occasion was a party celebrating the publication of the most recent issue of *Forbes FYI*, a quarterly supplement to *Forbes*. Perhaps *FYI* stands for Forbes Yacht Invitation. We attended in our professional capacity, and we spent most of the evening fervently wishing that we had devoted the early years of our life to insinuating ourself into the good graces of the Forbeses, so that we could be assured of spending more time on this boat.

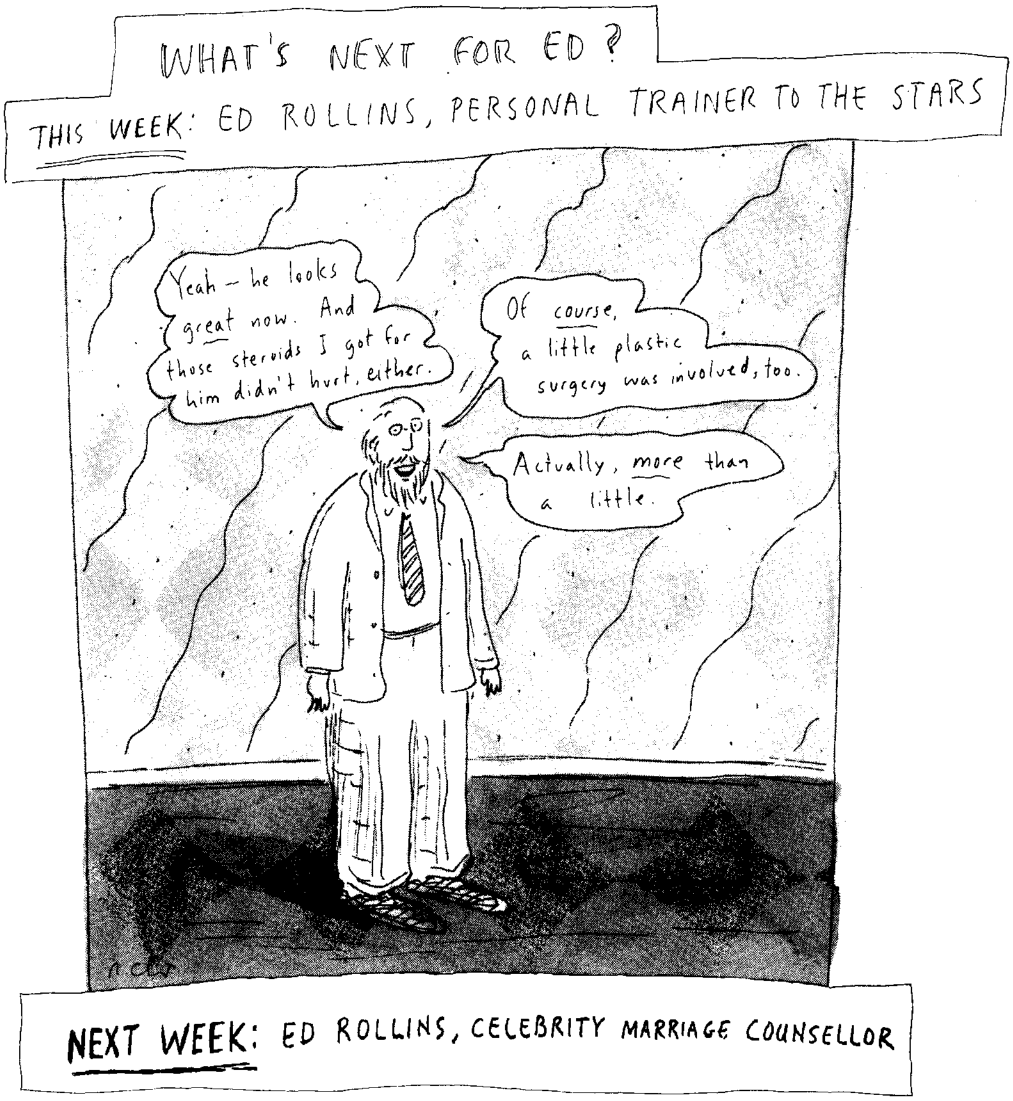
Before taking a cab over to Pier 62, where the Highlander is moored, we agonized for quite a while about what to wear. We didn't want to wear anything really fancy, because we know from books, movies, and television programs that extremely rich people are not bound by ordinary convention and will fearlessly wear a favorite old tweed jacket even if it has a hole in the elbow. At the same time, we didn't want to dress too casually, thereby suggesting that we didn't realize what a stunningly extravagant boat the Highlander is. In the end, we dressed the way we always do when we go out: a little bit worse than almost everyone except the guys serving the food and drinks. They, curiously, were wearing white blouses with gaping necks that ballooned open when they bent over to get more ice. We asked one of them whether he liked or hated his uniform. "Hate," he said.

Because we are not a prospective full-page advertiser in *Forbes FYI*, we were not allowed to go for a ride in the Bell Jet Ranger helicopter. Somewhat forlornly, we stood on an upper deck near one of the motorcycles and watched the helicopter take off and land. Viewed from underneath at a distance of twenty or thirty feet, it looked a little like the spaceship in "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." Its underside was complicated and technical, and the red lights on the struts and the fuselage flashed menacingly as the pilot hovered above the flight deck to build power before rocketing down the Hudson toward Governors Island. We could just make out the face of one of the passengers, a possibly apprehensive woman who was gazing far over our head at the gaudy nighttime skyline of Manhattan. Then a crew member in a Highlander windbreaker noticed where we were standing. He urgently said something to us that we couldn't hear, and led us back under a protective overhang.

Our host for the evening was Robert Forbes, whose name appears at the top of *FYI's* minimal masthead. He resembles a high-school English teacher from the seventies, with longish hair, lobe-length sideburns, and a gray suit whose trouser legs were arguably flared. He is very nice, and he affably greeted all his guests as they came aboard, and affably said goodbye to them as they left. In his pocket he carried some small pieces of paper on which he occasionally wrote brief notes to himself. When the publisher of *Barbie* said, over dinner, "To be tired of *FYI* is to be tired of life," he nodded approvingly, pulled out one of his pieces of paper, and wrote it down.

WHAT'S NEXT FOR ED?

THIS WEEK: ED ROLLINS, PERSONAL TRAINER TO THE STARS


Yeah – he looks great now. And those steroids I got for him didn't hurt, either.
Of course, a little plastic surgery was involved, too.
Actually, more than a little.
R. Chast

NEXT WEEK: ED ROLLINS, CELEBRITY MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR

• •

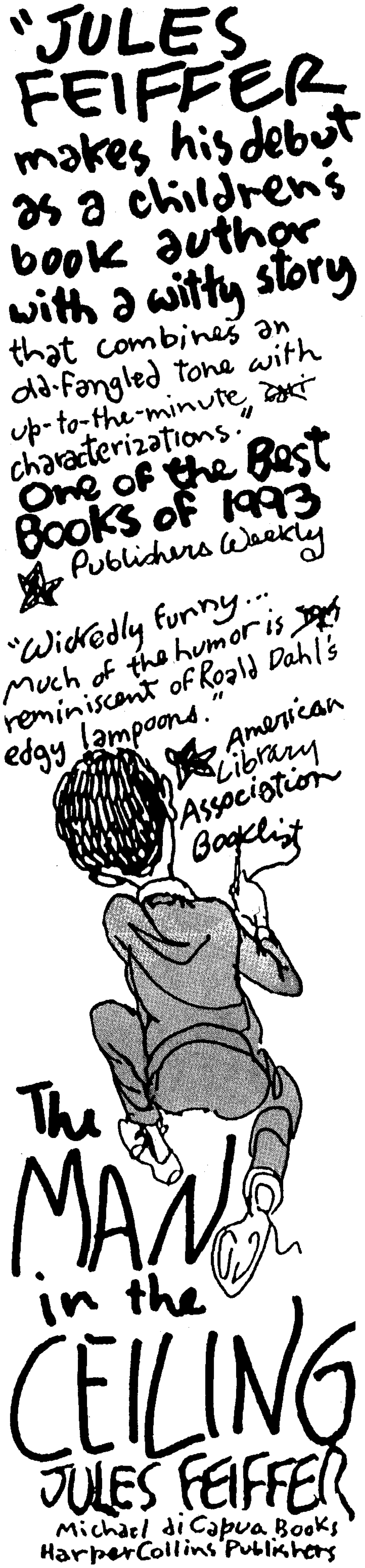
STEAK TO THE HEART

MORTON'S OF CHICAGO and Ruth's Chris from New Orleans have reached town, New York links added to each of their names' long chains of steak houses. Brown-toned steak houses—once chophouses—more or less began here; until now, Smith & Wollensky, Peter Luger, and Sparks had all easily kept standardized encroachment at bay; and every corporate restaurateur knew, or was supposed to have known, that New York's a tough market to crack. Why this reverse colonization now? And, our cardiologist asks, isn't beef consumption down?

Not everywhere: nationwide, business in "fine-dining" steak houses increased twelve per cent in the spring of 1993 compared with that of '92, while the restaurant business as a whole grew just a single percentage point during that period, according to the National Restaurant Association. What could possibly account for this? Remember, we're not talking about just an extra celebratory teaspoon of forbidden fat. In these restaurants, a hunk of marbled flesh as big as a kitten is plunked à la carte on the table, crusted with salt, and gilded with sputtering butter, or, at Smith & Wollensky, butter enriched with rendered fat, to "beef up" the flavor. After this, that slab of cheesecake just seems to float.

It has been suggested that beef attracts smiling mouths in recessionary times because it blends culinary domesticity with celebration: a steak, like a layer cake, comes with its own candles. Steak's return, others say, represents a backlash against the wimpy vegetable and its Birkenstock pretensions. But it's about something more.

Look up from your sirloin and look around. Mostly men. Wine, and cheeks, mostly red. The feared French restaurant, a virtual terrine of embarrassment, has vanished. By gulping this Cabernet, by splitting this spud, by slicing this steak, the present bleaches to tablecloth-white, the future fades, and the past—the expansive, manageable, Jimmy Walker past—settles in for good. ♦


"JULES FEIFFER makes his debut as a children's book author with a witty story that combines an old-fangled tone with up-to-the-minute characterizations." One of the Best Books of 1993 ★ Publishers Weekly

"Wickedly funny... much of the humor is reminiscent of Roald Dahl's edgy lampoons." ★ American Library Association Booklist

The MAN in the CEILING
JULES FEIFFER
Michael di Capua Books
HarperCollins Publishers

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

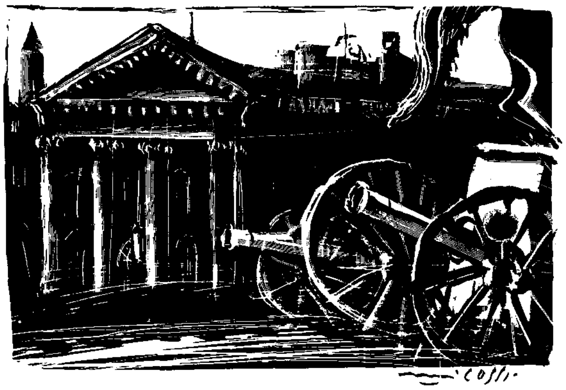
THE MAKING OF A MACHINE

In the NAFTA war room, Bill Daley galvanized the campaign to win the House one vote at a time, and taught Bill Clinton about politics Chicago style.

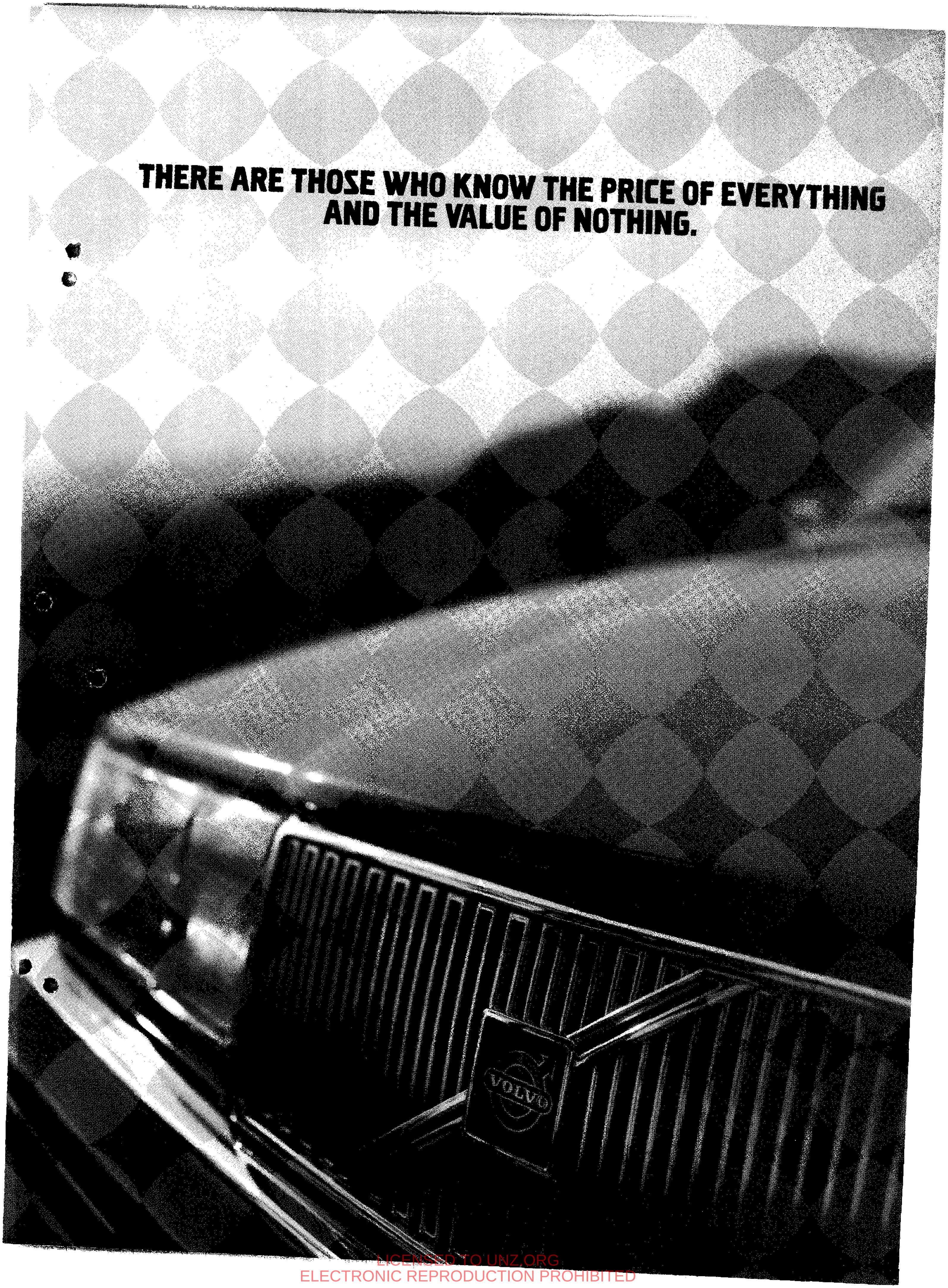
BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

In August, at the conclusion of the exhausting battle over the budget, President Clinton fled the mainland for Martha's Vineyard. He played golf, rode a horse, ate ice cream, mixed with the island's literati, sailed with the Kennedys, and dined at Katharine Graham's, where, as Henry Kissinger listened dumbstruck, he sang "The Dock of the Bay" and other golden oldies with Carly Simon. Relaxing on the beach, the President and his wife plotted strategy for their fall offensive on behalf of universal health care. The North American Free Trade Agreement wasn't even a cloudlet in the summer sky. By mid-September, NAFTA was a political storm; by mid-November, it had become a howling hurricane. From the beginning, more was involved than the fine print in a five-volume treaty, but members of the House of Representatives entered the debate believing that NAFTA mattered mostly to those fervently against it. A majority of the Democrats, having taken the difficult stand on the budget, imagined that they had discharged their obligations to the President for a while. They were operating under the illusion that they were free to play constituency politics as usual. From congressional members of both political parties, with strong protectionist and isolationist wings gaining a momentum that they hadn't had since the nineteen-thirties, the issue demanded an unequivocal yes or no. And, although the treaty was not the economic zero-sum game that opponents suggested it was, it became a political zero-sum game for Bill Clinton. Either he would win or he would lose. As he committed himself to the fight, the stakes grew enormously. NAFTA was not simply about an accountant's ledger of jobs gained and lost, and it was not only about the future of American relations with Mexico and Latin America. It had come to encompass Clinton's ability to conduct foreign policy on an internationalist basis, and it was also about whether the Democratic Party would be a broad party or the reflection of one assertive interest. In the end, the issue was the power of Clinton's Presidency.

Fitfully, but at last decisively, the White House organized a gigantic political campaign, involving almost every industrial and trade association in the country; every living past President and Secretary of State; sixteen American Nobel Prize-winning economists; Lee Iacocca; media consulting firms; the Mexican government; our global trading partners; the designated debater, Al Gore; and the awesome negotiating powers of the executive branch. Assembling the coalition from an irregular assortment of parts—with organized labor and the core of the House Democratic Caucus as the most militant opponents—complicated the process wildly. The campaign was constructed from hastily bent metal. An effort so difficult and so consequential demanded a manager.


MARIO MICOSSI

Among the inhabitants of the White House war room devoted to NAFTA was a man, William M. Daley, who was unfamiliar to television viewers and indifferent to celebrity: he was animated only by the campaign. The merits of the arguments were important, of course, but they were not what would carry the day. "It's a Mad Hatter's tea party," Mickey Kantor, the United States Trade Representative,


THERE ARE THOSE WHO KNOW THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING AND THE VALUE OF NOTHING.
VOLVO

So said Oscar Wilde.

On the other hand, there are those who appreciate the difference.

So said Volvo.

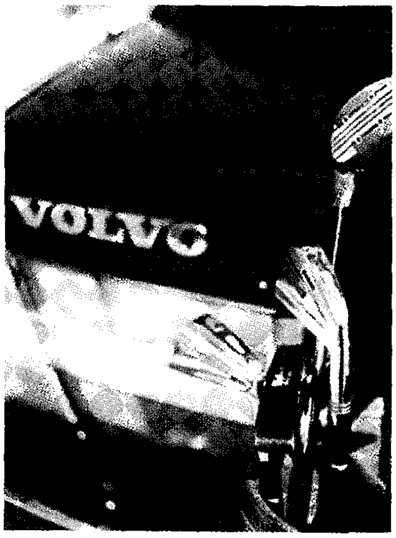
How exactly?

With an automobile. The 960.

A car that amply rewards those who recognize the difference between civility and ostentation.

It offers seats and climate that both adjust effortlessly, 201 horsepower and a supreme sense of solidity. But it will not advertise your bank account on America's highways.

It prefers, rather, to offer an environment a journalist once described as "an intensive care unit." (A colorful tribute to such life-sustaining features as a steel safety cage and Side Impact Protection System.)

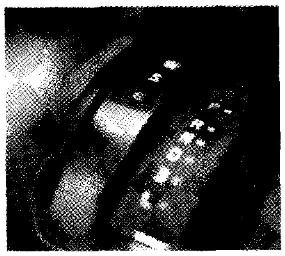


The 960.

A European sedan for those who value what is important in life.

Not the least of which is continuing to have one.

Four year/50,000 mile new vehicle warranty[†]



Electronically controlled 4-speed automatic transmission with selectable shift modes (economy/sport/winter)

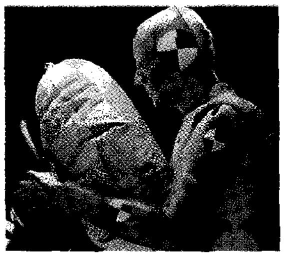
Spacious seating for five

Refined 201 horsepower, 24-valve, 6-cylinder engine

24-hour On-Call roadside assistance[††]

8-way power driver's seat with 3-position memory

Driver and passenger side supplemental restraint system (Dual air bags)



Power-assisted rack and pinion steering

Tilt steering wheel

Four-wheel disc brakes with anti-lock braking system (ABS)

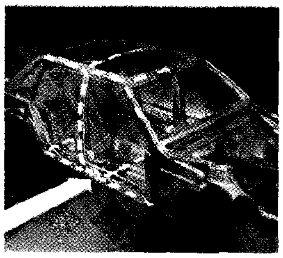
Four-wheel independent suspension

Central power door locking

CFC free electronic climate control system

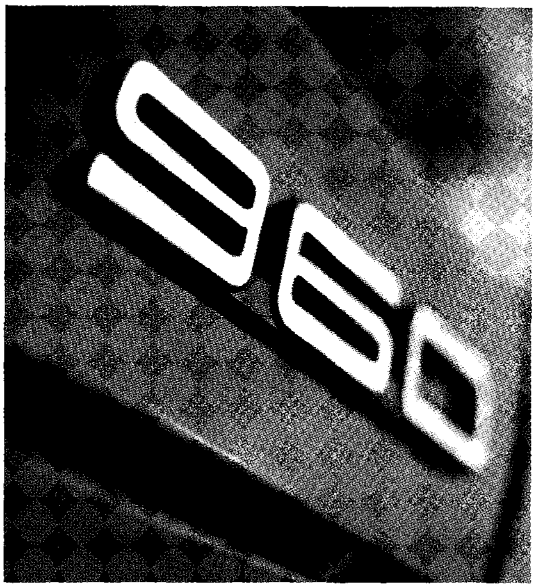
Glass power sun roof (optional)

6-speaker AM/FM stereo cassette with CD capability



Steel unibody with Side Impact Protection System

[†]Whichever comes first. Limited warranty. [††]On Call® is offered in cooperation with Amoco Motor Club.



Drive safely.

VOLVO

Volvo 900 series sedans range in price from $22,900*- $33,950. Car featured is the 960 sedan at $33,950.** For more information call 1-800-500-1136.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price (MSRP) for a '94 entry level 940 sedan.**MSRP for the car shown with highlighted features; a '94 960 sedan with optional touring package. All MSRPs (Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price), exclude state and local taxes, optional equipment, special equipment required by states, dealer prep, registration fees and $425 destination charge. Individual dealer prices may vary. ©1993. Volvo Cars of North America, Inc. Drive Safely is a trademark of Volvo Cars of North America, Inc. Remember to always wear your seat belt.

said. "We have won the intellectual argument on this. The political argument is much tougher." Daley was convinced that in a secret ballot passage would be a foregone conclusion. Many members had told him so. "Intellectually, they're there," he said. "It's the politics."

Daley faced an electorate of four hundred and thirty-four (one seat in the House is vacant), and he began about a hundred votes down. He needed close to a hundred Democrats; if he didn't get them, a hundred and twenty Republicans who had promised their support would scurry away, and NAFTA would lose in a rout. His job was to shift congressional psychology, member by member. One White House aide assigned to the NAFTA effort, who had not known Daley before, and who observed him closely as the congressional votes were being gathered, said, "The more you work with him, the more you glimpse his qualities. He's honest, straightforward. He has an ability to strategize in a way that is not apparent, to construct the congressional coalition. He's always two or three steps ahead of where the other people in the room are. With every congressman, you have to know how far can you push him and still get his support. Bill's got that nuance. I think the word when you're building something with machine tools is 'tolerance.' His appreciation of the tolerances is very sophisticated."

Throughout the jittery campaign, Daley maintained a preternatural calm. This trait, a result of his having lived through many political gambles and seen the best and the worst, was an intangible asset in a situation in which the Presidency appeared to teeter on an uncertain vote. "Bill Daley is the kind of Democrat who, if you're in a war and in the trenches, will never abandon you," says the political consultant Robert Squier. "He's tenacious. Even when things are going bad, he stays focussed on the enemy, and keeps people from going at each other. That's hard. Most campaigns implode."

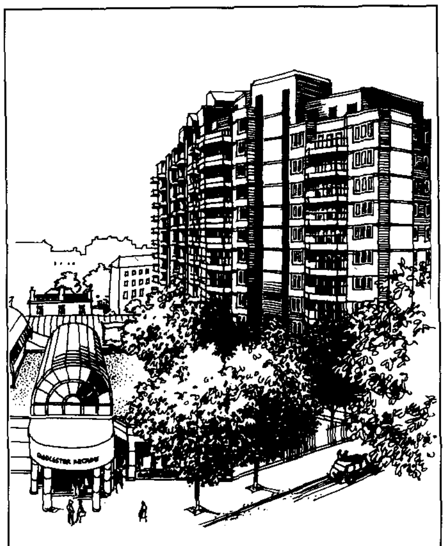
Some stars, it is said, are born in a trunk. Bill Daley was born in a war room. It was a pink brick bungalow, a workingman's house, at 3536 South Lowe Avenue—an address known to every sentient Chicagoan. Here, on the South Side, in the Eleventh Ward, Back of the Yards, Dick and Sis Daley raised a brood of seven children. Their eldest son, Richard M. Daley, has today assumed his father's place as mayor. Bill, their youngest, is Rich's most important adviser. Bill is trimmer and balder than his father, and more articulate than his brother the Mayor, who has inherited a gene for malapropism. Bill is indispensable, but remains in the background: he is the invisible brother.

From 1955 to 1976, Richard J. Daley combined the roles of chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party Central Committee and mayor of Chicago, the only figure in the city's history to gain such power. Each position supported and enhanced the other: one plus one equalled one hundred. Tens of thousands of county and city workers doubled as precinct captains. During Daley's reign, Chicago's unofficial motto was "The City That Works." Politics and policy were seamlessly fused. Within the national Democratic Party, the Mayor was a duke. "Daley means the ballgame," Robert F. Kennedy said, in 1968.

Bill Clinton filled a number of key positions in the White House with novices, who have been learning how to operate the whirring machinery only through the political equivalent of industrial accidents. His Cabinet is diverse yet strangely unrepresentative of the centers of political power. Bill Daley was passed over for appointment to the Cabinet; yet no member of it is as politically influential in his own state as Special Counsellor to the President for NAFTA William Daley is in his.

In politics, there is always a room where decisions get made. Daley has been in many such rooms. He thinks about who is around the table, how each person got there, how each relates to the others. This judgmental ability comes to him almost by instinct, just as a good deal else in politics is instinctive. "Sometimes logic goes out the window and it's more your gut than anything," he says. "*He* was really good at that." The "he," of course, is his father.

Washington has become a city where function often follows form. The ability to create a convenient and shifting reality, removed from its consequences, is a measure of power and status. If one is successful, one earns the sobriquet of "player." In the capital, the identities of the players merge into a collective ether: they are their own environment. But Bill Daley remains solid. One White House



GLOUCESTER PARK, LONDON.

CALLING THEM SERVICED APARTMENTS IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

If you are planning to stay in London for three months or more, consider Gloucester Park Apartments. Located in fashionable Kensington, they are the last word in luxury, sophistication and security.

Gloucester Park has an enviable reputation as the perfect base for business or leisure. Facilities include a state of the art gym; sauna; 24 hour concierge and porterage; full housekeeping and maintenance; private garaging; and maid service.

The elegant air-conditioned apartments boast fully equipped Miele kitchens; bathroom en suite; and balconies. Other thoughtful touches are 24 channel multi-language cable television; and two private telephone lines with voicemail.

GLOUCESTER
PARK

Your home away from home

Gloucester Park Apartments
Ashburn Place, London SW7 4LL
Tel: 011-44-71-373-1444
Fax: 011-44-71-244-5050

THE CHEVAL GROUP OF SERVICED APARTMENTS

aide notes that Daley is one of the few people he has seen in close proximity to the President who are not scrambling for attention or favor, not trying to demonstrate their place at the top of the pack. Daley's political identity is rooted not in this court but in something larger: the history of the Democratic Party. Secretary of the Treasury Lloyd Bentsen has famously claimed that Jack Kennedy was a friend (though their relationship was glancing), but it was twelve-year-old Bill Daley who, with his father, spent the day after Kennedy's Inauguration in the Oval Office. When Bill travelled to Washington with his father during the Johnson era, he swam in the White House pool, and a congressman indebted to the Mayor's support, Dan Rostenkowski, would hover nearby. "He wasn't exactly a lifeguard," Daley says. "He sat by the pool making telephone calls while my father was with Johnson." Rostenkowski says, "Billy didn't come from nowhere. The name is significant. He has a good feel for politics, natural talent. Sometimes that could pass you by, too." Bill Daley is forty-five years old, and he has known Secretary of State Warren Christopher (for instance) for twenty-five years. No matter what happens to him in Washington, his identity remains constant. Daley's detachment about power is derived from his intimacy with it. For him, image doesn't dictate substance; rather, in accordance with the dictum of Chicago's greatest architect, Louis Sullivan, form follows function.

DALEY'S story is not one of simple dynastic succession. It is true that he carries with him his family history. But the Daley saga includes a fall from grace: the collapse of the old Democratic Party, the shattering of alliances, and the tainting of reputation. The Daleys reinvented themselves with the incorporeal political skills they had inherited. The late Mayor kept his sons at his side, teaching them the family business. "It was always action, big events, parades, or wakes," Bill recalls. "He was great to be around, because he included us, his kids, in everything. We talked politics all the time, and we went everywhere."

What happened to the Democratic Party happened to the Daleys. Over the decades, Richard J. Daley went from ward heeler to kingmaker to relic, at the end bequeathing to his pretenders and heirs a decaying political legacy.

In 1960, John F. Kennedy's thin margin in Illinois was crucial in putting him in the White House. Daley and his sons were present on Day One. Yet, for all the Mayor's feelings for Kennedy, the Irish Catholic prince, he felt closer to Lyndon Johnson. "Kennedy was so young for him, like a young brother," Bill says. "Johnson was more of a politician like him. Johnson got things done." In the Great Society, Daley was great.

But then, for him and for the Party, the world changed forever over the issues of race and the Vietnam War. In 1966, Martin Luther King, having broken Jim Crow in the South, moved into an apartment in Chicago's West Side ghetto to lead the Chicago Freedom Movement. That summer, the ghetto erupted in a riot. By the next year, though King proclaimed victory in Chicago, he was beaten and confused, and his efforts to mobilize blacks by marching into neighborhoods of working-class white ethnics had left behind a fractured Democratic coalition. After King's assassination, on April 4, 1968, which set off burning and looting in the black neighborhoods, Daley ordered the police to "shoot to kill any arsonist."

Four months later, the Democratic National Convention opened in Chicago. The televised scene of antiwar protesters battling police on Michigan Avenue as Hubert Humphrey was nominated encapsulated the disintegration of the Democratic Party. The whole world *was* watching. At that moment, Mayor Daley became an international ogre, a personification of all that was repressive in the status quo.

A long descent followed. A reform commission altered the delegate-selection rules for Democratic Conventions. At the 1972 Convention, an anti-Daley slate, led by Jesse Jackson, who was not a registered voter, was seated in place of the regular Democratic delegation. The Mayor of Chicago was reëlected once more, but racial turmoil in the city increased, a series of court rulings outlawed the patronage that held his machine together, and several of his closest retainers went to prison for graft. On December 20, 1976, he died, in his doctor's office.

The chasms the father had helped open were left to the sons. Those chasms were political, not personal. For the Daley family to regain preëminence, its princes would have to bridge the racial divide, the generation gap, and the split between the old machine politics and the new media politics. They did not reject their father but applied what they had learned from him under radically divergent circumstances; the classic lessons of power, they discovered, are portable through time.

Bill Daley's grasp of the history of 1968, the year of cataclysms, is different from that of his peers. In his telling, his father was waiting for a decisive moment to exert his considerable influence to end the Vietnam War. "He was in many ways a liberal on social programs," Bill says. "But that will never be his image. Never. Never. From the war on down. You know, he never liked the war." The reason the son believes that, though his father made no dramatic public statements, is that that is what his father told him. "He thought that if Johnson had made a break on Vietnam he would have won against Nixon," Bill says. "He tried to convince Johnson many times." After Johnson withdrew, Daley's hope rested on Bobby Kennedy. "He knew that Bobby would be a strong candidate and would have won. Especially coming out of California that night, Bobby Kennedy had momentum. There's nothing better in politics than momentum." In the weeks after Bobby was assassinated, Daley refused to back Humphrey; he hoped to support Edward M. Kennedy. Two days before the Convention was to beg[illegible] Bill recalls, "my father said, 'Stick around, I think we're going to endorse Teddy Kennedy for President.' I said, 'I think I'll stick around.' " Stephen Smith, the Kennedy brother-in-law and agent, had unobtrusively checked into town. Daley telephoned Smith: " 'Is this guy in or out?' 'Out.' Boom! That's it." The next day, Daley led the Illinois delegation in endorsing Humphrey.

What is significant about this long-untold tale is not whether Daley was really against or for the war; it is that the son is sure he was against it. Bill Daley's version of Richard J. Daley enables Bill to belong both to his family and to his generation. The hidden history covers a wound.

Four years after the father's death, Rich Daley, by then a state senator, ran an insurgent campaign for Cook County State's Attorney. "That was the best campaign, more fun than anything—beating the organization," says Bill, who was the manager. "We were out there like some ragtag group. Everybody thought we had this big machine. Actually, Rich borrowed two hundred thousand bucks on his house. His wife found out, and I thought she was going to kill me." But Rich won the primary and the general election, and he did so as a proponent of good government and a favorite of the suburbs. He was able to win because Bill had mastered the new political techniques of using polling and the media that had replaced the machine. He also adopted the good-government sensibility that had posed as his father's enemy. The use of these methods and positions allowed the Daleys to repudiate the father's surviving henchmen but not the father; on the contrary, the victory was a kind of homage.

Race was the most treacherous bridge to cross. It was the father's most uncertain legacy. On this, the sons were left to their own devices. In 1983, Rich Daley finally ran for mayor. The move was intended to be the return of the Bonnie Prince: his plan was to rout the mercurial Jane Byrne, or Calamity Jane, who had antagonized one and all. In the Democratic primary, three candidates splintered the vote: Byrne, Daley, and Harold Washington. Washington had been a faithful black machine hack in the state legislature and in Congress. But in the campaign he displayed his gift as a booming phrasemaker who could mobilize masses with his eloquence. He treated Daley as a young upstart, unworthy of serious attention. "When Washington began to move big time, the way to stay ahead of Byrne would have been to do the white stuff," Bill Daley says. "We wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole. No way. We could have won a vote, but it would have been a racial vote: all the blacks against us and all the whites with us. No way. When Harold won, Rich took his loss and made a magnanimous statement—he endorsed Harold right off the bat. That's why he had the ability to come back."

Harold Washington, who became mayor, had a deeply ambivalent attitude toward the late Mayor Daley. While he lambasted the old boss for racism, he proudly called himself "a sepia Daley." He derided machine politics even as he assiduously rewarded his constituency with jobs, benefits, and city contracts. Throughout his first term, he was embroiled in the so-called Council Wars—the effort of the white city-council majority to block his initiatives. Chicago became known as Beirut-by-the-Lake. Daley could have easily tried to exploit the racial tension, joining the side of the Lilliputian white aldermen against the black Gulliver. But he studiously avoided racial politics, and instead built a record for himself as a crime buster. In 1987, he declined to run against Washington. Just over seven months after Washington was elected to a second term—he won handily—he suffered a fatal heart attack.

The factions scrambled for the prize. In an all-night session of the city council, Washington's chief antagonists gave the mayoralty to Eugene Sawyer, a black former alderman. Because of this unholy alliance, which seemed to traduce the memory of Harold Washington, the compliant Sawyer lacked legitimacy among blacks. "The nerves of the city were frayed from racial confrontation," says David Axelrod, Daley's media adviser. "The margin for error was small. People needed to know Daley was a conciliator. Everything he did needed to reflect that message. Because of Bill's advice, he succeeded. Bill and Rich were very sensitive to anything that in the remotest way could signify race."

The Daley campaign's finance director, Rahm Emanuel, became Clinton's campaign finance director and is now an Assistant to the President and Deputy Director of Communications. "Bill Daley was the ultimate arbiter of all arbiters," he says. "Rich never got involved. Billy knew who was who and who did what. And that's another thing: he has very good short- and long-term-memory skills."

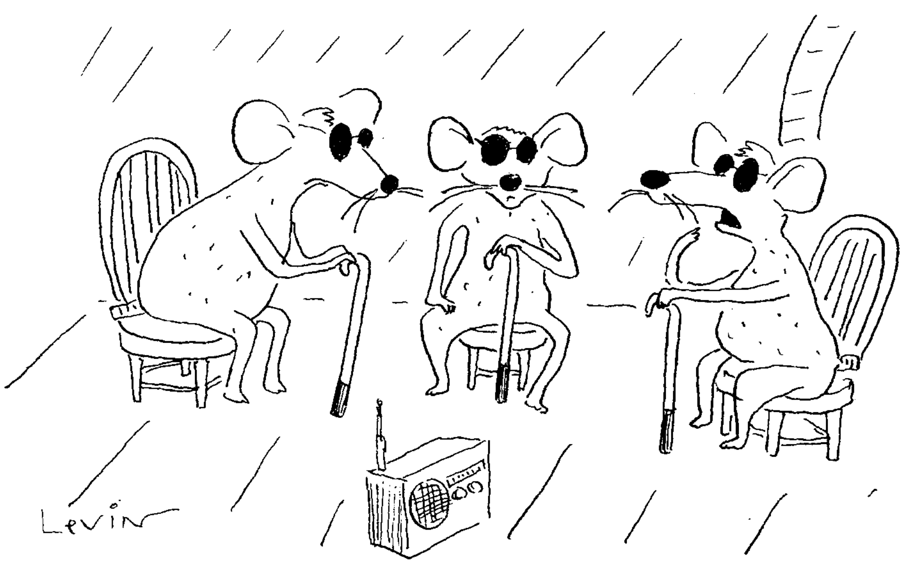
The Daley campaign's manager, David Wilhelm, became Clinton's campaign manager in 1991 and is now the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Wilhelm says of Daley's campaign, "It was a disciplined campaign. We thought about give-and-take on any given day. Bill was really masterful, combining knowledge of the city with political timing." Most of all, the campaign stressed the point that Daley meant racial fairness.

In his final appeal to the voters, Rich Daley said, "I may not be the best speaker in the world, but I know how to make a city work." It was the echo, with a certain self-deprecation, of one generation in the next. He and his brother had managed to install him in his father's office by reconciling past and present.

BILL DALEY met Bill Clinton at dinner at Vice-President Walter Mondale's house in the summer of 1979, when Clinton was in his first term as governor of Arkansas. "He was one real happy boy wonder," Daley says. "My wife sat at his table. We talked about him that night. She said he's a really intense guy, working the place pretty well, really sized up the house."

They met again, in Chicago, in the spring of 1991, as Clinton was deciding to run for President. Clinton appealed to the Daleys because, like them, he seemed to combine a respect for politics with a desire to re-create the Democratic Party. With the Mayor's tacit approval, a number of his key operatives, including Wilhelm and Emanuel, joined the Clinton effort. In the fall campaign, Bill Daley served as Clinton's Illinois chairman.

During the transition, it seemed that he would be rewarded with the post of Secretary of Transportation. But pressure



"She cut off his what with a carving knife?"

for "diversity" led to a Cabinet shuffle in which a Hispanic, Federico Peña, was dealt the card Daley was supposedly set to receive. "I knew I was in the hunt," Daley says. "But I never thought I had it. Clinton never misled me. Never." Rich Daley was enraged at Clinton, according to a City Hall associate, but Bill Daley, though disappointed, was "totally philosophical, totally stoic." He went back to his law practice.

In the meantime, NAFTA simmered on Clinton's back burner. In the campaign, he had belatedly come out in favor of the treaty with political finesse: it must include side agreements on environmental and labor standards. After the election, the new United States Trade Representative, Mickey Kantor, spent five months negotiating for those. Numerous environmental groups eagerly offered their suggestions for improvement, but it was made clear, according to Administration officials involved in the process, that labor would oppose NAFTA no matter what the *labor side agreement might be*. At the same time, business groups pressed Kantor hard. With all the lobbying coming from one side, the labor agreement was not as beneficial to workers as it might have been. Labor may have wanted concessions but would not negotiate for them; and Kantor did not force what labor did not request. The House Democratic Whip, David Bonior, of Michigan, had organized a core group that swore eternal opposition. Richard Gephardt, the House Majority Leader, predicated his support for NAFTA primarily on the labor side agreement, though it could obviously never meet labor's specifications. Buttons and stickers saying "NOT THIS NAFTA" were distributed by the A.F.L.-C.I.O., as if labor had been betrayed. House Republicans, for their part, made it known that their support was contingent on the treaty's acceptability to them. Given that a majority of Democrats were opposed to the pact, without a majority of the Republicans it could not be approved. The substance reflected political necessity: NAFTA had to pass through the eye of a needle.

APP
CID
NO PRESE
dagdare

Kantor had assumed NAFTA as his personal cause, but he could not handle it alone, so he urged the White House to hire someone to manage the NAFTA campaign. Kantor had in mind Bill Daley, whom he had known since the 1984 Mondale effort. "He was somebody I wanted badly to do it," Kantor says.

Daley was initially frustrated by White House delays in securing him office space and staff. He also faced the competing spectre of health care. Many of the White House's political resources were focussed on the issue handled by Hillary Clinton. Any diversion, it was felt, might diminish it. Only gradually did it become apparent to the White House that the President's political authority is indivisible. When the White House asked Dan Rostenkowski to bring the House Ways and Means Committee to a health-care briefing on September 14th, the day NAFTA was being signed, he exploded. "NAFTA is Billy's day," he said, according to someone who was with him. "I'm not walking on it. Don't fuck with Billy."

The original strategy for the day's events was to begin with a speech by the President, surrounded by the supportive former Presidents, in the East Room. Then Clinton would return to the stump on health care, but would privately lobby members for NAFTA. The previous day, on the South Lawn, at the signing of the Middle East peace accord, Daley encountered an old antagonist from Chicago, Jesse Jackson, now a NAFTA opponent. "Jesse had a great seat," Daley says. "He always does. He says, 'What's this I hear about you and me having a press conference, and you're going to come out and change your mind on NAFTA?' 'Oh, yeah,' I say. 'I know about that. That's the one we're going to have in Chicago and you're going to endorse Rich.' "

The reaction against NAFTA had crystallized during the summer recess, when members returned home to discover that it was the subject that most strongly animated their constituents. Hardly any were for NAFTA. Those who might gain from it did not yet know who they were—they were a phantom constituency. Those who feared losing their jobs fixed that fear on NAFTA. The large class of freshmen representatives was particularly susceptible to the NAFTA dread. Many of them had been elected in the year in which voters for Ross Perot constituted the margin in their districts. With Perot opposed, which way should they turn? But labor remained the main, unswerving source of hostility to the treaty.

At the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in San Francisco, on October 4th, as President Clinton waited offstage to deliver a speech in favor of NAFTA, he spoke with Lane Kirkland, the labor federation's president, and Thomas Donahue, its secretary-treasurer. Clinton, I was reliably told, urged them not to make NAFTA a litmus test for Democrats and not to make threats to withhold campaign funds. The labor leaders assured the President that the unions had no such intention. But the threats became more explicit and more open.

The more excruciating the vote counts for NAFTA became, the higher the stakes appeared for Clinton. He became enveloped by the issue, and it incited him. Every day, he cajoled members on the phone. Soon every speech he made featured an appeal for NAFTA. He began barnstorming the country with representatives who had shifted from the Undecided column to the Yes column. "He's going to soften this thing to the point where we can pull it off," Daley said. "We *have to keep up this intensity*."

The deal-making ground on. Blocs of votes were won with deals on citrus, sugar, and wheat. The Canadian election, which swept away the pro-NAFTA Conservatives, stirred a brief cycle of fear, and it needed to be calmed. Pro-NAFTA Republicans sought succor from Clinton against anti-NAFTA Democrats. They demanded, and received, a signed letter from the President pledging that he would "discourage" any Democrat's use of NAFTA against a Republican in 1994.

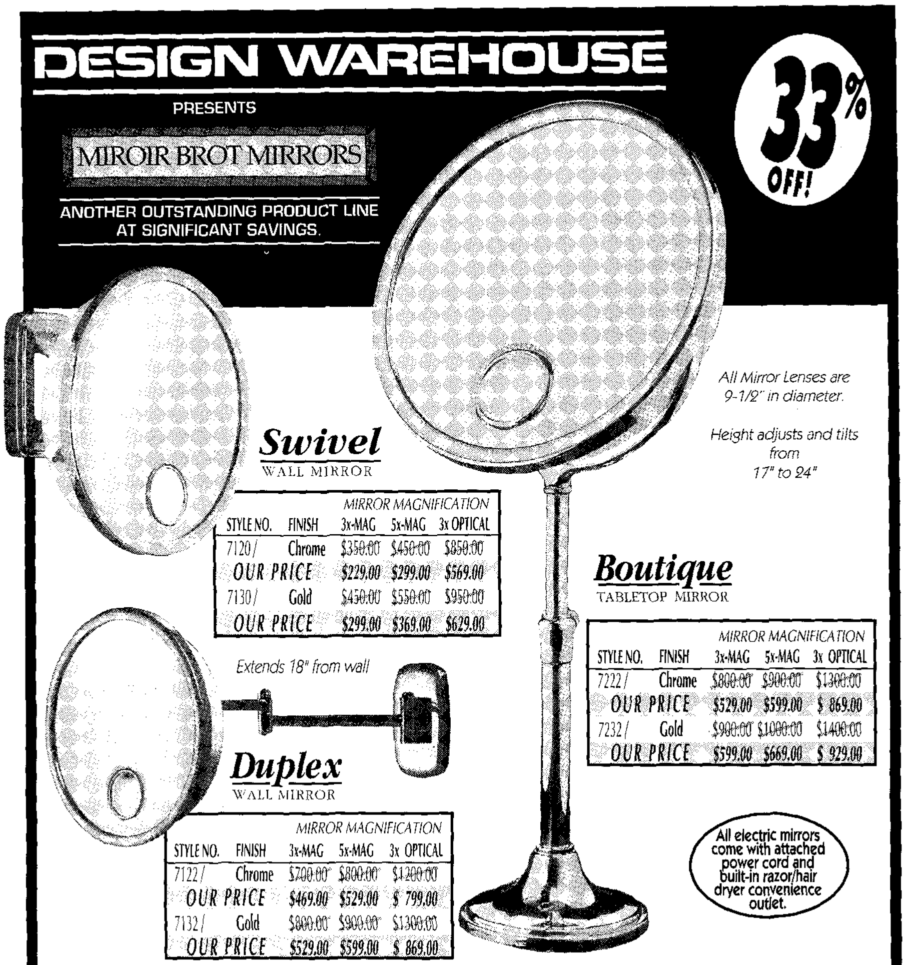
Suddenly, the White House announced that Vice-President Al Gore would debate Ross Perot on November 9th on "Larry King Live." The suggestion had been Gore's. For the Vice-President, the days were passing like the roll call of the states: New Jersey, New Mexico, New York . . . Throughout September and October, he had delivered pep talks to thousands of business executives, assembled state by state at the White House by Daley's operation, before they traipsed to Capitol Hill to lobby. Daley had no idea whether the debate would help, hurt, or be irrelevant. Afterward, he crowed, "Hey, it's almost respectable to be for NAFTA." A house had landed on the Wicked Witch, and the Munchkins nervously came out of hiding: more than thirty representatives endorsed NAFTA the following week.

Every day, Daley and his team would produce new lists of "undecideds," and work the phones. "They're trying to find a way to be with us," Daley would say. News might arrive that a representative who had been leaning toward yes had come out as a no. "Weenie," he'd say. When he heard bad news, he did not take it personally. He sought to change the members' motives, subtly identifying vulnerabilities that might be protected by constructive self-interest. He'd take more calls. "Can we find the guy who can deliver the guy? We have to call the guy who calls the guy who calls the guy. Colonel Mustard in the study." He was playing Clue.

By the afternoon of November 17th, the day of the vote, Daley calculated that NAFTA would pass with two hundred and thirty-one votes in favor. Hearing this early exit poll, Clinton and Gore walked over to the NAFTA office, in the Old Executive Office Building, at about five o'clock. Nearly a hundred Presidential aides crowded into Daley's office. "Two months ago, this was Mission Impossible," the President said. "There's only one person for Mission Impossible—Bill Daley." As he walked back to the White House, he added, "I didn't know until a week after he started how difficult this was." Daley was pacing in his now empty office. "It's boring here, just waiting," he said. "Why don't they just vote?" When they did, it was two hundred and thirty-four in favor.

If NAFTA had lost, Daley would not have been the loser. He had come in too late to be charged with a defeat. With NAFTA's passage, however, he receives enormous credit from those who understand his central role. When he arrived, he felt unsettled, living apart from his family in a hotel room, and at interagency meetings he was virtually ignored, as though he were a nonentity. By the end, he was treated with deference. His sway was undeniable. Daley had accomplished more than the making of a new machine: he had taught Bill Clinton at least something about how to practice Chicago politics—not the old style but the son of the old style.

A rumor wafted through Washington that Daley might be a future White House chief of staff, or fill some other high post. But the Special Counsellor to the President for NAFTA was deaf to the idle talk of courtiers. "I'll be home for Thanksgiving," he says. "I don't need to be around. I've been around. Someone told me the White House pressroom used to be a pool. 'Yeah,' I said, 'I know. I used to swim in it.' " ♦



DESIGN WAREHOUSE

PRESENTS

MIROIR BROT MIRRORS

ANOTHER OUTSTANDING PRODUCT LINE
AT SIGNIFICANT SAVINGS.

All Mirror Lenses are 9-1/2" in diameter.

Height adjusts and tilts from 17" to 24"

Swivel
WALL MIRROR

STYLE NO.	FINISH	MIRROR MAGNIFICATION 3x-MAG	5x-MAG	3x OPTICAL
7120/	Chrome	~~$350.00~~	~~$450.00~~	~~$850.00~~
OUR PRICE		$229.00	$299.00	$569.00
7130/	Gold	~~$450.00~~	~~$550.00~~	~~$950.00~~
OUR PRICE		$299.00	$369.00	$629.00

Boutique
TABLETOP MIRROR

STYLE NO.	FINISH	MIRROR MAGNIFICATION 3x-MAG	5x-MAG	3x OPTICAL
7222/	Chrome	~~$800.00~~	~~$900.00~~	~~$1300.00~~
OUR PRICE		$529.00	$599.00	$ 869.00
7232/	Gold	~~$900.00~~	~~$1000.00~~	~~$1400.00~~
OUR PRICE		$599.00	$669.00	$ 929.00

Extends 18" from wall

Duplex
WALL MIRROR

STYLE NO.	FINISH	MIRROR MAGNIFICATION 3x-MAG	5x-MAG	3x OPTICAL
7122/	Chrome	~~$700.00~~	~~$800.00~~	~~$1200.00~~
OUR PRICE		$469.00	$529.00	$ 799.00
7132/	Gold	~~$800.00~~	~~$900.00~~	~~$1300.00~~
OUR PRICE		$529.00	$599.00	$ 869.00

All electric mirrors come with attached power cord and built-in razor/hair dryer convenience outlet.

1-800-700-4440

WHEN ORDERING MIRRORS, PLEASE SPECIFY MIRROR MAGNIFICATION CHOICE AFTER STYLE NUMBER. *(EXAMPLE 7120/3X)*

DESIGN WAREHOUSE 310-858-1878 NY-1193-1
1116 Cory Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90069

To order by phone: credit card customers can call toll free, 1-800-700-4440. Visa, MasterCard or American Express accepted. Add $15.00 for freight for each mirror. In California add 8.25% sales tax. Additional special bulbs (#7194) available at $5.95 each. Reflec mirror cleanser (#7600, 12oz) $12.50.

FAX YOUR ORDER
310-858-1466

Qty	Style # / Mirror Magnification	Price	Total
	Bulbs	5.95	
	Reflec	12.50	
		Subtotal	
		Plus Tax	
		Plus Freight	
		Total	

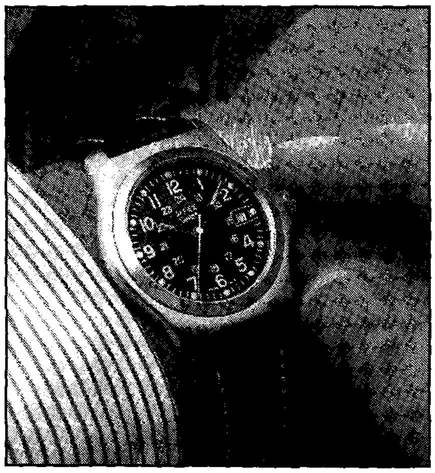
Name
Address
City State Zip
Phone ( ) Check ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AE ☐
Card # Exp. Date.

ALL ORDERS SHIPPED
FEDERAL EXPRESS
WORLDWIDE

THE OPTICAL GLASS ADVANTAGE

For the ultimate in clarity and image quality, **Miroir Brot** mirrors are available in "optical" glass. Lens blanks of optical glass mirrors are made from the same material used to manufacture fine camera and telescope lenses. The lens is precision-ground and hand-lapped. The result is a distortion-free image of unparalleled sharpness. We then inset a shadow-free light source and lens, beveling the glass around the light to prevent refraction. A masterpiece of the mirror-maker's art that is 100% distortion-free.

Our Five Power Magnification lens is twice as strong as our Standard 3x Magnification glass. Reliable and accurate, with a minimum of distortion.

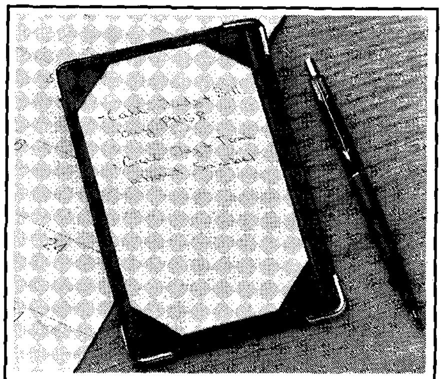


ALFEX
of
SWITZERLAND

STAINLESS STEEL. PRECISION SWISS QUARTZ WATCH. WATER RESISTANT. THREE-YEAR INTERNATIONAL WARRANTY. STRAP $150. BRACELET $175.

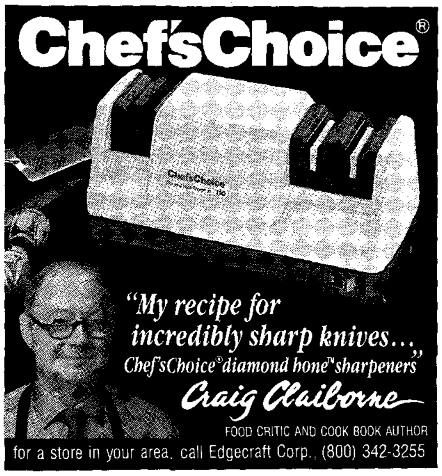
THE LITTLE JEWELRY STORE
260 MADISON AVENUE
OR CALL 1-800-23-SWISS

Swiss Watch Corporation



EXECUTIVE JOTTER
The Perfect Gift for a Business Friend
- Lightweight, yet rigid enough to write on — THE JOTTER ...
- Fits in a shirt pocket, where it's always available for taking and storing notes ...
- On 3" x 5" cards that are so easy to replenish.
- THE JOTTER is made of top grain leather, with brass corners and a lined storage pocket.
- Available in burgundy or black.
- And each JOTTER comes in an especially-sized, coated gift box. Ready to wrap when you get it — or we'll mail to each of your givees.
- **Cost $18.00 each + 4.00 shipping (per order, not per Jotter).**

Call (615) 886-5189 with MC or Visa 9 am-5 pm M-F Or Send Check or Money Order to:
Andrew Thompson Co.,
843 Arden Way, Dept. N-20
Signal Mountain, TN 37377
Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back
FINE GOODS Andrew Thompson Co. of Chattanooga



Chef'sChoice®
"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives...,"
Chef'sChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

TRIO RING OR BRACELET
Playful • Sculptural • Substantial
Ring SS $35.00 Bracelet SS $79.00
14K $79.00 14K $395.00
1-800-262-6026
Spring City Craftsman
190 N. Main
Spring City, Utah 84662
Add $3.00 S&H MC, Visa, Check, MO Free Catalogue Available

In Celebration of Our 10th Anniversary
SCOTTISH CASHMERE CAPES $589.00
Full Size. Ruffle or Plain edge. Black or 40 other colours.
NEW YORK SHOWROOM
435 5th Ave at 39th St • 689-0151 • Open to Public Nov-March
ALBERENE CASHMERES
GEORGETOWN • 800 843-9078 • MANHATTAN

REFLECTIONS

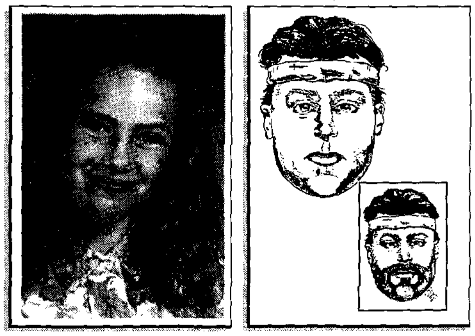
POLLY'S FACE

Polly Hannah Klaas was taken from her home, but the child's presence is felt everywhere by the grieving community awaiting her return.

BY NOELLE OXENHANDLER

HERE in Sonoma County, California, a missing girl is everywhere. If you forget her for a moment, allowing yourself to get caught up in the rush of your own affairs, suddenly her face is smiling at you from the door of the bank, the post office, the bookstore, bringing you back to the reality of her absence.

Petaluma—once touted as "the World's Egg Basket" and now sometimes referred to in guidebooks as "hometown America"—is a small town about an hour north of San Francisco. On the night of Friday, October 1st, in a house not far from the center of town, twelve-year-old Polly Hannah Klaas, the daughter of Eve Nichol and Marc Klaas, who lives in Sausalito, was having a slumber party. At around ten-thirty, she and two friends were in her bedroom, playing the board game Perfect Match, when a man entered the room. A tall, full-bearded man, he was dressed in dark clothing and wearing a yellow bandanna around his head. He was carrying a knife, and he asked which of the girls lived in the house. When Polly answered "I do," he tied the girls' hands behind their backs and covered their faces with pillowcases. He told Polly's friends to count to a thousand before going for help, and he carried Polly off with him. Twenty or thirty minutes passed before Polly's friends felt safe enough to wake her mother, who had been sleeping in another room. By then, Polly had vanished.



MISSING!
STRANGER ABDUCTION

Polly Hannah Klaas
D.O.B. 1-3-81
Brown Hair • Brown Eyes

SUSPECT
White Male Adult 30-40 yrs.
Dark/dark grey hair, full beard,
wearing dark clothing with
yellow bandana around head

LAST SEEN OCTOBER 1, 1993 in PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA
If you have any information on this child
CALL THE PETALUMA, CA POLICE: 707-778-4481
or THE KEVIN COLLINS FOUNDATION: 800-272-0012

COURTESY OF POLLY KLAAS FOUNDATION

These are the facts, a tiny handful of facts, which the newspapers have repeated endlessly, and which those of us who live here have sifted over and over in our minds—as if a slight adjustment, like tilting a cup of tea to make the tea leaves swirl, would yield a different, more readable configuration.

As if challenging the very paucity of facts, Polly's image spread out across the region in what seemed at first an almost miraculous profusion. Already, by the morning following her abduction, photographs of her face, accompanied by smaller sketches of her captor, were on the doors of most public buildings in the area. In the days that followed, it was rare to see a person actually delivering a stack of images or hanging them up, but suddenly they were everywhere. No longer just on the outer doors of buildings, now they were inside, too—in restaurant booths, alongside rest-room mirrors, in classrooms, and also in the windows of people's cars. Yesterday, taking a walk down the country road where I live, I came across Polly's face, smiling out at me from the trunk of a redwood tree.

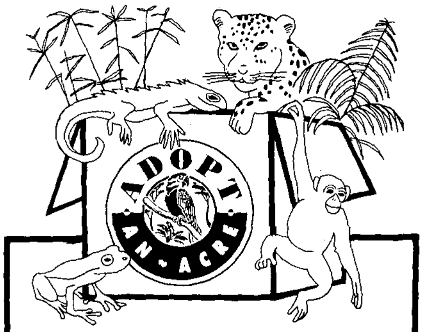
The practical and strategic value of such omnipresence may be self-evident, but for those of us who live here the repercussions are complex. At first, the impossibility of escaping from Polly's face was simply horrifying, and the flow of daily life became impossible. Again and again, as you opened a door, mailed a letter, bought a carton of milk, her face said to you: "Help me!" But after the search parties had scoured the town and roamed through the marshes and woods what could anyone do? A certain number of people were needed to man the phone lines, and the newspapers reported that Petalumans were pouring into the volunteer office. For most of us, though, the principal act, it seemed, was to make more copies of her face and put them in more places. And one afternoon, as I stood beside a copying machine and watched her face pile higher and higher in the tray, I realized that in some deep, superstitious part of myself I believed that the sheer multiplicity of images must eventually reach critical mass and transform into her absolute and singular presence.

In fact, it is impossible to remain rational about such a crime. Barraged as we are every day by the litany of terrible deeds in the news, there is something about kidnapping that retains a unique horror. It is, of course, the ultimate horror for parents, for it accomplishes in a single hour a realization that under normal circumstances is the work of years and years: the realization that our children have a fate that is separate from our own. This realization is difficult enough when that fate is a pleasant one, and it is difficult precisely because our children come to us out of the most astounding intimacy. If we are women, they begin by inhabiting our bodies, and we know them first as our own sensations: a heaviness in the breasts, an inexplicable desire to cry, a sudden compulsion to eat nothing but grapefruit. After their birth, they draw both parents into the vast world of their small bodies: changing the rhythm of our sleep, permeating our skin with their smell, reshaping our posture with the weight of their small, heavy heads as we slump to feed them or keep our necks bent while they fall asleep. As our children get older, the intensely physical nature of our intimacy with them changes into the infinity of small things we know about them: the precise amount of butter that goes on the bagel; which song's refrain is to be repeated three times, and not two; which socks will not be worn, because they slip down around the ankles; which configuration of pillows, and none other, is required for sleeping. Though Polly, at twelve, must have already entered the gate beyond which children keep more and more secrets from their parents, it is simply impossible to imagine how her parents could ever get used to not knowing where she is or what has befallen her.

The horror of kidnapping goes even deeper, however, than this absolute rupture of the absolute intimacy of parenthood. It is a primal horror, in that it actualizes the ancient fear of childhood—the fear of being carried off by an evil stranger. The particulars of Polly's case give it all the more resonance with this layer of fear: for it was night, and she was in her bedroom. For all of us, as children, the bedroom has a dual life. It is the place where we play with friends among our toys, and it is the place where, when the lights are off, we lie in fear and discover that even the most familiar outlines of stuffed bear and ruffled curtain can take on terrible form. How many times did our parents say to us, and have we said to our own children, "No, there's no one hiding in the closet or under the bed. If I turn the light on, you'll see!" Polly's disappearance confirms what children experience both as fear and as a kind of deep knowing: that the safe world of toys and friends that their parents try to create and maintain for them—and that is epitomized by the bedroom—is a precarious one, with its shadow side.

And here we touch upon the cosmic horror of this crime: kidnapping has to do with the invasion of the "bright" world in which children chatter and play in their rooms, and wait for school buses and swing in playgrounds, by another world, the dark world of unspeakable sorrows, the underworld. Part of the horror of Polly's story is how swiftly these two worlds connected, how easily the dark world made its claim—as when, in the ancient myth, a crack opened up in the earth, and golden-haired Persephone, who had been happily playing with her companions, vanished with the dark figure of Hades into the ground. "This child is the light of our lives," Polly's mother was quoted in the newspaper as saying—speaking the language of Demeter, goddess of earth and growing things, who when her daughter vanished cast the shadow of drought upon the whole world. The photographs of Polly show a child as beautiful as Persephone: flowing hair; soft, dark eyes; a radiant, dimpled smile.

It's rare to feel such a jolt of familiar-



Looking for the World's Rarest Gift?

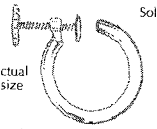
Save an acre of threatened tropical rainforest in the name of that special someone on your holiday list. We'll send each gift recipient a personalized honorary land deed suitable for framing, a detailed description of *their* acre, and periodic progress reports throughout the year on the protection of the land and its endangered wildlife. Do something wild this holiday season. $35 per acre.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY ADOPT-AN-ACRE PROGRAM
1815 North Lynn Street
Arlington, VA 22209
1-800-628-6860
(Visa, MasterCard)
Please add $2.50 shipping/handling charge.
Conservation Through Private Action Since 1951

Chef'sChoice

"The world's best knives are now MADE in AMERICA!"
Craig Claiborne
ACCLAIMED CRITIC & COOKBOOK AUTHOR

A breakthrough!
Edges stay sharp up to 10 times longer!
New, unique higher carbon stainless alloy fully forged and processed with aerospace technology.
Chef'sChoice
Trizor Professional 10X Cutlery
For a store near you call EdgeCraft Corp (800) 342-3255



HARD TO FIND
SCREW DOWN HOOPS
Solid, simple, sturdy, screw-down hoop earrings. A welcome gift. (6 sizes available)
Spring City Craftsman
190 N. Main, Spring City, Utah 84662
1-800-262-6026
Free Catalogue Available
Sterling $20.00 pr., 14k $68.00 pr., $3.00 S&H MC, Visa, Check, MO

KoKopelli • pin
Legendary Southwest Indian Flute Player
Designed by Noted New Mexico Craftsman
Sterling 2.5" • $40 plus $3 S/H • 2-day delivery!
Visa, MC, checks
Sunshine Trading Post • (505) 242-3814
116 Walter S.E. • Albuquerque, NM 87102

HERE COME THE KIDS

Beautiful Sterling Silver Personalized With A Child's Name

Approximate size 1 1/2 inches

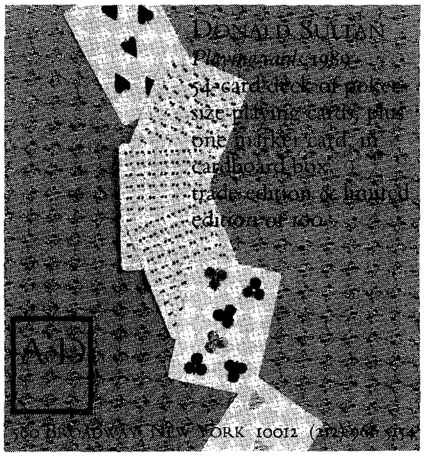
Boy or Girl Pendant $20
36" Snake Chain $60
Two Child Pin $55

Add $20 for each additional child. Engraving $10 per name. Also available in 14k gold. Any combination or number of children.

1-800-336-3822
10am-5pm PST. We welcome all major credit cards.

zina
STERLING SILVER

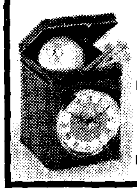
470 So. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, CA. 90212
Telephone: (310) 286-2206



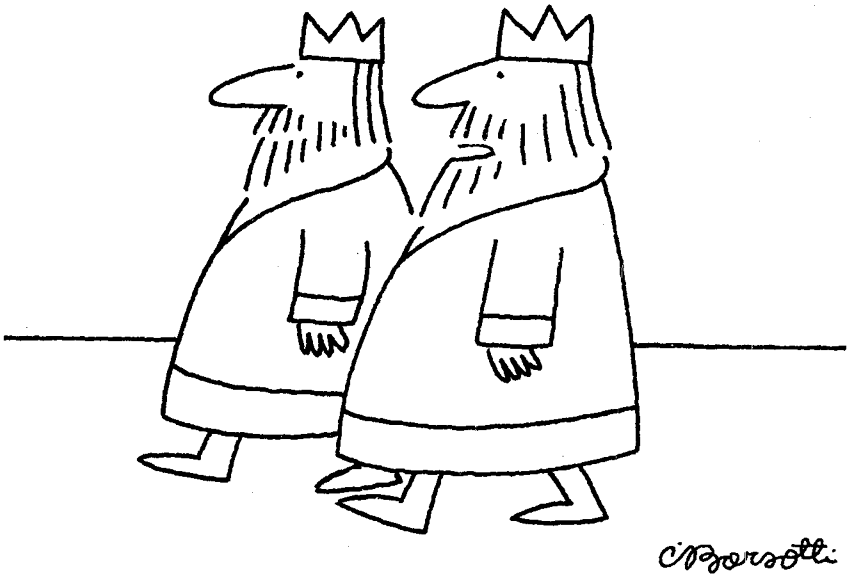
DONALD SULTAN
Playingcards 1989
54-card deck of poker-size playing cards, plus one marker card, in cardboard box, trade edition & limited edition of 100.
A/D
560 BROADWAY NEW YORK 10012 (212) [illegible]

GIVE A CAT A LAUGH
– with Dick Shapiro's amazing Video Catnip – a 25 minute movie cats watch and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.
Just $19.95
plus $4 s/h
VISA MC AMEX
TOLL FREE
CAN. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS
#14, 20 Wertheim Court., Richmond Hill, Ont. Canada L4B 3A8

Video Catnip
Entertainment For Cats



TEE TIME
THE PERFECT CLOCK FOR THE GOLFER ON YOUR LIST
FEATURES A QUARTZ MOVEMENT IN A 1/4 LB TEA TIN WITH IMAGES OF ST. ANDREWS CIRCA 1700
INCLUDES A ST. ANDREWS GOLF BALL & 6 WOODEN TEES
AVAILABLE IN NAVY BLUE OR HUNTER GREEN
1-800-948-4500
G.W. NASH, INC. 221 Morris Ave., Spring Lake, NJ 07762
ppd. with gift wrap • VISA/MC/AMEX/DISC/CK
Only $38.95 NJ add 6% sales tax



"We'll get a good table—they know me."

ity in remembering an old myth. But the myth must have sprung from real grief, and it reminds us that the sudden loss of a child has always been experienced as an event that spreads across the land. A few days after Polly's disappearance, the newspapers reported that her photograph had been electronically transmitted from one end of the continent to the other.

And, as the weeks go by, though her picture is still everywhere, and it is the same picture, I notice that her face is changing. When I look at her now, I no longer feel, to quite the same degree, the shock of colliding worlds. Her face has begun to take on mythic proportions, and when I look at her I can tell that—like Persephone, who struggled and resisted and at last succumbed—she has eaten the pomegranate seeds, she has tasted the fruit of the underground. In some way, she has begun to look like one who belongs, in some part of herself, to wherever it is that she has gone.

I curse myself for my complicity. If it made any sense, I'd apologize to her parents. Instead, heading north on Route 101 one afternoon, I decide to go the short distance to Petaluma. Maybe if I drive down the real street where she lived, I'll be able to rescue her, in some infinitesimal way, from the glow into which she is setting.

But, just before the exit to Petaluma, I pass a giant billboard with Polly's face beaming out at me, as beautiful as a Botticelli. And as I drive down the main street of town, with its cafés, thrift stores, and antique shops on either side, I pass under the banner that spans the width of the street. It was made by Polly's classmates at Petaluma Junior High School, and it reads "PLEASE LET POLLY GO! P.J.H.S. ♥ U." It's easy to imagine Polly's captor reading the message, for the banner has frequently appeared in newspapers and on television. But Polly? As her classmates made those letters on the fabric, they must have felt that they were drawing them for her to read. But how did they imagine her reading their message—from what perspective, and under what conditions? The letters are so big and hang so high that it's as though Polly herself were huge and looking down at them, floating above us in the sky.

And that's exactly how it feels, for those of us who go on living here, in the place where Polly lived. A child, in her innocent and beloved particularness, was playing a game in her room one evening when she was stolen into another realm. And as those of us who remain here grow accustomed to her face, which everywhere denotes her absence, we cannot help participating in her transfiguration. Even as we refuse to give up hope for her return, we find ourselves going in and out of the bank, the post office, the bookstore, turning a girl into a goddess. ♦

You have to promise you'll bring it back.

THE JAGUAR DREAM LEASE

$579* a month/24 months

$2950 DOWN PAYMENT/$3529 CASH DUE AT SIGNING

THANKS TO THE NEW JAGUAR Dream Lease, the only risk you'll find in leasing a new Jaguar is that you may never want to give it back.

If you think you can handle that, the rest is easy.

In fact, the Dream Lease is the most risk free lease available today. It lasts only 24 months, so there's no long-term commitment on your part. And the price is just $579 a month* and comes with no hidden costs and no hidden fees.

Best of all, it also comes with the Dream Guarantee–a 30-day grace period in which you can return your new Jaguar for a full refund of your money if you're not completely satisfied.**

What's more, for the entire length of the lease, you'll drive with the confidence of our bumper-to-bumper warranty coverage (up to 50,000 miles) and the peace of mind from our 24-hour roadside assistance.†

See a Jaguar dealer for more details or call 1-800-4-JAGUAR. You'll be glad you did. We promise.

JAGUAR

ENJOY TOMORROW. BUCKLE UP TODAY.

*For qualified lessees through Jaguar Credit. Take retail delivery from dealer stock by December 31, 1993. 1994 Jaguar XJ6 example based on $52,330 MSRP, including transportation, excluding licensing, registration and taxes. 24 monthly payments of $578.74 totaling $13,889.76. Assumes capitalized cost of 84.36% of MSRP. No security deposit required. Option to purchase at lease end for predetermined residual value. Closed-end lease. Lessee is responsible for excess wear and tear and $.15 per mile for miles in excess of 30,000. See your dealer for details. Subject to credit approval and insurability as determined by Jaguar Credit. Prices vary in California and Hawaii. **See your dealer for complete details on the Dream Guarantee. Limit one return per customer per vehicle. †See your dealer for a copy of this limited warranty, including roadside assistance.

PROFILE

STEVE MARTIN: THE LATE PERIOD

Steve Martin's humor has always been unpredictable, which may explain why, after transforming himself from the wild and crazy guy into Hollywood's perfect comedic talent, he has decided that his real future may be as a playwright.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

ONE evening last April, a group of actors and writers assembled at Steve Martin's house, in Beverly Hills, for the first reading of a new play. The play, written by Steve, was called "Picasso at the Lapin Agile," and it told the story of an imaginary encounter between Pablo Picasso and Albert Einstein in 1904. The actors, who had agreed to perform for the evening out of friendship and curiosity, included Tom Hanks, who would read the part of Picasso; Chris Sarandon, who would read the part of Einstein; Martin Mull, who would read the part of Sagot, an art dealer; and the actress Rita Wilson, Hanks' wife, who would read the part of Suzanne, Picasso's girlfriend. David Dukes, Joanna Gleason, William Petersen, and Anthony LaPaglia would read the smaller parts. The audience was composed of Steve; his wife, the actress Victoria Tennant; the writer and director Nora Ephron; and her husband, the writer Nick Pileggi. ("Steve asked me if I'd read," Nick said. "But I didn't know he meant read *out loud.* I had to decline. I'm going to watch.")

Steve's house, like so many Beverly Hills houses, seems to repel permanent occupation. It's as if it were being inhabited for the sake of the next resident—not so much Steve Martin's house as the house that will someday become The Steve Martin House. What seemed most real, and *lived in,* about the house were the paintings, part of Steve's exemplary collection: a good Kline, a more than ordinarily good Fischl, and what is probably the single best picture in Diebenkorn's "Ocean Park" series. Tom Hanks, his hair cropped in a crewcut (he had recently finished the Jonathan Demme film "Philadelphia," for which he had to have his head shaved, because he plays an AIDS patient), looked around at the paintings. "Steve is almost finished with that one, and he's almost done with that one, and soon he'll finish that one," he said. Then he stopped and sighed. "Why am I doing these dumb modern-art jokes?" he asked no one in particular.

Hanks and Nora Ephron were several weeks away from the release of their movie "Sleepless in Seattle." Steve had been to a screening the night before, and now he said, emphatically and a little belligerently, "It's a great light comedy, which is the best you can have in the movies."

"Do we open against the dinosaurs?" Tom asked.

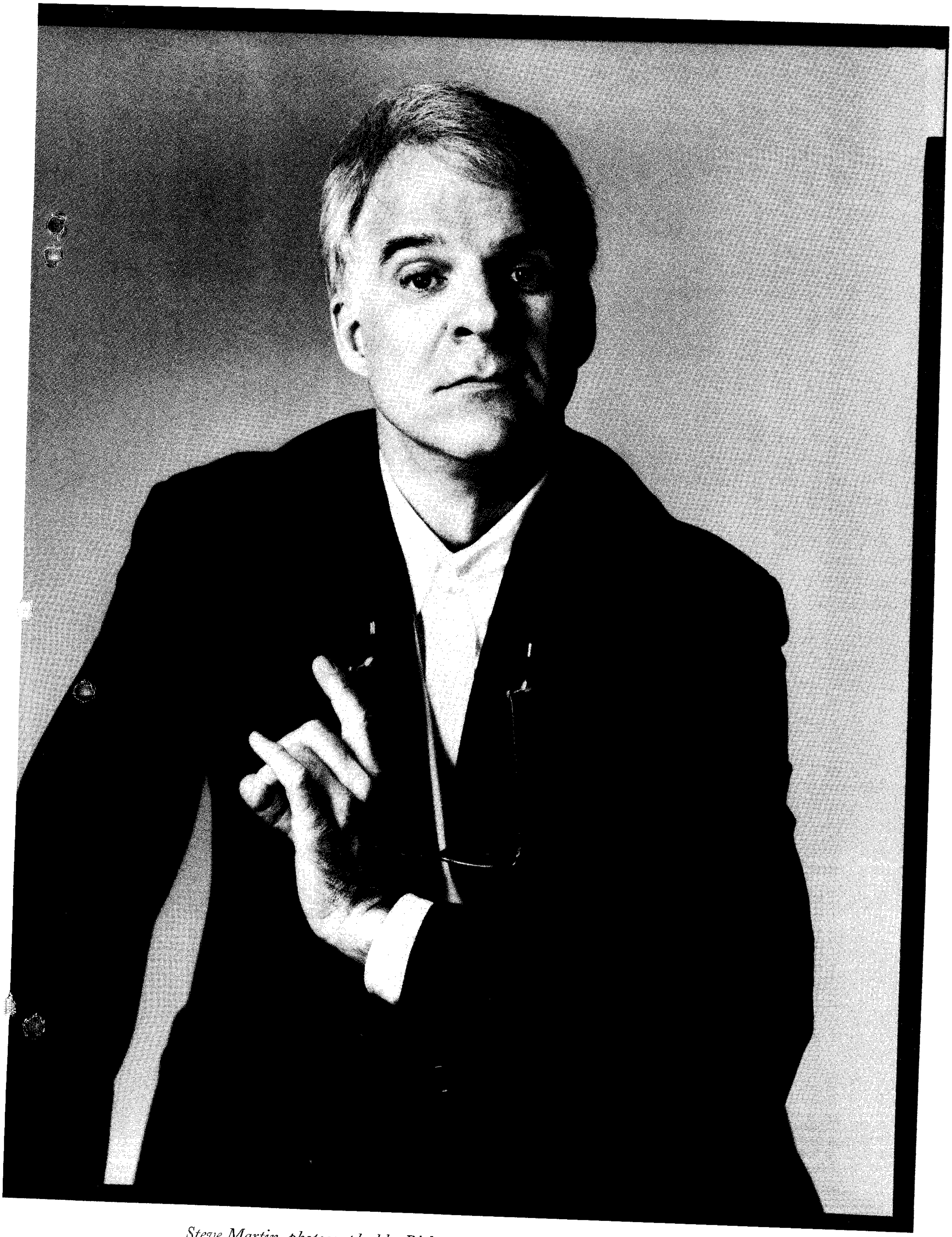
"No," Nora answered. "We open the weekend after the weekend after the weekend with the dinosaurs."

"*Nothing* opens against the dinosaurs," someone else said.

Steve began to arrange the readers on two facing sofas, and to pass out copies of the script to those who didn't have one.

The reading was his first public attempt to resolve a private crisis in his career. "There are certain moments in your work when you feel you've passed through a door," he had said one day a few weeks before, while pacing the floor of the apartment he keeps in New York. "When I finished 'Housesitter,' I thought that it was one of those moments. 'Housesitter' was kind of the last stop on the bus for me. In 'Housesitter' and 'Father of the Bride' I was pleased with my performances for the first time. I felt that I had gone as far as I could go in a certain kind of light comedy, and that to do another one right away seemed silly. So after I made 'Leap of Faith' I postponed making movies for a year, and I've decided to take this year off to write, and see if I can accomplish something new. The thing is, I'm not *sure* about movies right now. Right now, I believe that my body of work will consist not of major films but of major moments. I used to be convinced that a movie was either a commercial success or an artistic success. But it's really only about commercial success. I don't mean that cynically. I love good middlebrow art. I'm incredibly proud of 'Father of the Bride.' It's a movie that should be made every twenty-five years. You could argue that perfect, honest, well-made comic entertainment is the best thing that movies can do, or ought to do. If you miss with something ambitious, you can miss so badly. And you can't be sure if it's ambitious or just pretentious. You know what I loved about 'Father of the Bride'? *No one stretched.* It was just good work. But making a movie means five thousand people with opinions, two years of work, twenty-five million dollars of somebody else's money, and then *I* have to go on 'Entertainment Tonight.' " He shook his head. "I want to do something else. I want to do something that I can have more immediate control over. Like doing standup. I miss the feeling I had when I was a night-club performer, and I didn't *need* anybody. No one can deny you when you're the draw. When I was the funniest I ever was, people were coming because of word of mouth. I miss that kind of clean connection." He dropped his voice, into a region of mock pomposity. "I've passed through my Early Period. And then I went through my Middle Period, which for a while it didn't look as if I'd have. But now I'm approaching"—he lowered his voice still further—"my *Late Period*, and I want to find something worth doing."

He heightened the irony simply by raising his eyebrows. In repose, with his silver hair and broad features, Steve Martin can look exceptionally, almost suspi-



Steve Martin, photographed by Richard Avedon in Chicago, October 13, 1993.

ciously, handsome; he has the good looks of a minor, syndicated crime fighter—a Leslie Nielsen or Lloyd Bridges. The moment he mobilizes his face, however, he becomes a parodist. Every expression immediately seems to be placed in inverted commas. If he raises one eyebrow, it becomes a stereotype of conspiratorial pleasure. A smile runs over with insincere charm. Perhaps as a consequence, his normal expressions are severely regulated. He keeps his eyes down and his face preoccupied and immobile. Often, he wears a full regalia of cover: glasses, a beard, and a baseball cap. At times, this austerity gives the impression, even to his friends, of coldness or indifference. He's a man kept under house arrest by his own gift for irony.

The two clichés about the comedian—the Chaplinesque funnyman, who is serious, and even sombre, in private, and the Mel Brooks-like comic, who is perpetually, even exhaustingly, "on"—both hold for Steve. One moment, he is an intense, eloquent writer and art collector, with reading glasses dangling from a chain and with a theory of comedy backed up by quotations from Kundera. The next, he is "Steve," his own puppet: eyebrows raised, face split by the familiar jack-o'-lantern grin, complacent fatuousness beaming from his eyes. One of the pleasures of being with him is to watch him go on and off, like Christmas lights. Once, sitting in a room with a couple of friends, he was leafing through a book of photographs of the forties in America. He came upon a picture of Robert Oppenheimer. "I have an interest in Oppenheimer," he said softly. There was a respectful, pregnant silence. "No, no!" he suddenly cried out in absent-minded remorse. "It's *Wisenheimer* I have an interest in!"

This doubleness has fuelled Steve's growth as an artist—a growth so prodigious that it was now something of a surprise to find him in the midst of even a mild artistic crisis. Over the past decade—that Middle Period—many people had come to feel that Steve Martin had figured out what almost no one else had: how to function as an artist at the end of the twentieth century in America. First (and, in the Hollywood scheme of things, most important), he had secured his base, and his freedom of action, through his appearances in a series of films—"All of Me," "Parenthood," and, particularly, "Father of the Bride"—that had made vast sums of money and had allowed the mantle of Spencer Tracy to fall, however improbably, on his shoulders. He had become America's Dad. Second, he had written and produced a pair of "personal" films—"Roxanne," in 1987, and "L.A. Story," in 1991—that were among the most charming, limber, eccentric, and strangely gallant American comedies of their day. Even Pauline Kael, at a time when she was turning over trash barrels and peering up drainpipes to find anything at all to like in American movies, had liked those movies immoderately. ("Martin seems to crossbreed the skills of Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in," she wrote about his performance in "Roxanne.") Martin seemed one of the few American artists of any sort who, working within a late-modern, ironic, self-conscious sensibility, have found access to a vein of real feeling and genuine poetic invention, without ever becoming sentimental, precious, or self-congratulatory.

"So I've been looking for a way to escape the horror of movie promotion," Steve said that day in New York. "I've written a screenplay based on George Eliot's 'Silas Marner,' because I thought, Here's a great story. When the story's working, I don't have to be constantly funny. At the moment, it's called 'Twist of Fate,' and I hope to shoot it in the fall. Right now, we're looking for a director." He said this as though an adaptation of George Eliot in modern dress were a normal, money-in-the bank proposition.

Just then, Victoria came in with an armful of flowers. (She is far more beautiful in life than in the movies. Her face, which on screen can seem merely pretty, is beguiling and almost luminous in person.)

"What lovely flowers," Steve said, evenly and emphatically.

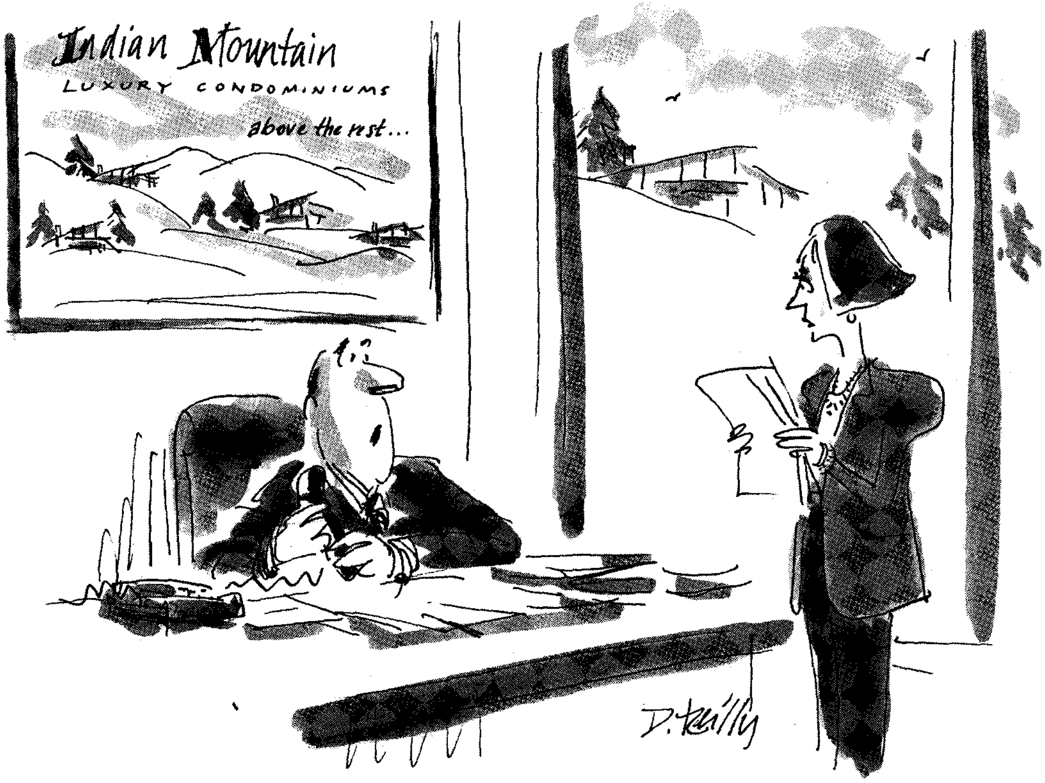
She looked at him just a little quizzically, as if she were not quite sure if the emphasis was Steve's or "Steve's."

"I've also spent the winter finishing a play," Steve added, referring to "Picasso at the Lapin Agile." "I've been working on it since 1991. I don't know what I want to do with it, exactly, or what it has to do with what I do next. The trick about a play is that the audience is New York, and what playwrights have done is allow their work to enter a system where one person evaluates it. And the conventional theatre audience might not be the right audience. This play might be for a segment of the audience completely different from the established, playgoing one. I have an idea that this play, if I do anything with it at all, might be right for a midnight cabaret in Seattle.

"I *think* this is a Breakthrough Moment for me. You can never be too sure about those moments, though. Once, when I had been appearing on the 'Tonight Show' for a couple of years, I came on after Sammy Davis, Jr. He was just starting to appear regularly on talk shows then. I did some bit, and at that moment they happened to cut to Sammy, who was laughing so hard that he actually fell off the sofa. Slipped right off onto the floor. I thought, Wow, what a nice endorsement from the Old Guard! It seemed like a real breakthrough. I was so pleased about that. Sammy Davis, Jr., *actually fell off the sofa*. It took me about a year to discover the truth. Sammy *always* fell off the sofa."

STEVE MARTIN was born in 1945 in Waco, Texas, a town he hardly remembers. When he was five, his parents moved to California, first to Inglewood and then to Garden Grove. His father was an aspiring actor who sold real estate for a living. "One of my first memories is of seeing him at a theatre in Los Angeles, giving a serious performance in a serious play," Steve says. "Times were tough, though, and it must have been really hard to pursue acting. So he stayed in real estate. Eventually, he became president of the Newport Board of Realtors. It was a middle-class childhood. The house in Garden Grove cost sixteen thousand dollars." A friend says, "Steve once told me that between grace and 'May I be excused?' nothing was said at the table." Steve does not often talk about his childhood, though another play he has been writing, called "Was[illegible] and composed largely of silences, may suggest something of its tenor.

Martin's real life—his life as a performer—began when, as a teen-ager, he did a magic act at Garden Grove birthday parties. Like so many basically reserved or inhibited men (Johnny Carson is an obvious parallel), he found magic to be the perfect vehicle for self-expression: it provided the pleasure of exhibitionism



"They say they're Indians."

with the illusion of control. At eighteen, he went to Long Beach State College, and he began performing at local coffeehouses as a comedian.

When he was twenty-one, a girlfriend who knew Mason Williams, the head writer on "The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour," gave Williams some of Steve's comedy writing, and in 1967 he was hired as "the lowest possible person at the Smothers Brothers." At the time, "The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour" was seen as a daring and original program, and Steve was part of a staff that won an Emmy in 1969. When, the same year, the program was cancelled, in a famous censorship dispute, he went on to write for several shows that had fragmented from it. "But I thought, pretty quickly, that this was a dead end, and I wanted to be performing," he says. "So about 1970 I gave up my fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-week job. I started working in night clubs, and started doing *hundreds* of TV shows—Steve Allen, Della Reese, Merv Griffin, Mike Douglas." By the early seventies, he was a frequent guest on the old "Tonight Show," where he made more than forty appearances.

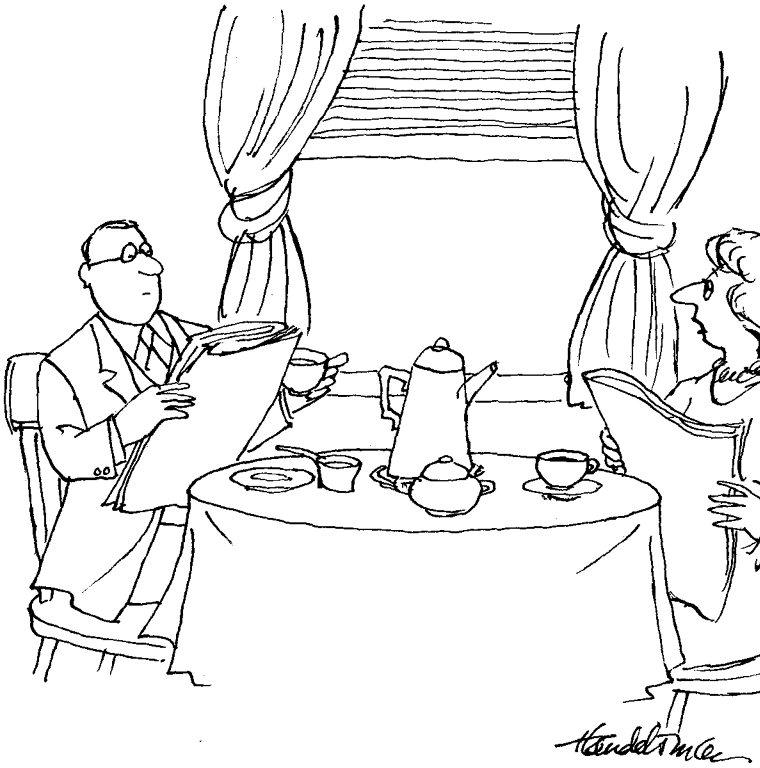
His act was soon composed of the strange set of confident absurdities that became familiar over the decade. Wearing a bright-white suit and carrying a banjo, he would play bluegrass favorites, make balloon animals, put a phony arrow through his head, share his thoughts with the audience. ("You know one thing I hate? It's how quickly people just *forget* things these days. I mean, who here still remembers that time a couple of years ago when the whole earth blew up? You *don't*? When they put us all in the big space ark? And they brought us to *this* planet? And the government said not to tell the stupid people . . .") "*Pro*fessional comedian," he would announce gaily in the middle of his act, pointing to himself with pride. "Don't *you* try this at home."

"I never had a Unified Field Theory about what I was doing," he says now. "But there were several premises. First, that I played a character onstage who assumed that everything he said was brilliant. He had total confidence, with *nothing* to back it up. Comedy was jokes, and I thought, What if there *were* no jokes? There's a very primitive but accurate theory about comedy as a building up of tension and then a release of it. I used to be fascinated when I watched Jack E. Leonard on Carson, and he'd *mumble* everything. He'd say, 'Gaah-aarah—ammungle,' and the audience would go crazy. They were responding partly to the fact that he was a comedian and partly to their own need to laugh. It was pure timing. He said nothing—he was getting laughs on literally nothing.

"I thought, What if you cut out the punch lines completely, and had a comedian who just *announced* that he was a comedian? The tension would have to break of its own accord—the audience would eventually have to break it for themselves. And that was him, me, the guy in the white suit. A professional comedian with no act and supreme confidence. He was someone who had once seen Fred Astaire and thought that he could tap-dance. I was landing in these areas by chance and experiment, but that was the manifesto, once I started thinking about it.

"I started off *baffling* people. But I got better. I had one major revelation. It was technical: to make it work, I had to always be the *only* act. I realized that, no matter how well I did as an opener, the attention was on the headliner. I was going to headline at all costs, so I found a little club in Coconut Grove, Florida—a hundred and twenty-five people—and I began breaking through. On television, I had exposure but no mystique. The clubs gave me a mystique. There were all these hot, smoky places, where I sometimes took the audience out into the street and we would walk around and witness something."

Martin's act was so avant-garde that it was possible to mistake it for one that was merely exceptionally dumb. "I was a complete snob about Steve," Lorne Michaels, the producer of "Saturday Night Live," who co-wrote the comedy "Three Amigos" with Steve and Randy Newman, and who is one of Steve's closest friends, recalls today. "In the early seventies, I was working with Lily Tomlin and Richard Pryor, and Lily would use phrases like 'playing back the culture to itself.' We were *just* this side of hu-



"Pass the cream or I'll cut off your penis."

morless, and completely serious about our comedy. We were involved in the war, we were involved in Watergate, and comedy was to be taken *seriously*. And then this guy, a writer and performer we all knew, shows up, who seemed to us, in our seriousness, to be a 'Tonight Show' act. I found him funny—I just thought he was silly.

"We had him as host for the first time only at the beginning of the second season, and we realized, instantly, that we had the audience that could make him *explode*. He had the unbelievable guts to be silly at a time when we all seriously believed that the world was coming to an end. Of course, once I started working with him I realized the depth of intelligence in his work. He was clearly so much more professional than we were—professional in every sense, not just punctual and reliable, though he was those, but never spilling over, knowing exactly what he was doing at every moment. In retrospect, what he was doing was really much more original than our attempts at, quote, scathing satire. What we were doing, basically, was finding a new target for the old jokes. Steve had found a new kind of joke."

What was new about the joke was that it was, in a conventional sense, almost contentless. Steve's audience was so wired in to the clichés, including the clichés of hipness and reference, that Steve could get a new kind of laughter by treating that knowledge at a higher remove, parodying the whole mechanism that produced show-business clichés in the first place—parodying the fact of entertainment itself.

In the early seventies, Martin's manager, Bill McEuen, started dragging a tape recorder around from night club to night club to record the act. The record that was eventually made from those tapes, "Let's Get Small," was released in 1977, and soon sold more than a million copies. Martin became the first comedian to have a rock star's success, and a rock star's following. (And occasionally a rock star's love life: he had a long affair with Bernadette Peters.) He began to play basketball arenas, and appeared on the cover of *Newsweek*.

Steve does not recall that period with much pleasure. "It's this terrible thing about becoming famous—at least, for me," he says. "You walk into a room and think, Hey, all these people know who I am, and then a voice says, Yeah and ninety per cent of them *hate* me. Around the end of the seventies, I knew I was hot enough to make the transition into movies. I knew that it must be done—knew I was at a creative dead end as a comic." With Carl Reiner, he made "The Jerk," a comedy in which he played the only white child of a family of black sharecroppers. It was enough of a success so that he retired from standup comedy; aside from a few benefit performances, he has not performed in public since 1980.

" 'The Jerk' wasn't really a parody of a particular kind of movie, like a Mel Brooks parody," Steve says now. "It was more abstract than that. It wasn't a parody of a particular kind of beginning, middle, and end. It was a parody of the whole idea that a movie should *have* a beginning and a middle and an end."

After "The Jerk," Martin made what he refers to today as "flop after flop": the surreal "Pennies from Heaven," "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid," "The Man with Two Brains," "The Lonely Guy." The flops were eventually answered, in 1984, by an enormous success—"All of Me," in which he played a lawyer whose body comes to be possessed by a dead eccentric, played by Lily Tomlin. Martin's performance, as two wills wage war over him, is uncanny in its ability to suggest a body not merely divided against itself but invested with emotion. It's not just that his left leg goes one way while his right goes the other; it's that his left leg seems to be imploring his right leg to follow, while his right leg responds angrily and both arms flail in alarm at the indignity of the proceeding.

Martin became a master of the comedy of violated fastidiousness. In every one of his successful films since, he has played essentially the same part: an embodiment of sane, normal desires (for a quiet life, a tranquil and orderly romance, a well-run small-town fire department, a modest and orderly wedding) who is propelled into absurdity by some intractable, impossible circumstance in the world (a dead person, Los Angeles, his own nose). This new character blooms in particular, in "Roxanne," an adaptation of "Cyrano de Bergerac" which took Martin four years to write. In it, he emerged as no longer a wild and crazy guy but an American Don Quixote—the last nineteenth-century gallant, riding out into America with a tennis racquet as his foil.

Martin had been able to turn an enclosed, ironic performing style into an eloquent and romantic one through a shrewd knowledge of how to get an emotion from its apparent opposite. By letting his audience know that there was not a single manipulative, actorish cliché that he was not already aware of, he gave himself permission to be emotionally direct. The sonorous fustian of his love lyrics to Roxanne became real poetry; the evocation of Los Angeles as an Edenic place became plausible through its sheer improbability.

"The crucial thing in performing," Steve said one day, "is to find a choice that works for a moment and isn't the choice anyone else would have made. It's a discipline: you can't just do *anything*, but you can't do what's expected, either. There's this story about the comedian Christopher Guest. His manager and an agent were talking about him, and the agent said, 'He's got the funny, and he's got the caring thing, but can he—' No, that's not how it goes. That's not it. Marty knows. I'll call Marty." He brightened at the thought. Martin Short, who was appearing at the time in "The Goodbye Girl," on Broadway, is the one person who seems, at all times and in all moods, to utterly delight and console him. (Steve has a small group of friends, most of them from the mid-seventies—Lorne Michaels, Paul Simon, Mike Nichols, and a few others. They have in common a liking for a relatively dignified haute-bourgeois life, rather than the dissolute styles of some of their other friends, and a great deal of money.)

Steve's call went through the theatre's switchboard. A long wait, and at last he was connected. "Marty! Where are you? You're on*stage!* No, it wasn't *that* urgent. Yeah, put it on the speakerphone. Listen, Marty, how does that thing go. The agent says, 'He's got the—' Yeah." He listens carefully, and says a quick goodbye. (Steve's goodbyes, even to his closest friends, are always a little abrupt.) Then he says, "It's 'He's got the funny, and he's got the caring thing, but can he do the *yelling*?' That's what most people want from a performer—the normal set of expected moves. Comedy—my comedy, anyway—always involves an element of misdirection. I sometimes get scripts in which my character is funny and endearing. But I can be endearing only by doing the opposite: I have to play angry or I have to play indignant, and *become* endearing. If there's something I can pretend to have learned from modern art, it's that you can't make something beautiful by trying to make something beautiful. It *becomes* beautiful in the process of being something else."

AFTER the success of "Roxanne," most of Martin's friends and admirers had expected him to take an obvious and almost necessary next step—to become an *auteur*, and, like his heroes Chaplin and Woody Allen, direct his own movies. While he was making "Roxanne," he had discovered that the amour propre of "major" American film directors does not allow them even to consider directing a film that was written by its star. But Steve, instead of directing his own movies, has continued to hire unglamorous foreign directors for his projects: Fred Schepisi directed "Roxanne"; Mick Jackson did "L.A. Story"; and the Silas Marner movie is being directed by a Scot, Gillies MacKinnon. Sometimes Steve's reasons for not wanting to direct seem straightforward ("If I can control the comedy, somebody else can control the technical end of the movie") and sometimes they seem clouded ("I want to be an *auteur* in the long run, but I'm really a writer and a performer"), and they are almost always a source of puzzlement to his friends. Some of them believe that there is a connection between Steve's gift, in life and in art, for a kind of formality, an old-fashioned detachment, and his inability—or unwillingness—to make his own movies.

Mike Nichols thinks that Steve is nearly unique among comedians in his intellectual distance from his own humor. "Being a comedian is terrible," Nichols said not long ago, in the midst of a conversation about Steve. (Steve's friends talk about his gifts as wonderingly, and with as little jealousy, as it is said that Chaplin's friends talked about his.) "Because it's the only kind of creative life in which the work and the reward come at exactly the same moment. In every other kind of work, even theatre, the reward comes at least an act later. Mostly, it comes months, or even years, later or not at all. But as a comedian you say it, and people explode. It's entirely sexual, since you're causing, in an instant, an involuntary, uncontrollable physical response. I used to actually visualize myself with a whip in my hand when I was working. That intensity makes being a comedian terrible, as bad as being a girl singer. It produces the

"I may have something rather outside your field. Would you consider indentured servitude?"

HEIRLOOM

Among a few small objects I've taken from my mother's house
is this heavy, hand-size, cut-glass saltcellar, cheap and solid, its facets
speaking her at the dining-room table reaching for the salt or passing it
to my father at the far end, his back to the window. The table
is a time bomb, ticking in the play of light on the white cloth,
a current of electric silence that holds us all in our blind clutching
after straws of talk, Father hidden behind the newspaper, Mother
filling our plates with food, my tongue blunted between them, the way
they couldn't meet each other's eyes, the tablecloth a snowfield
they couldn't cross to rescue one another before the next fall
wiped everything away again, taking the faint traces their feet
had made once dancing. He'd leave the table early for an armchair,
just a glance at the evening paper, and she'd sit on until—all
small talk exhausted—we'd clear the table, stack dirty dishes
by the sink in the scullery, storing the saltcellar in the press,
where it would absorb small tears of air until the next time
we'd need its necessary, bitter addition, as now it stands on
our kitchen table over here and is carried to the dining room
for meals, a solid object filling my hand, a presence at the center
of our talk, its cut glass outlasting flesh and blood as heirlooms
do. I take its salt to the tip of my tongue, testing its savor and
spilling by chance a tiny white hieroglyph of grains, which I pinch
in my mother's superstitious fingers and quickly scatter over
my own left shoulder, keeping at bay and safe the darker shades.

—EAMON GRENNAN

---

hysteria and the impatience: why-are-they-serving-during-my-set-I-have-to-go-on-first-why-are-there-no-peanuts-in-the-dressing-room—all those things that comedians say, and I know, because I've said them all. Most comedians become addicts of that hysteria. Occasionally, you get a comedian who, out of an intuitive sense of self-protection, *distances* himself from it—who finds it so puzzling or disturbing that he creates a space between himself and his comedy. This results in a special kind of purity but also a kind of impenetrable cellophane wrapping. Jack Benny, who was very, *very* much like Steve, had that sweetness of nature, and so does Steve, and I can't think of many others. It expresses itself in an intense appreciation of other comedians, an uncompetitiveness. Jack Benny had it about Burns and Allen, and Steve has it about Marty Short, among others. It makes him extraordinarily pure in his artistic motives. But so far it has prevented him, I think, from being able to insist on being in control. To be a director, you have to be willing to be a prick, and I don't know if Steve is willing to make that move. It means telling someone, 'Sorry, you're not working out—we've found someone else for the part,' and 'I'm afraid the score is awful. Someone else is composing a new one.' All those prick things you *have* to do, if you want it to be right, and you have to do them to decent people most of the time. It's necessary for your artistic health."

Some of Steve's friends feel that to take control would force on him a kind of aggressive self-assertion that is out of character for an essentially reserved and formal man who is also hypersensitive to other people's moods. "Mike is a fighter," Lorne Michaels says. "Steve has whatever that comedy thing is—you're doing it and watching yourself do it at the same time—and to be assertive is sort of what you're reacting *against*. There are a lot of dominant people around, and you watch them, and resent them. Steve doesn't like to confront people. I've seen him get angry lots, but I've never seen him be cruel, and there's a certain kind of healthy cruelty—or thick-skinned indifference, anyway—that you need to really control your work. Most comedians have polite hostility, which swings wildly into love-me-need-me. As we say, three parts funny to one part Ethel Merman. Steve never had Ethel Merman in the first place. He never had love-me-need-me as an emotion, and so when he wanted to be moving he could be, untainted by show-biz neediness."

Steve's friends also think, not surprisingly, that his professional habit—the back-and-forth between his formal and his comic selves—is a psychological defense. The masks, of course, are the outward expression of character. Steve is known for warm greetings and cold—or, at least, preoccupied—farewells. He sends intricate, funny, intelligent notes to his friends when his work with them is finished, but can seem not quite present when it is being discussed. It is not unusual for his friends to be a little baffled about their relationship with him—to feel themselves near a core of warmth and deep affection that remains, in some way, unreachable.

On the evening of the Beverly Hills reading, Steve propped a reproduction of Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon" up on the coffee table, where everyone could see it, and then sat off by himself, stroking his beard, uncharacteristically nervous. The actors sat on the sofas, scripts open on their laps. The play is set in a small café—the Lapin Agile—in Montmartre in 1904. The café's owner, Freddy, tends bar, while his wife, Germaine, banters with him, and an old roué, or would-be roué, Gaston, sits and reminisces. According to the stage directions, "Picasso's painting 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon' hangs on a wall, two years before it was painted. . . . Upstage center-left is a door from the street. Through it Einstein, age 25, enters. Long pause as Einstein organizes himself, and gets his hair to look like Einstein's." Chris Sarandon, using a gentle Mitteleuropa accent, began to read the part of Einstein, with David Dukes reading the part of Freddy:

EINSTEIN: I am here to meet someone. A woman. I am to meet her at six o' clock. At the Bar Rouge.

FREDDY: This is not the Bar Rouge. It's the Lapin Agile.

EINSTEIN: No difference.

FREDDY: No difference?

EINSTEIN: You see, I'm a theorist and the

> way I see it is that there is just as much chance of her wandering in here accidentally as there is of her wandering into the Bar Rouge on purpose. So where I wait for her is of no importance. It is of no importance where I tell her I will be. And the least of all, it's not important what time I am to meet her.

Soon Rita Wilson joined them, reading the part of Suzanne. Suzanne explains that she's been told that Picasso comes here. She has a long, ruminative speech about Picasso—who he is, how he makes love, what his drawings are like. All the people in the bar, it turns out, literally cannot see the "Demoiselles." They see it as a painting of sheep in a meadow. At last, Suzanne shows Einstein a drawing that Picasso has made of her.

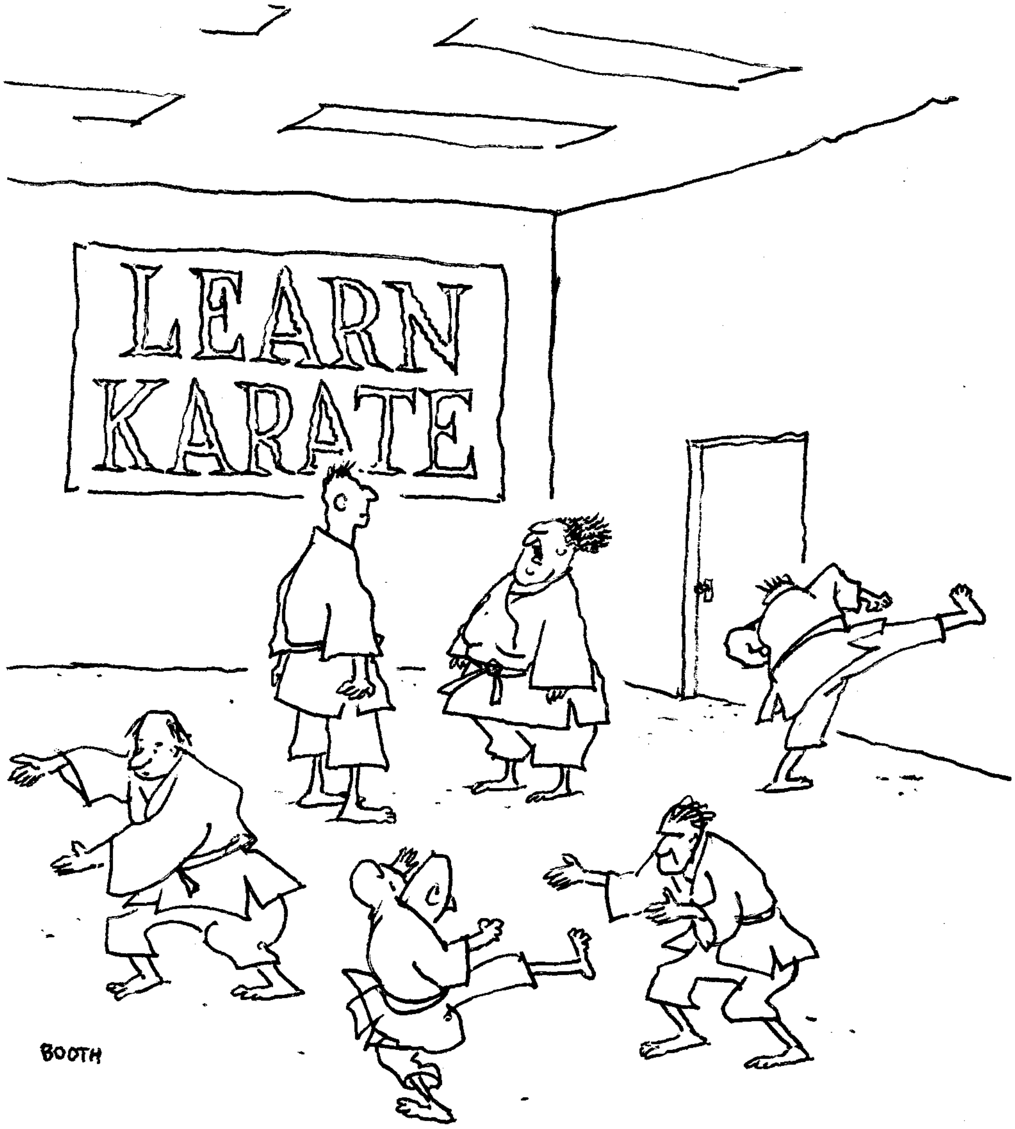
Next, Martin Mull entered as Sagot, and located the special mixture of passion and greed that marks an art dealer. The company laughed—the good-willed, uncertain laughter of a rooting section. Then, halfway through the reading, Tom Hanks entered, as Picasso, and the play came to mad, alarming life. "I have been thinking about fucking all day," Picasso announces wearily, burdened by the responsibility of being a Don Juan. "I mean, did you talk about anything else besides me? Did the weather even come up? . . . God, I feel good! How lucky for you! To be talking about someone and then in they come. Too bad you weren't talking about Napoleon. *He* might have walked through that door tonight. Anyway, you got me. . . . There is nothing in my way anymore. . . . I used to have an idea, then a month later I would draw it. The idea was a month ahead of its execution. Now the idea is ahead of the pencil only by *seconds*." He shakes his head, in contemplation of his own genius.

Hanks' Picasso was part Julian Schnabel, part Hollywood leading man, and part bowling-alley lout—a man solidly in love with himself, but somehow generous in his egotism. Hanks acts with his voice. He can send it from purring boyishness to the edge of hysteria without passing through any intermediary gears; he can accelerate from juvenile to lunatic faster than any other actor alive. And, as Picasso, Hanks also had the gift of *not* listening. He captured perfectly the feigned attentiveness of the relentless narcissist, wanting, as someone once said of Leonard Bernstein, only to see his reflection in your eyes. It was a casual, spur-of-the-moment impersonation that had endless shrewd, satiric insight into the character of Picasso, with boorishness and boyishness mixed in equal measure. (Afterward, trying to talk about his reading, Hanks said, simply, "Well, he's kind of like Fonzie on 'Happy Days.' The kind of guy who everybody thinks, That is the toughest guy in Milwaukee, because he's decided that he is.")

As Hanks read, and the laughter in the room became natural and unselfconscious, Steve visibly relaxed. Hanks and Chris Sarandon built effectively to the play's real climax: Picasso and Einstein challenge each other to a duel of drawing, and then exchange what they have made.

> EINSTEIN: It's perfect.
> PICASSO: Thank you.
> EINSTEIN: I'm talking about mine.
> PICASSO: It's a formula.
> EINSTEIN: So's yours.
> PICASSO: It was a little hastily drawn. . . . Yours is letters.
> EINSTEIN: Yours is lines.
> PICASSO: My lines mean something.
> EINSTEIN: So do mine.
> PICASSO: Mine is beautiful.
> EINSTEIN: Men have swooned on seeing that (*indicates his own drawing*).
> PICASSO: Mine touches the heart.
> EINSTEIN: Mine touches the head.
> PICASSO (*holds his drawing*): This will change the future.
> EINSTEIN (*holds his drawing*): Oh, and this won't?

After that high point, the play, in this first draft, began to row in circles a little. A young man named Charles Dabernow Schmendiman, played by William



"How long will it be before I feel that I own the night?"

Petersen, bursts in; he promises to change the century with his invention—"an inflexible and very brittle building material," made from "equal parts of asbestos, kiwi-bird beaks, and radium." There is more cross-talk about art and science; Germaine, played by Joanna Gleason, and Picasso have a brief romantic interlude. (It turns out that she is another of his conquests.) Finally, when the play seemed to have dropped into the doldrums, *Elvis* entered, read by Anthony LaPaglia: "Well, I kinda like surprising people, you know, poppin' up where you're least expected. . . . But I got a little bored, so I thought I'd do a little time travellin'. Try another time zone." Elvis then announced the theme of the play—" 'Cause this century, the accomplishments of artists and scientists, no matter how much fun they made of us, or how difficult they made what we do, outshone the accomplishments of governments"—and everyone drank a toast to the twentieth century. The reading ended with imaginary champagne glasses lifted toward the heavens, and a round of heartfelt applause.

It had become plain that Steve's play was not a "play of ideas," as it had threatened to be—a Steve Martin version of, say, Tom Stoppard's "Travesties." It was, rather, about the *romance* of early modern ideas, refracted through the atmosphere of all the intervening years: the end of the twentieth century looking back, wonderingly, at its beginning. Steve, one had the feeling, was using the big, historical names not in an attempt to bolster his cultural position but as familiar found material that could become the basis for a stylized personal examination. This made the play both winningly unpretentious and oddly intimate. There were small passages throughout the play which suggested that Steve might be using the comic stock figures of "genius" to try to work out, in camouflage, what was going on in his own life and work. "I envy him. . . . In science, there's no reason to ever get cynical," Picasso says at one moment. "Why would an artist get cynical?" Freddy wonders.

After dinner, people told Hollywood stories. "Indecent Proposal" had just been released and was an enormous hit. Tom said, "I was approached about that."

"Yeah, they offered me that, too," Steve said.

Tom (with small hints of competitiveness): "Oh, yeah? The guy or the millionaire?"

Steve (clearing his throat, coyly embarrassed): "Well, actually, the *girl*." For a single sublime, alarming moment, he became Demi Moore, considering whether to merchandise her virtue.

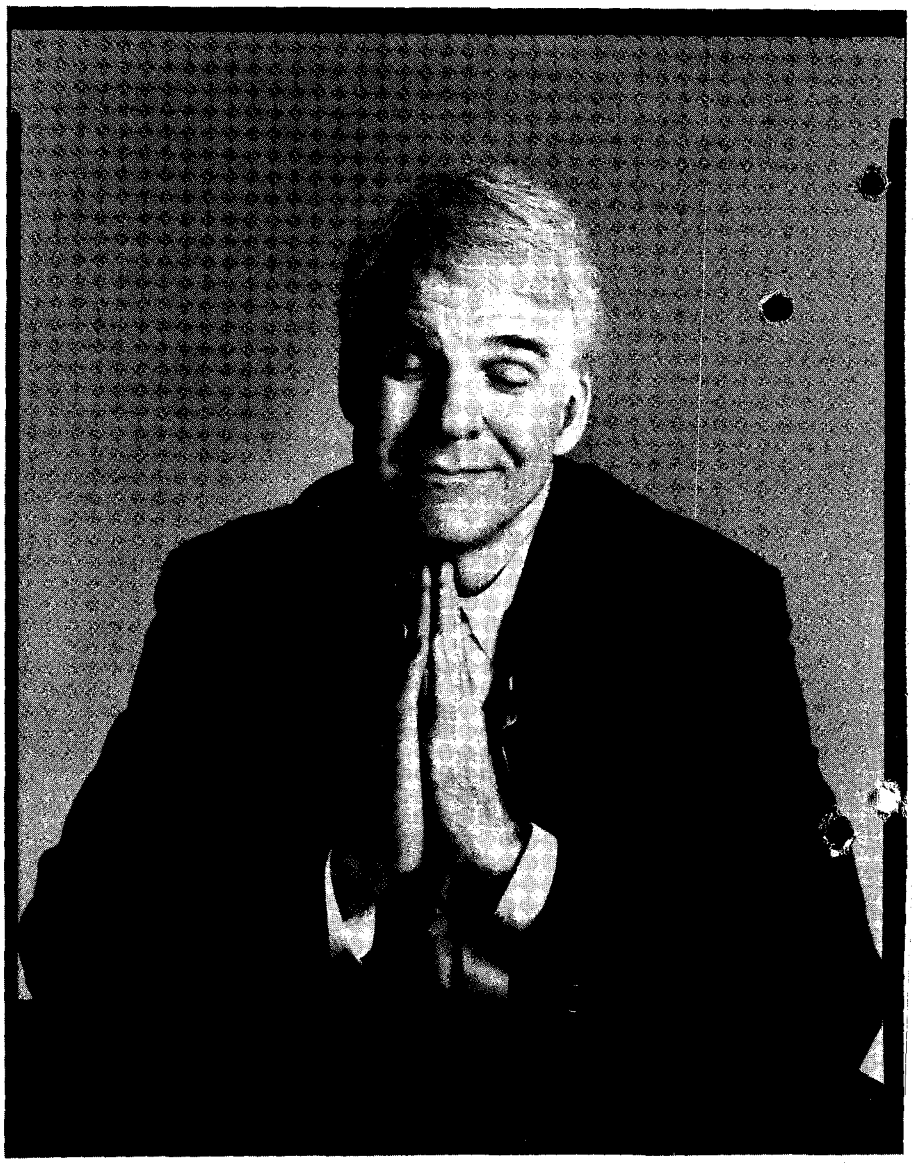
The conversation turned back, inevitably, to the approaching confrontation of "Jurassic Park" and "Sleepless in Seattle."

"The dinosaurs will eat everything for two weeks, and then people will be ready for a romance," someone said.

"We pray to Paligula," Tom said, melodramatically.

"Who?" Steve said, looking up quickly.

"You don't know Paligula?" Tom said, his eyes widening. "Paligula! God of Film!" He pronounced the name grandly, in a "March of Time" voice. In his normal voice, he added, "You don't know that he's coming, and then"—squinting and blinking while sweeping his arm around, he somehow did an impression of the countdown at the head of movie reels—"Paligula, God of Film, is among you!" Suddenly, windmilling his arms, lolling his tongue, Tom Hanks *became* Paligula, a dancing Hindu idol descending into Steve Martin's Beverly Hills living room. "He has sprockets running down both arms"—Tom indicated these with his hands—"and you know he's coming, because of the countdown. He is *one cruel god.* You can't please him. You just pray for Paligula to smile. If Paligula smiles, then the first weekend—" His voice trailed off. "Paligula, God of Film," he repeated, with reverence. (The name made it all



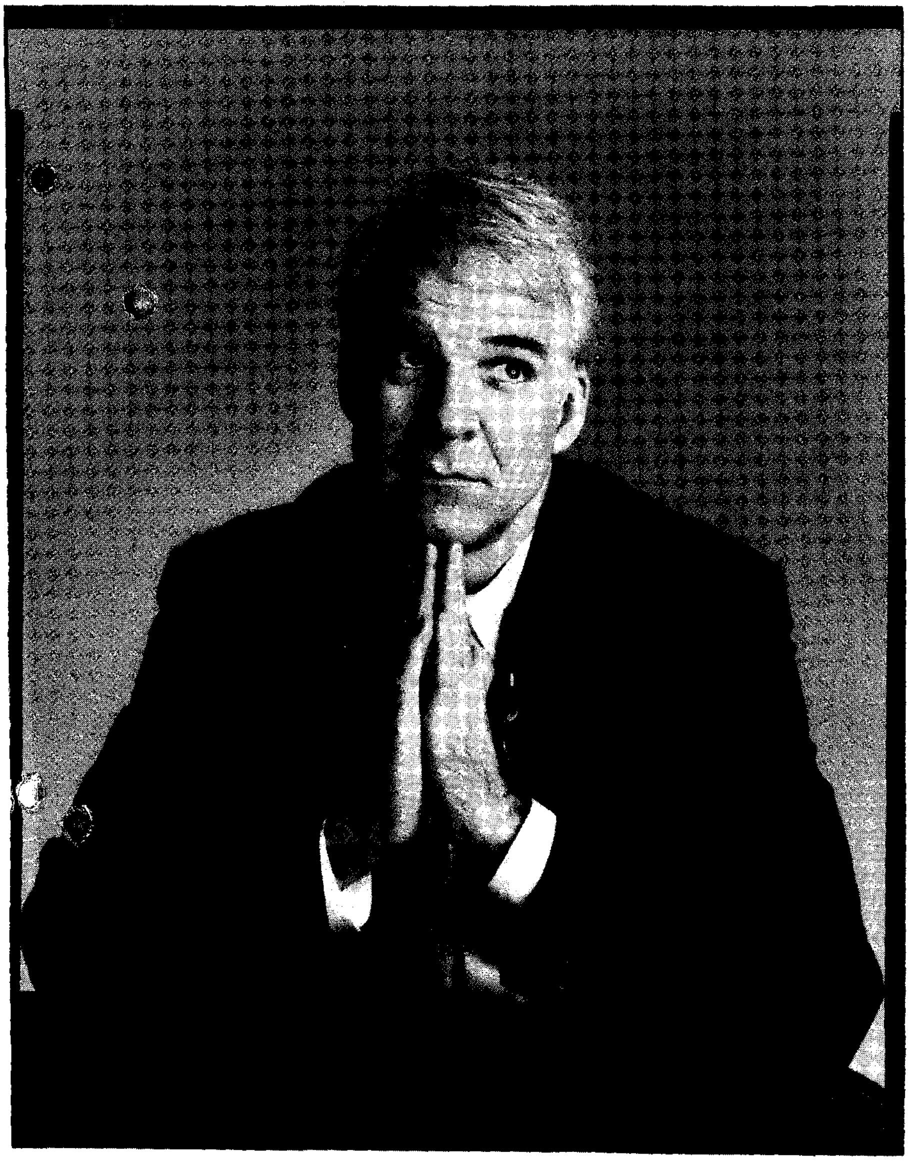
work: a perfect Hollywood portmanteau of "Caligula" and "Pig.")

As the guests were leaving, Steve said to me, about the play, "It's much less episodic than I thought. And I timed it. It's long enough to make sense as a play. Maybe when I get back from Australia . . ." He was going to Australia for seven and a half weeks with Victoria, who was working there on a movie. "I'd like to see it on its feet. I'll have to wait until we're back from Australia."

I asked if he had ever heard about Paligula before.

"Not by *name*," he said.

In Melbourne, Steve staged another successful reading of "Picasso." "I was amazed by the *language* that an audience can accept in the theatre," he said to me when he returned. "In the movies, you're constantly paring down. The more you can cut, the better off you are. Movies are really about story and visual sensations. But Einstein has a line in the play—'A triangle with four points is what Euclid rides into Hell'—and that amazed me by getting a big laugh. The reading in Melbourne helped me make two fundamental changes. I've changed the painting from being a painting of the 'Demoiselles' that people take for sheep to being a painting of sheep that is transformed into the 'Demoiselles' at the end. That gave me an idea for the end of the play that unifies everything. I think I've discovered what Elvis is really doing in the play. I've added a sentimental ending, too. I've written a line for Einstein that I like: 'If only I could sing songs of love. . . . The song stylings of Albert Einstein, appearing nightly with the Kentuckymen.' "



A few days later, there was more good news. Sam Cohn, Steve's theatrical agent, had read the revised play, by now in its third complete draft, and had had the idea of sending it to Randall Arney, the artistic director of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company, in Chicago. Arney loved it, and called Steve and Sam to say that it would be the perfect vehicle to launch a new, experimental studio space that Steppenwolf planned to open in the fall. A date was set for the press opening: October 22nd. Steve arranged to move his life to a hotel in Chicago, where he would live for the entire month of rehearsals, previews, and openings.

"I know they'll say it's pretentious," Steve said as the Chicago plans became firmer. "That's a given. But it's my material, my subject. And anyway I've learned to appreciate the particular moment. I'm so buoyant—I can't tell you how happy I am. I've learned only in the last couple of years to enjoy the moment when you can. You're disappointed so often, and get so few total successes. A perfect reading in Australia is a perfect reading. I could get slaughtered in Chicago. But I'm incredibly happy now."

On September 20th, the night before the first read-through of "Picasso at the Lapin Agile" by the Steppenwolf company, I joined Steve for dinner with Randall Arney (whom everyone calls Randy), and Steve Eich, Steppenwolf's managing director. Martin had shaved his beard and looked wan. A few days before, the news had come out that he and Victoria had agreed to a separation. It was said that the breakup had left him brokenhearted.

After dinner, Steve got up and, to his surprise, had to walk a gantlet of autograph-hungry waiters. Normally, he responds to the stream of autograph requests with a typical invention of his—one in which irony and generosity are nicely mixed. It's a printed card, which he keeps on hand to pass out, and which reads, "This certifies that you have had a personal encounter with me and that you found me warm, polite, intelligent and funny. Steve Martin." Tonight, he had forgotten the cards. He signed away, dutifully.

In the cab on the way back to the hotel, Steve slumped down and shut his eyes. He looked miserable. In their circle, he and Victoria had played for a long time the dangerous role of the Happy Couple—the people to whom one pointed to demonstrate that a marriage could really work. To all the normal troubles that pull any couple apart had been added, many of their friends felt, the additional strain that came from having a two-career marriage that was taken in certain moviemaking circles as a one-career marriage with a vestigial wifely appendage.

"Do you feel like a walk?" Steve asked plaintively as the cab pulled up at the hotel. "It's nice for walking."

It was a windy night, and we turned toward the lakeshore. Steve walked along moodily, his cap pulled down over his head. Even in the dark, though, he was unmistakably Steve Martin. A woman ran up to him. "Steve! Steve Martin! I just *love* you!" she said.

We turned along North Michigan Avenue. "Chicago was so exciting for me once," Steve said. "When I was starting out, I played at a club called Mister Kelly's. It was one of those legendary clubs, like the hungry i or something. I was so excited. I would go hang out at the Playboy Mansion." He emphasized the absurdity of the idea. "There were nice people there, though. I was taken under the wing of a lovely woman, who, years later, got into some kind of stupid cocaine trouble—an arrest—and committed suicide." He walked on in silence. "I'm going to go tomorrow morning and buy a bike for myself. You can get a nice bike for a few hundred dollars, and then I can ride every morning here along the lakeshore. I can go down to the Art Institute and look at the Cézannes and ride back to the hotel." He paused, and then said, "Victoria was the first person to read the play and tell me it was worthwhile. It's hard for me to imagine her not being here as part of this."

We walked along for another couple of blocks. Steve's silences can be eloquent. They can also be long. Eventually, I noticed that the very few passersby were beginning to look at us warily, with alarm—not with the usual "Is that Steve *Martin*?" look but with a simple "What is *that*?" look. I turned to Steve. He had somehow pitched his body at a perfect diagonal—a forty-five-degree incline—and was struggling, in that cartoon posture, against the wind. He had transformed himself into an impossibly well-rendered R. Crumb cartoon of a man beating his way home, in sluggish slow motion, on a thirties-era Chicago street—down but not out, depressed but still determined. For a moment, he spread his arms out and swam against the wind. It was a classic Martin performance, registering defeat, confusion, bewilderment, and moxie. Then he straightened up, and we walked back to the hotel. (I have since tried to imitate the incline Steve achieved. It cannot be done.)

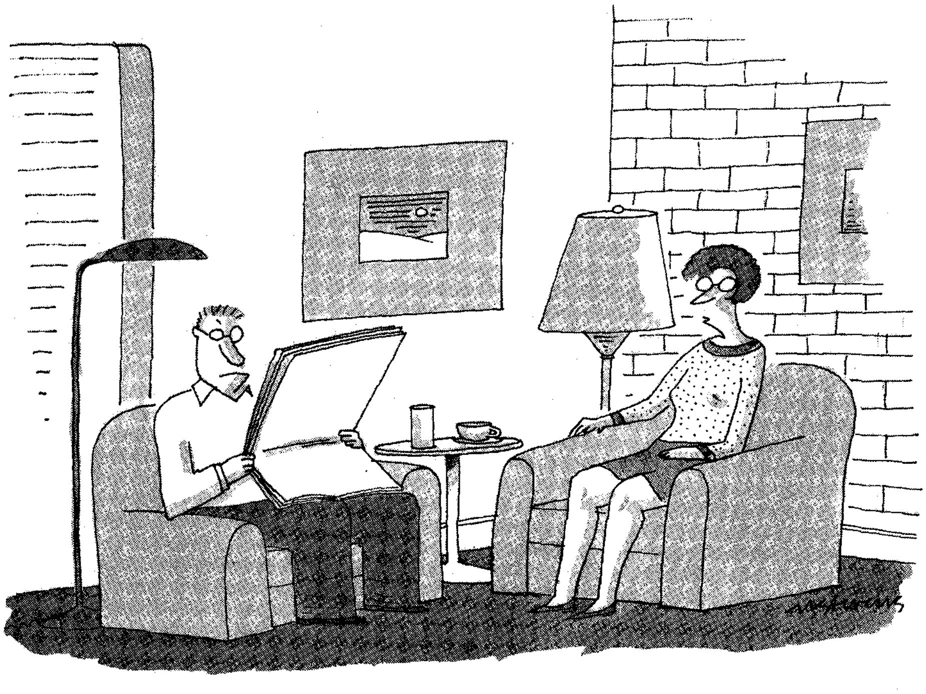
THE next morning, the cast of "Picasso at the Lapin Agile" assembled in the rehearsal hall on the third floor of the Steppenwolf Theatre—a big, empty room that in a month would become the theatre's studio space, a three-hundred-seat theatre. The cast members said hello to each other, and tried not to look too excited at the presence of the famous comedian. A doll-house-size model of the set was passed around—based on the original Lapin Agile, which, the set designer, Scott Bradley, had discovered, still exists. And then there was Elvis, the King himself, drinking a cup of coffee at the work table. The King exactly as he was in 1957. It turned out that Steppenwolf had found a young sheet-metal worker from upstate Illinois, Travis Morris, who had just begun a career as an Elvis impersonator. He looked a little dazed, less by the presence of a movie star than by the fact of being an actor.

"O.K., let's read it," Randy Arney said abruptly, enthusiastically.

The reading began. Jeff Perry, the actor playing Einstein, found a tone at once—with a tremor in his voice, he became an absent-minded professor who has moments of deep concentration. Tim Hopper, playing Picasso, seemed to be having a harder time finding the part. He is a handsome, intensely serious actor, in the John Malkovich mold, but he made Picasso's wildness and egotism seem merely obnoxious. When the Elvis character, now simply called the Singer, entered, near the end, Steve's stubborn belief that he needed Elvis seemed at last to be justified. His presence was no longer arbitrary, as it had been in the first two drafts: he explains that he has come "with a message," and, with a wave of his hand, he transforms the painting of sheep into "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon"—the breakthrough that Picasso has been waiting for. Steve had also fixed the very end of the play, by reintroducing Sagot, who comes back onstage with a camera to take a picture. Everyone struggles to find the right word to say to make the company smile. (Someone suggests "Mateesse" but Picasso rejects it.) It is left to the unfortunate Schmendiman to make his only lasting contribution to the century: "Cheese."

The reading ended. Steve waited, and then cleared his throat. "Let me say I was really happy," he told the cast. He offered a few script notes, and he pointed out a few jokes that didn't work.

Randy said, "I think that we can find

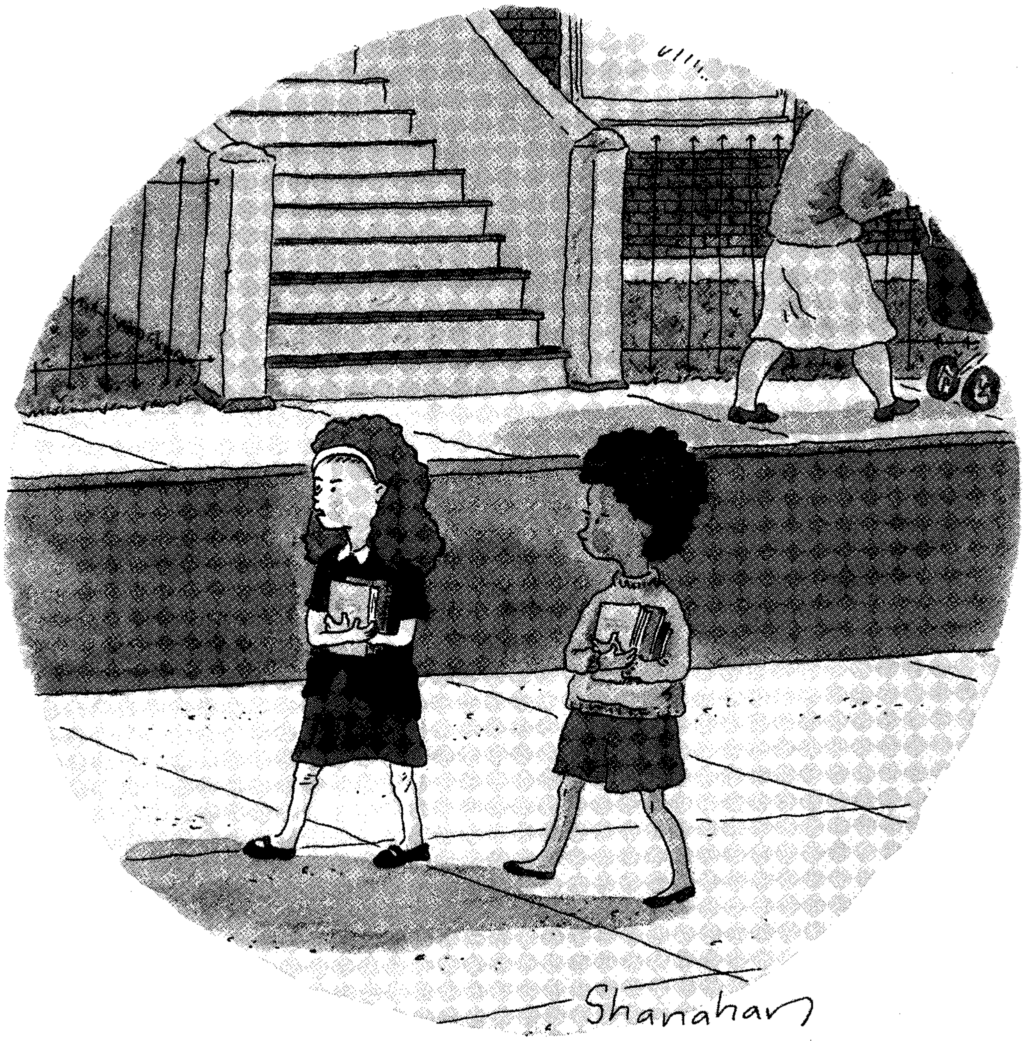


"If the Yankees move to New Jersey, will you be going, too?"

the right feeling for the play if you let it remind you of very early Steppenwolf, when we had just enough money to buy beer, and we talked all the time."

Steve said, "It's always the best part of your life when you're about to succeed and you're full of dreams and hopes and you *talk* all the time. That's one of the things this play is about."

Then the company began to read the play through, top to bottom, once again. The exhilaration of the first reading turned to exhaustion very quickly; the actors would continue to do this for three weeks—breaking it down, putting it on its feet, reassembling the parts. The first preview, in costume, was scheduled for October 13th. Steve already had his word processor open in front of him, head down, listening intently.



"He leaves the new Sendak lying around, but he's never actually read it."

LATE one afternoon in the first week of rehearsals, Steve, pleased by the morning's work, decided to take a trip to the Art Institute to look at pictures. His love for painting dates from the early sixties, when he got to know the generation of California painters who were becoming important then. In the mid-seventies, he began to assemble a collection of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American paintings: Sheeler, Hassam, Prendergast, the Hudson River School. Then, about a dozen years ago, finding that collection too cold and museumlike, he sold it, and began to assemble his present collection: an eclectic, equally severe mixture of modern masters—de Kooning, Lichtenstein, Diebenkorn, Hopper, and, most recently, a small Matisse.

On the way over to the Art Institute, we talked about a Picasso we had been looking at together. It was hanging discreetly in a Chicago gallery run by an old acquaintance of Steve's named Richard Gray: a woman knitting, painted in 1909, at a pivotal but not very cosmetic moment in the history of Cubism. Steve had been to see it several times. He asked me what I thought of the picture. I remarked, cautiously, that it struck me more as an art-historical incident than as a picture one would want to live with.

He looked at me balefully. "You don't understand," he said. "From now on, my collection is about one thing: *impressing girls*. I may *need* an art-historical incident."

Inside, he wanted to go look at the Cézannes. "You know, I'm changing my tastes," he said. "My taste for big, impressive pictures is evaporating. What I want now, all I want now, is small and perfect and beautiful pictures. I love my little Demuth watercolor from 1916—the choiceness of it. The ideal thing to own would be one of those Winslow Homer watercolors." He stood and looked at Cézanne's "Portrait of Madame Cézanne," and said, "It's as though he were saying, 'O.K., here's the premise, and here's the absolute minimum I have to do to make you conscious of the presence of the idea.' "

"Mr. Martin. Mr. *Martin*." The voice came urgently, insistently, from behind. Steve turned. It was a young man, paper in hand.

"I can't sign autographs in a museum," Steve said softly. "But here's my card." He handed the young man a card and quickly walked off, a look of impending doom printed on his face.

We walked over to the modern galleries. As he entered another room, he said, instantly, "Oh! There's a Tanner." Then, approaching the picture, he said, in a loud, Steve Martin whisper, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if somebody wrote in a magazine article that I can identify a Henry Ossawa Tanner from thirty feet away?" (Henry Ossawa Tanner is an obscure, and inspired, black

American painter of the late nineteenth century.)

"Steve! Steve!"

Steve blanched. A young woman loomed beside him, clutching a video camera. People turned from where they had been examining Hassam and Glackens. A few took a step or two forward, toward Steve.

"Just *hug* me and be in the video," the young woman said urgently. "My boyfriend will take us." She reached out to grab Steve's arm. He took a small step back. "I can't sign autographs in a museum," he repeated, robotically. "But here's my card."

The woman grabbed his arm again. Steve passed her a card and fled.

"Steve! *Steve!*" she called out mournfully as he fled down the corridor.

By now, a celebrity alert had been issued, as if by magic, through the entire museum. Within the next fifteen minutes, Steve was compelled to pass out his cards to a grandmotherly pair of women; six Korean tourists, who lined up in a row to receive them (Steve ran down the row, presenting cards like a checkroom attendant passing out coat checks, and the Koreans, one by one, bowed, from the waist, deeply honored); three young men ("It's the Jerk. *Look* at that jerk"); a couple of guards; three women who brightly and resolutely announced, while Steve was in the midst of discoursing on why he has mixed feelings about late de Kooning, that they hated to interrupt but wouldn't he please just write, "To Jennifer." Steve gave them a card, too.

The young woman with the video camera was still pursuing him, and as Steve dodged away she called out, "*Just hug me.* Be in the video."

Unable to look at the pictures in silence, Steve made his way glumly out of the museum.

On the steps, I asked him if it was always this bad.

"It's terrible. It's horrible," he said, more emphatic than I had ever heard him. "There is nothing good about it. What's so demoralizing is that it has *nothing* to do with me. It could be Oliver North. It could be *Jack Ruby*. It has *nothing* to do with my work. It becomes more and more abstract all the time. It has to do with recognition, and a weird kind of laying on of hands. It's not that your presence lets them get in touch with their fantasies. It's that your presence lets them get in touch with *reality*. I was in the Park, in New York, on my bicycle, the other week, and a bunch of kids were being really obnoxious. Not violent, really—just hassling people. I ignored them, and one of them said to my back, 'Hey, suck my dick.' So I turned around and said, '*Fuck off!*' The kid said, 'Hey. You're Steve Martin.' And I rode away. A week later, I was walking up Columbus Avenue, and I saw a girl coming toward me with her arms out and her face just glowing with pleasure. I thought, God, who is it? She came right up and said, 'Hey, you remember that guy you said "Fuck off" to in the Park last week? *I'm his sister!*' "

POEM ENDING WITH A LINE FROM DANTE

Snow coming in parallel to the street,
a cab spinning its tires (a rising whine
like a domestic argument, and then
the words get said that never get forgot),

slush and backed-up runoff waters at each
corner, clogged buses smelling of wet wool . . .
The acrid anger of the homeless swells
like wet rice. *This slop is where I live, bitch,*

a sogged panhandler shrieks to whom it may
concern. None who can hear him stall or turn,
there's someone's misery in all we earn.
But like a burr in a dog's coat his rage

has borrowed legs. We bring it home. It lives
like kin among the angers of the house,
and has the same sad zinc taste in the mouth:
And I have told you this to make you grieve.

—WILLIAM MATTHEWS

OCTOBER 22ND, the press opening of "Picasso at the Lapin Agile." To the degree that the acceptance of "Picasso at the Lapin Agile" as a play, and of Steve Martin as a playwright, can be affected by critical response, this is the crucial evening. Steve's party tonight includes David Hoberman, the president of Touchstone Pictures, which is the grownup division of Disney films; Michelle Bega, his press agent; and his new agent, Ed Limato. In the greenroom, Steve politely pours California wine into paper cups for everyone. Some of the guests have the slightly wary look of a baseball player's agent whose prize has decided, just this once, to circle the bases in the wrong direction: it may be fun to watch, but it's not something that they want to see him make a habit of.

The play has been in previews for the past nine days—since October 13th, when, with hardly an hour to spare, the little rehearsal space was transformed into a full-dress theatre, with seats on risers and a lighting board and a thrust stage. On that first night, after three weeks of rehearsals, some parts of the play worked better than they ever had on paper. But there were problems: the transitions between light and dark—farce and lyrical interlude—had seemed wrong. The more aberrant or tender or emotional passages had occasionally become black, bewildering holes in the middle of a Monty Python sketch, and Steve had been concerned about the nervousness that abrupt shifts in tone would produce in an audience. He hates and fears nervous laughter more than anything else in a performance. "You can feel it when the audience is trying too hard," he said after the first preview. "Comedy is about *perfect* relaxation. If an audience of friends is working a bit, then an audience of strangers is going to *have* to work, and then it's going to hate."

Tonight, for the press preview, the laughs begin at once: good, solid, and—to an amateur ear, anyway—unnervous. The last spectre of Tom Hanks' reading (which had somehow lingered in the play's collective unconscious, perhaps passed on to Randy's mind and Tim's by Steve) has been exorcised. Einstein now becomes the comic center of the play, Picasso the lyric center. Played at half speed—more slowly than ever before—the play is also much more relaxed in its humor. I think of Steve's belief in indirection: the play, to achieve the effect of breakneck comic speed, has had to be slowed down; it will play like farce because it is being played as drama.

The end works perfectly. Travis's nerves, as he makes his entrance as the Singer, come across as formality. Schmendiman's invention of "Cheese" gets a big laugh. Steve has rounded off some of the play's edges, and added some new ones. Now when Freddy asks "Why would an artist get cynical?" Picasso replies, "I think it's called marketing."

Steve has also added an odd, poetic coda. The entire cast engages in a singsong toast to the century. "Say goodbye to the age of indifference," Sagot says. "Say hello to the age of regret," the Singer replies. It creates a genuine hush in the audience. The applause, when it comes, is surprisingly deep. A few minutes later, in the dressing rooms, a Steppenwolf veteran demonstrates two kinds of applause: the hollow sound made by cupping the hands together and slapping them at right angles, and the scary, flop-sweat treble sound, produced by insincerely patting one palm on the other. "Picasso at the Lapin Agile" had got the premium sort.

The reviews came out on Monday morning, and they were mostly excellent. The Chicago *Sun-Times* said that "Martin's clever, poetic, meticulously structured comedy is a delight from start to finish," and concluded that the best thing about the play was "the knowledge that the gifted playwright has already been to Hollywood, so he can afford to continue working in the theatre." The movie critic Gene Siskel went on television and announced, "I wasn't planning on reviewing it until I saw it, but it's wonderful, so smart and so funny that I wanted to tell you about it." He finished his review by announcing, "The old saying is that art endures. Well, I think that 'Picasso at the Lapin Agile' will be around for a long time. It's a terrific play."

THE next morning, over breakfast, Steve seemed serene. "I've been in show business long enough to know that these things are never perfect," he said. "And this was. Everything came together. I thought that the emotional parts worked and the funny parts worked. The whole cast came together. I couldn't be happier. I can see this as the center of a creative life from now on. The funny thing is that just a few months ago I didn't see that what I wanted to accomplish in comedy was what I was moving toward in this play. I wanted to present one of those nights where all this stuff takes place, where you've compressed everything into one time frame—that feeling of energy that comes out of those nights. I get the feeling I've seen a night of ideas that theoretically *could* have taken place. I've also discovered a knack for finding lines that please me. In 'Roxanne' I really struggled with the balcony speech, and I *hate* it. Now the lines that I want seem to be coming effortlessly. I feel as if they weren't *influenced*—I don't know where they're coming from.

"I really see this now as my future. I'll write plays and appear in films. But I don't want to put my writing soul into movies anymore. When I finish a play, I go have a reading and a workshop. Then there's three weeks of looking at the thing with an audience, changing it all the time. When a movie is done, you can only take things out. With a play, you can always improve by inventing. I'm there with my word processor. And what's interesting about it is that only when you finally see the play do you realize what it is. And that might lead to greater insight down the line, to encourage whatever element in it makes it work. A play gets deeper as you go on; a movie just seems further from your first conception.

"You know what my two favorite comments on the play have been, though? I get these both again and again. 'When you say wrote it, do you mean you wrote *every word*?' And this one: 'You must have researched this a *lot* to get all the quotes.' " Steve laughed, easily and happily.

PUT UP WITH THY NEIGHBOR
Chon Day

LATER that day, I thought about Steve's announced desire to give up trying to make original movies. Much as I admired the play, and the seriousness of his ambitions, it seemed to me sad that he was—even if only for the moment and half rhetorically—thinking about giving up that part of his life. Steve Martin, after all, doesn't need to find the right art form. He has already found it. His ability to make more movies like "L.A. Story" and "Roxanne" seems limited only by his desire to make them.

"His price guarantees his freedom of action, but in order to have his freedom of action, he has to guarantee his price," one of Steve's friends had said to me. A price—the number that producers will pay him to appear in a movie (Steve's is said to be around six million dollars)—is a *position*, a sinecure, an appointment within the Church of Paligula, and to treat it cavalierly is to be seen to treat the system contemptuously. To throw doubt on the preferments is to throw doubt on the church itself. The pressures, from agents and fellow-performers, on someone like Steve Martin to remain within the confines of the Hollywood system are both subtle and enormous, and they are social and emotional as much as rational. (And it need hardly be said that the preferment brings with it a living; dreams of Homer watercolors are not likely to be made real by the royalties of the typical American playwright.) What might seem to an outsider the logical decision for Steve Martin—that he ought to make an original movie every eighteen months or so—had come to seem to him impossible, even though over time such a series of movies would certainly earn money, and maybe even more money than the series of big, hit-and-miss commercial entertainments that he will probably make instead.

It is possible—perhaps even likely—that Steve's plan to distance himself from creating his own movies will not turn out to be permanent. "Steve believes in planning, and, of course, you usually find that none of the plans work out," Lorne Michaels says. "I suspect that all kinds of things will have a much bigger impact on what he does than any plan he makes now. Steve is a guy who is better in adversity than he is in success, as all comedians are. You don't become a comedian because women are swooning and you were voted most popular. I think that he will find a way, or a way will find him, to make great comedies. I would watch what he does rather than what he says. He has to get away from it a bit to fall in love with it again. It's who he is. He's funny. At the end of the day, he's funny."

But the fact that Martin would even consider abdicating what seems to be one of the few completely admirable careers in American movies is telling. To vary the joke, Steve can do the big thing, and he can do the little thing, but he can't do the in-between thing. There may be no in-between thing left.

THAT evening, Steve shared a limo with Martin Short and Michelle Bega on the way to the gala opening. (Just a few minutes before, Marty had rushed up to Steve's table in the hotel dining room. "Hey, Steve. I've been out of touch," he said. Then he scanned the table in bafflement and, a little too loudly, called out, "Hey! *Where's the missus*?" Steve blanched in dismay, then broke up, and looked more relaxed than he had in weeks.) Now, in the car, Steve got on the phone with Marty's wife, Nancy, and told her, excitedly, about the press preview: "There were sixty-some critics there, and you could hear them stop taking notes—the pencils were just stopping in midstream."

Marty: "Cut to: banner headline, 'JERK JERKS OFF CHICAGO. COMEDIAN FLEES TOWN AFTER CRITICAL MASSACRE.' "

Steve: "Yeah, right."

Steve left the gala early with Marty and Michelle, and went back to the hotel lounge, where, even though he was exhausted and had to leave early in the morning, he insisted on staying up until midnight to sing "Happy Birthday" to Michelle, who would turn thirty-six the next day.

Marty Short, sipping cognac, was unusually subdued. "You know, it's *brilliant*," he had said earlier that night. "Steve began with the ironic style, and now he just builds and takes chances and extends it. He's always doing something that I never expected he could do, and then he does something more."

Now, as I watch Steve wait for midnight in characteristic silence, forcing himself to stay awake in order to celebrate his publicist's birthday, it strikes me that it is his silence, his formality—his *difficulty*—that in the end makes him seem so touching and so representative of his time. There is an integrity to his distances. His emotional life is always trying to find its way through the cracks in a façade of self-consciousness—a self-consciousness that comes in part from a natural remoteness but also from a distaste for all the ritualized emotion of show business.

Someone mentions Marty's recent, high-definition performance on the Letterman show. (He had done his Sinatra impression, singing to Dave that "Broadway is a lady.")

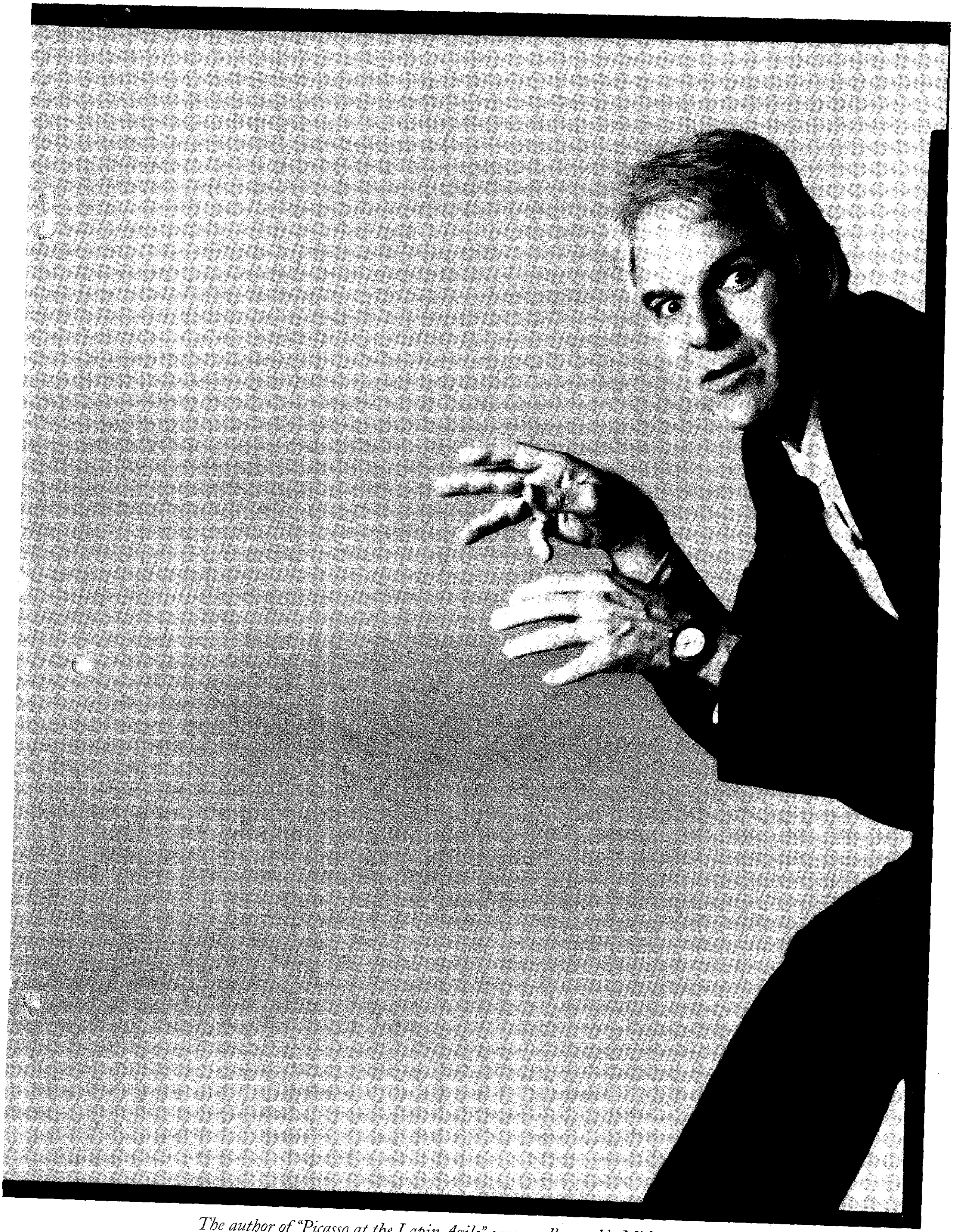
"I had an idea for when I go on Letterman," Steve says, suddenly and entirely "on." "It goes like this. I have him announce, very straight, that I'm going to do standup. Then I go out, and I say, 'Hey, do you know what I can't get over? It's the *varieties of soup you can find in a supermarket these days.* I mean, just the other day I was in the supermarket, and I found beef barley and vegetable noodle . . .' I just go on listing soups for about thirty seconds, and then I start mouthing words. You go to a taped voice-over, me thinking, Hey, this audience is *really* out of it. My new material is *way* over their heads. Then cut to Paul, shaking his head and saying, voiceover, 'Boy, he's really over the hill! Has he lost it!' Then Dave: 'I can't believe we had him on. Is he past it, or what?' Then back to me, and I'm thinking, This is a *night*mare. I'm dying. What ever made me think that this material would work? Then you flash back on video to me at the supermarket, piling soup into my cart and laughing with glee—a real eureka moment. Then me with the writers, holding up the soups, just *killing* them as I tell them about the bit . . ."

The table is alive with laughter. Suddenly, Steve sobers, becomes himself.

"There's no way out," he says abruptly. "I don't have an ending."

"Yeah, sure you just—well . . ." Marty ponders the bit, turns it this way and that in his mind, like a chess master confronted with an unplayable endgame.

"See?" Steve shrugs. "At first, I thought, Well, you can cut to Dave saying to himself, 'Hmm. Should I buy a Rembrandt or a Picasso?' But then how do I get over to the couch? There's no way out." More quietly, he says, "I *love* that line, though. 'My new material is *way* over their heads.' " He allows himself the luxury of a barely perceptible chuckle. "If I ever find an ending, I'll do it. It may take *years*." ♦



The author of "Picasso at the Lapin Agile" says goodbye to his Middle Period.

FICTION

SISTERS OF THE MOON

BY JENNIFER EGAN

Silas has a broken head. It happened sometime last night, outside The Limited on Geary and Powell. None of us saw. Silas says the fight was over a woman, and that he won it. "But you look like all bloody shit, my friend," Irish says, laughing, rolling the words off his accent. Silas says we should've seen the other guy.

He adjusts the bandage on his head and looks up at the palm trees, which make a sound over Union Square like it's raining. Silas has that strong kind of shape, like high-school guys who you know could pick you up and carry you like a bag. But his face is old. He wears a worn-out Army jacket, the pockets always fat with something. Once, he pulled out a silver thimble and pushed it into my hand, not saying one word. It can't be real silver, but I've kept it.

I think Silas fought in Vietnam. Once, he said, "It's 1974, and I'm still alive," like he couldn't believe it.

"So where is he?" Irish asks, full of humor. "Where is this bloke with half his face gone?"

Angel and Liz start laughing, I don't know why. "Where's this woman you fought for?" is what I want to ask.

Silas shrugs, grinning. "Scared him away."

San Francisco is ours, we've signed our name on it a hundred times: SISTERS OF THE MOON. On the shiny tiles inside the Stockton tunnel, across those buildings like blocks of salt on the empty piers near the Embarcadero. Silver plus another color, usually blue or red. Angel and Liz do the actual painting. I'm the lookout. While they're spraying the paint cans I get scared to death. To calm down, I'll say to myself, If the cops come, or if someone stops his car to yell at us, I'll just walk away from Angel and Liz, like I never saw them before in my life. Afterward, when the paint is wet and we bounce away on the balls of our feet, I get so ashamed, thinking, What if they knew? They'd probably ditch me, which would be worse than getting caught—even going to jail. I'd be all alone in the universe.

Most people walk through Union Square on their way someplace else. Secretaries, businessmen. The Park, we call it. But Silas and Irish and the rest are always here. They drift out, then come back. Union Square is their own private estate.

Watching over the Square like God is the St. Francis Hotel, with five glass elevators sliding up and down its polished face. Stoned, Angel and Liz and I spend hours sitting on benches with our heads back, waiting for the elevators to all line up on top. Down, up, down—even at 5 A.M. they're moving. The St. Francis never sleeps.

Angel and Liz expect to be famous, and I believe it. Angel just turned fifteen. I'm only five months younger, and Liz is younger than me. But I'm the baby of us. Smoking pot in Union Square, I still worry who will see.

We've been talking for a week about dropping acid. I keep stalling. Today we go ahead and buy it, from a boy with a runny nose and dark, anxious eyes. Across the street is I. Magnin, and I get a sick feeling that my stepmother is going to come out the revolving doors with packages under her arms. She's a buyer for the shoe department at Saks, and in the afternoon she likes to walk around and view the competition.

Angel leans against a palm tree, asking in her Southern voice if the acid is pure and how much we should take to get off and how long the high will last us. She's got her shirt tied up so her lean stomach shows. Angel came from Louisiana a year ago, with her mother's jazz band. I adore her. She goes wherever she wants, and the world just forms itself around her.

"What are you looking at?" Liz asks me. She's got short, curly black hair and narrow blue eyes.

"Nothing."

"Yes, you are," she says. "All the time. Just watching everything."

"So?"

"So, when are you going to do something?" She says it like she's joking.

I get a twisting in my stomach. "I don't know," I say. I glance at Angel, but she's talking to the dealer. At least she didn't hear us.

Liz and I look at I. Magnin. Her mother could walk out of there as easily as mine, but Liz doesn't care. I get the feeling she's waiting for something like that to happen, a chance to show Angel how far she can go.

We find Irish begging on Powell Street. "Can you spare any part of a million dollars?" he asks the world, spreading his arms wide. Irish has a big blond face and wavy hair and eyes that are almost purple—I mean it. One time, he says, he got a thousand-dollar bill—an Arab guy just handed it over. That was before we knew Irish.

"My lassies," he calls out, and we get the hug of those big arms, all three of us. He inhales from Angel's hair, which is dark brown and flips into wings on both sides of her face. She's still a virgin. In Angel this seems beautiful, like a precious glass bowl you can't believe didn't break yet. One time, in Union Square, this Australian guy took hold of her hair and pulled it back, back, so the tendons of her throat showed through the skin, and Angel was laughing at first and so was the guy, but then he leaned down and kissed her mouth and Irish knocked him away shouting, "Hey, motherfucker, can't you see she's still a child?"

"What nice presents have you brought?" Irish asks now.

Angel opens the bag to show the acid. I check around for cops and catch Liz watching me, a look on her face like she wants to laugh.

"When shall we partake?" Irish asks, reaching out with his cap to a lady in a green raincoat, who shakes her head like he should know better, then drops in a quarter. Irish could have any kind of life, I think—he just picked this one.

"Not yet," Angel says. "Too light."

"Tonight," Liz says, knowing I won't be there.

Angel frowns. "What about Tally?"

I look down, startled and pleased to be remembered.

"Tomorrow?" Angel asks me.

I can't help pausing for a second, holding this feeling of everyone waiting for my answer. Then someone singing "Gimme Shelter" distracts them. I wish I'd just said it.

"Tomorrow's fine."

THE singer turns out to be a guy named Fleece, who I don't know. I mean I've seen him, he's part of the gang of Irish and Silas and them who hang out in the Park. Angel says these guys are in their thirties, but they look older than that and act younger, at least around us. There are women, too, with red eyes and heavy makeup, and mostly they act loud and happy, but when they get dressed up, there are usually holes in their stockings, or at least a run. They don't like us—Angel especially.

Angel hands me the acid bag to hold while she lights up a joint. Across the Park I see three cops walking—I can almost hear the squeak of their boots. I cover the bag with my hand. I see Silas on another bench. His bandage is already dirty.

"Tally's scared," Liz says. She's watching me, that expression in her eyes like the laughter behind them is about to come pushing out.

The others look at me, and my heart races. "I'm not."

In Angel's eyes I see a flash of cold. Scared people make her moody, like they remind her of something she wants to forget. "Scared of what?" she says.

"I'm not."

Across the Square, Silas adjusts the bandage over his eyes. Where is this woman he fought for, I wonder. Why isn't she with him now?

"I don't know," Liz says. "What're you scared of, Tally?"

I look right at Liz. There's a glittery challenge in her eyes but also something else, like she's scared, too. She hates me, I think. We're friends, but she hates me.

Irish tokes from the joint in the loudest way, like it's a tube connecting him to the last bit of oxygen on earth. When he exhales, his face gets white. "What's she scared of?" he says, and laughs faintly. "The world's a bloody terrifying place."

AT home that night I can't eat. I'm too thin, like a little girl, even though I'm fourteen. Angel loves to eat, and I know that's how you get a figure, but my body feels too small. It can't hold anything extra.

"How was school?" my stepmother asks.

"Fine."

"Where have you been since then?"

"With Angel and those guys. Hanging around." No one seems to notice my Southern accent.

My father looks up. "Hanging around doing what?"

"Homework."

"They're in biology together," my stepmother explains.

Across the table, the twins begin to whimper. As he leans over their baby heads, my father's face goes soft—I see it even through his beard. The twins are three years old, with bright-red hair. Tomorrow I'll tie up my shirt, I think, like Angel did. So what if my stomach is white?

"I'm spending the night tomorrow," I say. "At Angel's."

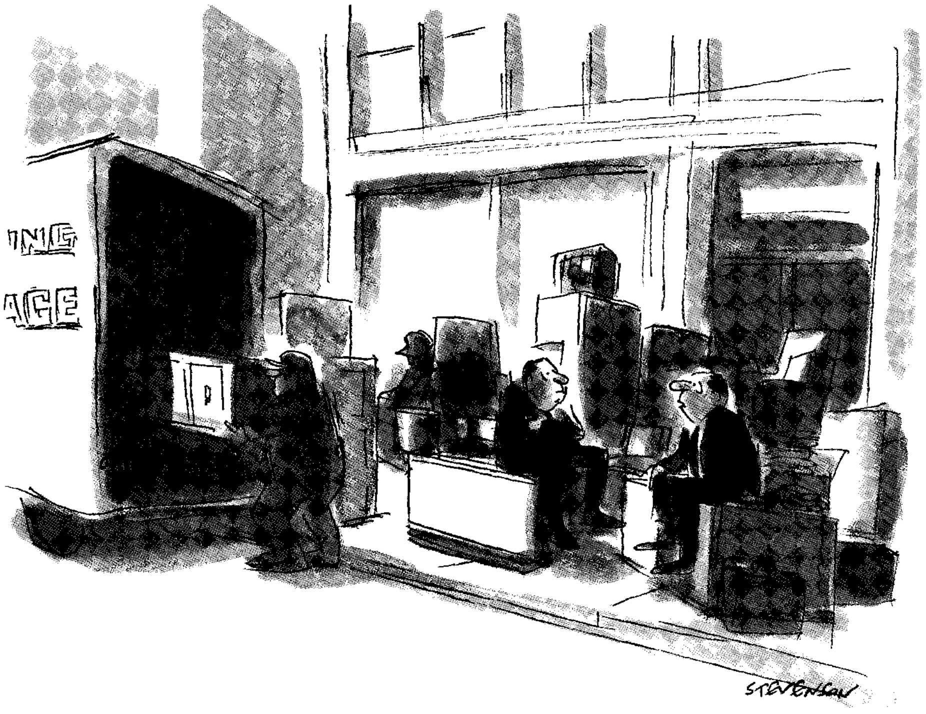
He wipes applesauce from the babies' mouths. I can't tell if he means to refuse or is just distracted. "Tomorrow's Saturday," I tell him, just in case.

WE spend all day at Angel's, preparing. Her mom went to Mexico with the band she plays violin for, and won't be back for a month. Candles, powdered incense from the Mystic Eye, on Broadway, a paint set, sheets of creamy paper, Pink Floyd records stacked by the stereo, and David Bowie, and Todd Rundgren, and "Help Me," of course—Joni Mitchell's new hit, which we worshipped.

Angel lives six blocks from Union Square, in a big apartment south of Market Street, with barely any walls. A foil pyramid hangs from the ceiling over her bed. All day we keep checking the Square for Irish, but he's disappeared.

At sundown we go ahead without him. Candles on the windowsills, the white rug vacuumed. We cut the pills with a knife, and each of us takes one-third of all three, so we're sure to get the same dose. I'm terrified. It seems wrong that such a tiny thing could do so much. But I feel Liz watching me, waiting for one wrong move, and I swallow in silence.

Then we wait. Angel does yoga, arching her back, pressing her palms to the floor with her arms bent. I've never seen anyone so limber. The hair rushes from her head in a flood of black, like it could



"I don't get it. Our first three quarters were excellent."

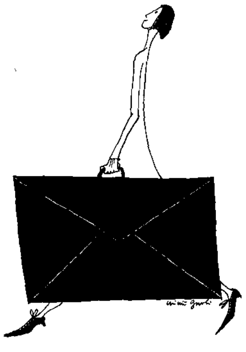
stain the rug. Liz's eyes don't move from her.

When the acid starts to work, we all lie together on her mother's huge four-poster bed, Angel in the middle. She holds one of our hands in each of hers. Angel has the kind of skin that tans in a minute, and beautiful, snaking veins. I feel the blood moving in her. We wave our hands above our faces and watch them leave trails. I feel Angel warm beside me and think how I'll never love anyone this much, how without her I would disappear.

The city at night is full of lights and water and hills like piles of sand. We struggle to climb them. Empty cable cars totter past. The sky is a sheet of black paper with tiny holes poked in it. The Chinatown sidewalks smell like salt and flesh. It's 3 A.M. Planes drift overhead like strange fish.

Market Street, a steamy puddle at every curb. We find our way down alleys, our crazy eyes making diamonds of the shattered glass that covers the streets and sidewalks. Nothing touches us. We float under the orange street lamps. My father, the twins—everything but Angel and Liz and me just fades into nothing, the way the night used to disappear when my real mother tucked me into bed, years ago.

In the Broadway Tunnel I grab for the spray cans. "Let me," I cry, breathless. Angel and Liz are too stoned to care. We have green and silver. I hold one can in each fist, shake them up, and spray huge, round letters, like jaws ready to swallow me. I breathe in the paint fumes and they taste like honey. Tiny dots of cool paint fall on my face and eyelashes and stay there. Traffic ricochets past, but I don't care tonight—I don't care. In the middle of painting I turn to Angel and Liz and cry, "This is it, this is it!" and they nod excitedly, like they already knew, and then I start to cry. We hug in the Broadway Tunnel. "This is it," I sob, clinging to Angel and Liz, their warm shoulders. I hear them crying, too, and think, It will be like this always. From now on, nothing can divide us.



It seems like hours before I notice the paint cans still in my hands and finish the job. SISTERS OF THE MOON.

It blazes.

We make our way to Union Square. Lo and behold, there is Irish, holding court with a couple of winos and a girl named Pamela, who I've heard is a prostitute. Irish looks different tonight—he's got big, swashbuckling sleeves that flap like sails in the wind. He's grand. As we walk toward him, blinking in the liquidy light, an amazement at his greatness overwhelms us. He is a great man, Irish. We're lucky to know him.

Irish scoops Angel into his arms. "My beloved," he says. "I've been waiting all night for you." And he kisses her full on the lips—a deep, long kiss that Angel seems at first to resist. Then she relaxes, like always. I feel a small, sharp pain, like a splinter of glass in my heart. But I'm not surprised. It was always going to happen, I think. We were always waiting.

Angel and Irish draw apart and look at each other. Liz hovers near them. Pamela gets up and walks away, into the shadows. I sit on the bench with the winos and stare up at the St. Francis Hotel.

"You're high," Irish says to Angel. "So very high."

"What about you? Your pupils are gone," she says.

Irish laughs. He laughs and laughs, opening up his mouth like the world could fit in it. Irish might live on the streets, but his teeth are white. "I'll see you in Heaven," he says.

On the St. Francis Hotel the glass elevators float. Two reach the top and two more rise slowly to join them. They hang there, all four, and I hold my breath as the fifth approaches and will the others not to move until it gets there. I keep perfectly still, pushing the last one up with my eyes until it reaches the top, and there they are, in a perfect line, all five.

I turn to show Angel and Liz, but they're gone. I see them walking away with Irish, Angel in the middle, Liz clutching at her arm like the night could pull them apart. It's Liz who looks back at me. Our eyes meet, and I feel like she's talking out loud, I understand so perfectly. If I move fast, now, I can keep her from winning. But the thought makes me tired. I don't move. Liz turns away. I think I see a bouncing in her steps, but I stay where I am.

They turn to ghosts in the darkness and vanish. My teeth start to chatter. It's over. Angel is gone, I think, and I start to cry. She just walked away.

Then I hear a rushing noise. It's a sound like time passing, years racing past, so all of a sudden I'm much older, a grownup woman looking back to when she was a girl in Union Square. And then I realize that even if Angel never thinks of me again, at some point I'll get up and walk back home.

The winos have drifted off. By my Mickey Mouse watch it's 5 A.M. I notice someone crossing the Square—it's Silas, the dirty bandage still around his head. I yell out to him.

He comes over slowly, like it hurts to walk. He sits down next to me. For a long time we just sit, not talking. Finally I ask, "Was it really over a woman?"

Silas shakes his head. "Just a fight," he says. "Just another stupid fight."

I straighten my legs, so my sneakers meet in front of me. They're smudged, but still white. "I'm hungry," I say.

"Me, too," Silas says. "But everything's closed." Then he says, "I'm leaving town."

"To where?"

"South Carolina. My brother's store. Called him up today."

"How come?"

"Had enough," he says. "Just finally had enough."

I know there's something I should say, but I don't know what. "Is he nice," I ask, "your brother?"

Silas grins. I see the young part of him then, the kind of mischief boys have. "He's the meanest bastard I know."

"What about Irish?" I ask. "Won't you miss Irish and those guys?"

"Irish is a dead man."

I stare at Silas.

"Believe it," he says. "In twenty years, no one will remember him."

Twenty years. In twenty years I'd be thirty-four years old, my stepmother's age. It would be 1994. And suddenly I think, Silas is right—Irish is dead. And Angel, too, and maybe even Liz. Right now is their perfect, only time. It will sweep them away. But Silas was always outside it.

I put my hand in my pocket and find

the thimble. I pull it out. "You gave me this," I tell him.

Silas looks at the thimble like he's never seen it. Then he says, "That's real silver."

Maybe he wants it back to sell, for his trip to South Carolina. I leave the thimble in my hand, so that if Silas wants it he can just take it. But he doesn't. We both look at the thimble. "Thanks," I say.

We lean back on the bench. My high is wearing off. I have a feeling in my chest like feathers, like a bird waking up and brushing against my ribs. The elevators rise and fall, like signals.

"Always watching," Silas says, looking at me. "Those big eyes, always moving."

I nod, ashamed. "But I never do anything," I say. And all of a sudden I know, I know why Angel left me.

Silas frowns. "Sure you do. You watch," he says, "which is what'll save you."

I shrug. But the longer we sit, the more I realize he's right—what I do is watch. I'm like Silas, I think. In twenty years I'll still be alive.

On one side the sky is getting light, like a lid is being lifted up. I watch it, trying to see the day coming, but I can't. All of a sudden the sky is just bright.

"I wonder what people will look like in 199[illegible]" I say.

Silas considers. "Twenty years? Probably look like us again."

"Like you and me?" I'm disappointed.

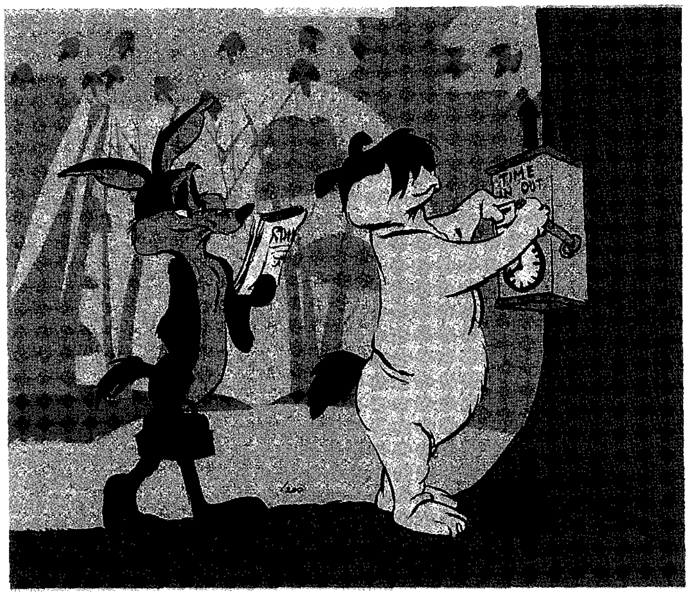
"Oh, yeah," Silas says, with a wry grin. "Wishing they'd been here the first time."

I look at the blue bandanna tied around his wrist, his torn-up jeans and Army jacket with a Grateful Dead skull on one pocket. When I'm thirty-four, tonight will be a million years ago, I think—the St. Francis Hotel and the rainy palm-tree sounds, Silas with the bandage on his head—and this makes me see how everything now is precious, how someday I'll know I was lucky to be here. "I'll remember Irish," I say, loudly. "I'll remember everyone. In twenty years."

Silas looks at me curiously. Then he touches my face, tracing my left cheekbone almost to my ear. His finger is warm and rough, and I have the thought that to Silas my skin must feel soft. He studies the paint on the tip of his finger, and smiles. He shows me. "Silver," he says. ♦

SCRAPBOOK • BY CHUCK JONES

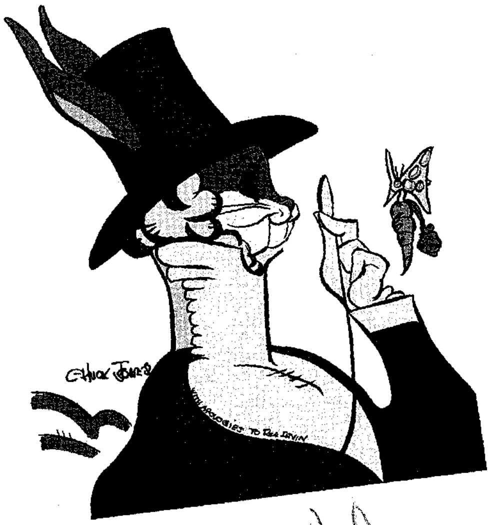
THE THRILL OF THE CHASE

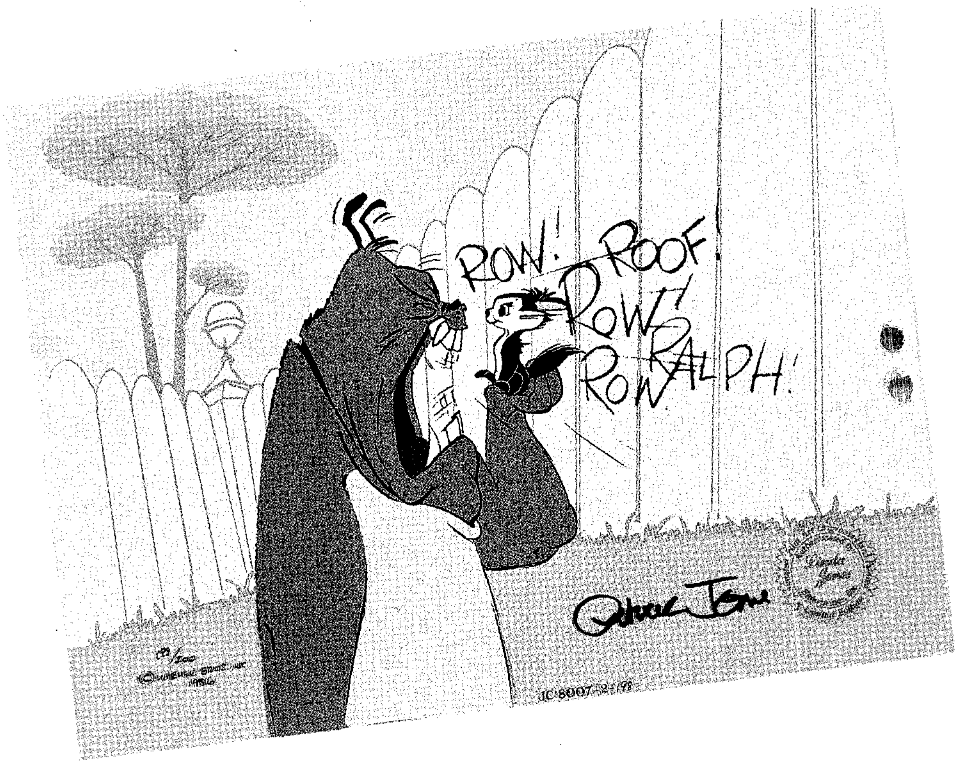


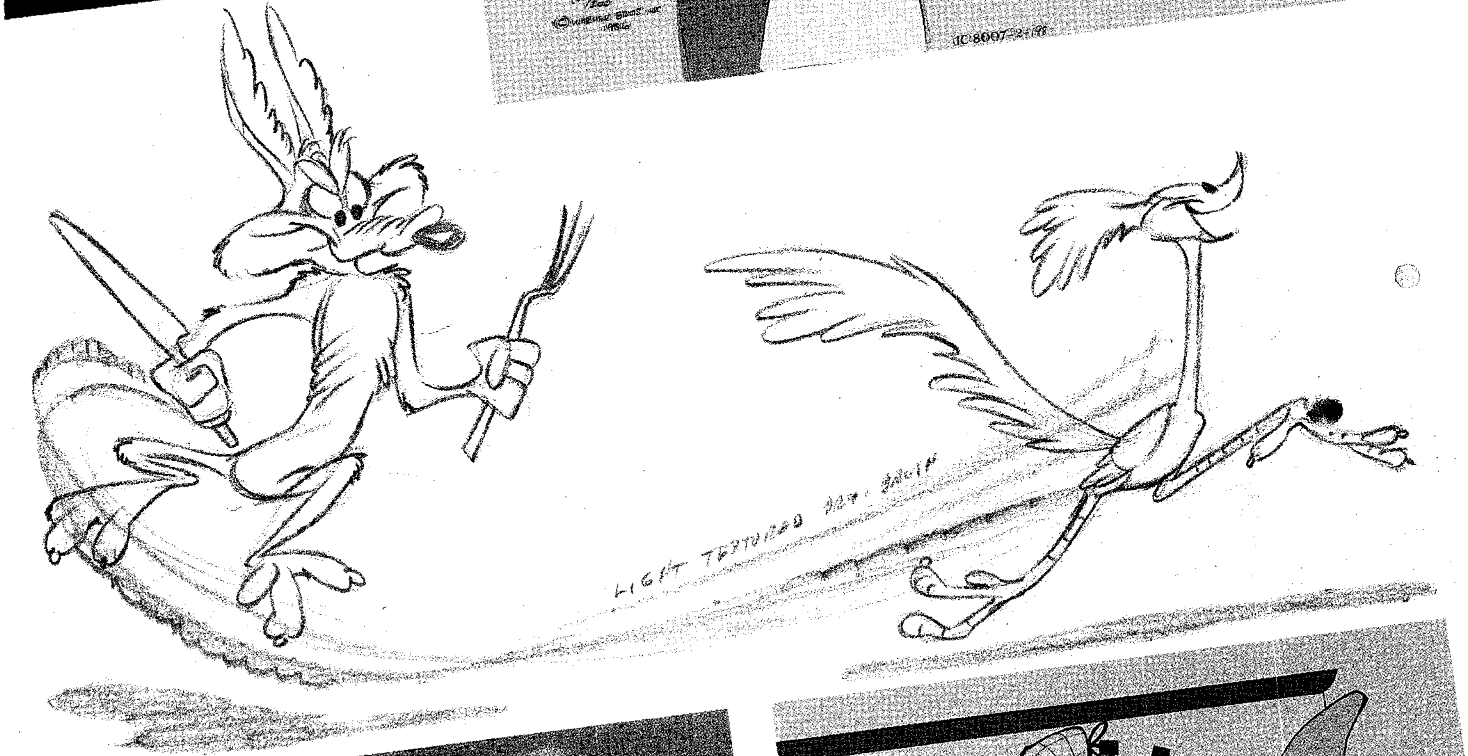
On the face of it, the idea of mounting a museum retrospective of the work of Chuck Jones seems crazy, quixotic. You can't help feeling that if the sponsors and the curator of "Chuck Jones: An Animated Life"—an exhibition at the Capital Children's Museum, in Washington, D.C.—really understood the meaning of their subject's art they wouldn't even *try* to capture its essence within four institutional walls. This artist is, after all, the creator of Wile E. Coyote and the Road Runner, who, in dozens of cartoons directed by Jones between the late forties and the early sixties, acted out a relationship that should give pause to all those (critics included) foolish enough to believe that diligently applied brainpower is any guarantee of worldly success. The Coyote, fiendishly ingenious, rigs up one elaborate mechanical device after another in the attempt to trap or squash the infuriatingly cheerful prey, but nothing ever works: the bird always beep-beeps serenely into the distance, as if he knew that speed and sheer insouciance are the best protection against capture—that constant, furious motion is what makes survival possible, and even fun.

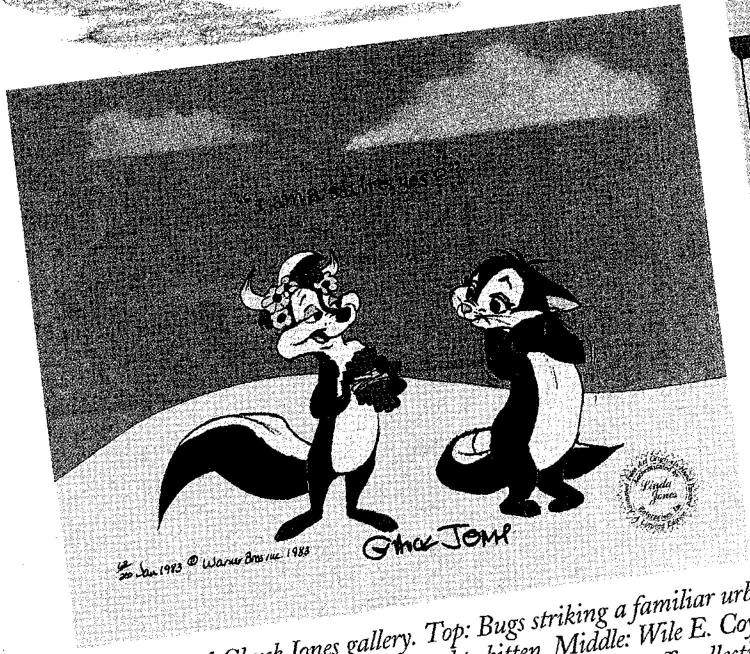
As a director of animated shorts for Warner Brothers (and, briefly, for M-G-M), Jones would do hundreds of sketches for each six-minute cartoon, and his crew—which usually included the writer Michael Maltese, the background designer Maurice Noble, and four or five animators—would then help him turn these drawn stories into seamless, fast-paced comedies, such as "One Froggy Evening," "Duck Amuck," "Bully for Bugs," "Feed the Kitty," and "What's Opera, Doc?" Jones's drawings were never meant to be framed and nailed to walls, and, by rights, they should look forlornly inert there, like baseballs that were once propelled by Nolan Ryan or Bob Feller and now repose, lifeless and ordinary, in glass cases in Cooperstown. But, happily for the Children's Museum, these pencil sketches are so bold and so dynamic that the figures in them appear ready to zoom right out of the frame. Every pose that Jones draws has an unfinished, forward-looking quality—it's not a tableau of completed action but a promise of action still to come. The antsy, unkillable vitality of Jones's draftsmanship is an indication of what sets him apart from every other cartoon director—a signature that's the visual equivalent of the elusive musical concept called swing. A single line drawn by Chuck Jones implies hilarious movement the way a single note played by Louis Armstrong or Lester Young implies irresistible rhythms.

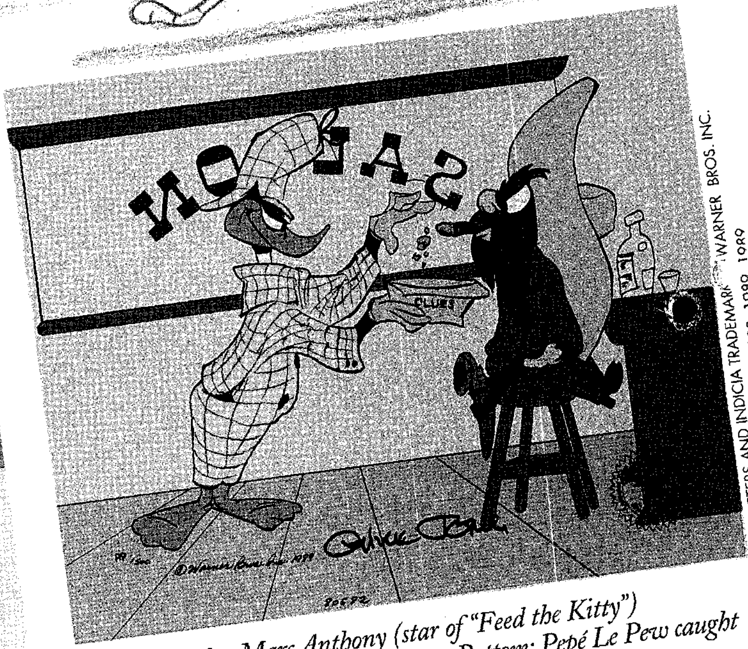
—TERRENCE RAFFERTY




ROW! ROOF!
ROWF
ROW
RALPH!

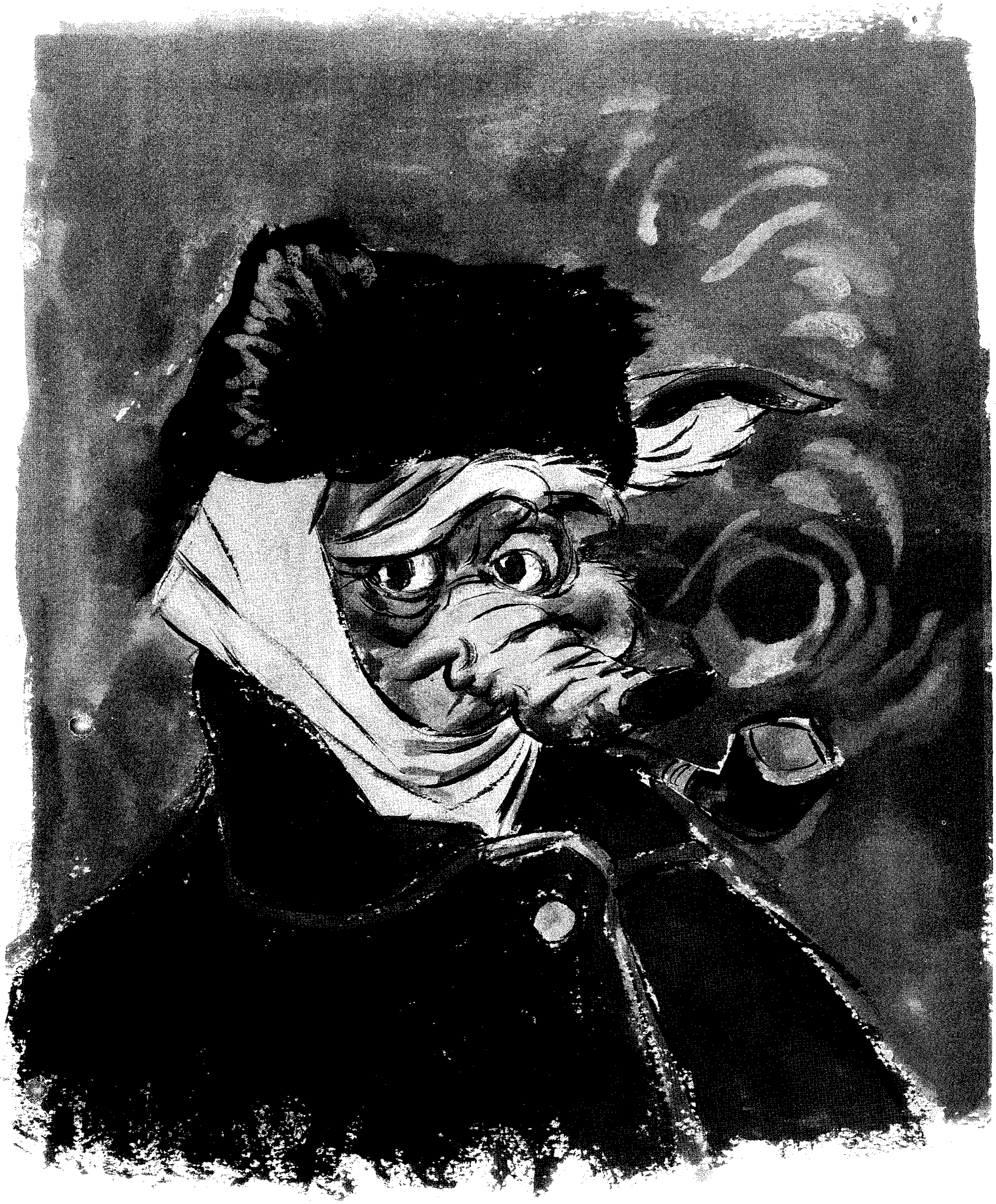

LIGHT TEXTURED DRY BRUSH





A Chuck Jones gallery. Top: Bugs striking a familiar urbane pose; the bulldog Marc Anthony (star of "Feed the Kitty") giving a piece of his mind to a naughty kitten. Middle: Wile E. Coyote and the Road Runner being themselves. Bottom: Pepé Le Pew caught in fragrante with an unidentified friend; Daffy collecting evidence against Friz Freleng's dethpicable Yosemite Sam.

CHARACTERS AND INDICIA TRADEMARK WARNER BROS. INC.



VINCENT VAN COYOTE

In recent years, Jones, who is eighty-one, has largely devoted himself to non-movie projects, including a children's book, "William the Backwards Skunk"; an autobiography, "Chuck Amuck"; and a series of lithographs of Warner Brothers characters as famous artists might have rendered them. This study of Wile E. Coyote shows the subject ravaged by existential despair—or maybe by another defective gadget from the Acme Company.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE INVISIBLE ENEMY

Almost every nation that has seen war in recent decades shares in the devastating burden of the millions of land mines left buried around the world. President Clinton is due to extend a ban on mine exportation, but there is no effective arms-control agreement yet on what one expert calls "a weapon of mass destruction in slow motion."

BY JOHN RYLE

ROUTE 10 in western Cambodia leads from Battambang, the capital of Battambang Province and the country's second-largest city, to mountains near the Thai border, where a militarized zone, controlled by the Khmer Rouge, begins. Battambang Province is Cambodia's most fertile: its paddy fields keep Phnom Penh, the capital, supplied with rice; orange groves and pocket-size sugarcane plantations line the banks of the Sangke River, which runs, red with silt from deforested hills on the border, to the fisheries of Tonle Sap, the great lake at the heart of the country. In the nineteen-seventies, the Khmer Rouge imposed their homicidal vision of an agrarian Utopia on Battambang; today, under the uncertain rule of a new governing coalition in Phnom Penh, the natural resources of the province have made it the destination of choice for many of the hundreds of thousands of Cambodians who have returned from refugee camps in Thailand.

Motorcycles and scooters ply the thirty-five-mile stretch of Route 10 between Battambang and the start of the militarized zone; oxcarts laden with timber for roof beams creak toward the provincial capital; the white four-wheel-drive Toyota Land Cruisers of UNTAC, the United Nations Transitional Authority in Cambodia, which is in the process of handing over administrative responsibility to the newly elected government, career up and down the unsurfaced road in clouds of dust. But the villages along Route 10 live in the shadow of death: surviving buildings are pockmarked by shells fired in the not yet resolved to-and-fro of fighting between the Khmer Rouge and the former government Army, now part of the forces of the governing coalition; bullets and shrapnel are embedded in the trunks of sugar palms and silk-cotton trees; unexploded rockets and shells lie strewn on the ground. And this visible detritus of war is the outward sign of an even grimmer and more enduring legacy—a legacy that makes the prospect of peace almost meaningless. All over the province—and in every other province of western Cambodia—on roads and woodland paths, in orchards and paddy fields, around hills, on approaches to bridges, and along the sides of dikes and culverts, lie thousands upon thousands of unmarked land mines, hidden, armed, and ready to maim or kill anyone who walks where one is buried, or disturbs an invisible filament running through undergrowth to a striker pin in a pencil-thin fuse.

Over the past two decades, mines have been responsible for tens of thousands of peacetime deaths and injuries throughout the world. A State Department report that was published just last July gives a current global toll of a hundred and fifty casualties a week, most of them civilian. In a score of countries, mines are a principal obstacle to a return to normal life: an environmental hazard, a drain on health services, a block to economic rehabilitation, and a constant source of fear. Unlike nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, mines are subject to no effective convention or arms-control agreement. Since the nineteen-sixties, they have, largely unnoticed, become one of the most ubiquitous weapons in the world. The July State Department report estimates that, all told, there are from sixty-five million to a hundred and ten million land mines in the ground today. Kenneth Anderson, the director of the Arms Project of Human Rights Watch, which since 1986 has been chronicling the rise in mine warfare, describes land mines as "a weapon of mass destruction in slow motion."

ONE morning last February, toward the end of the cool, dry season in Cambodia, I joined a group of mine-clearance specialists from the Mines Advisory Group, a British organization, on a trip to a village on Route 10 called Beng Ampil, in Rattanak Mondul district, halfway between Battambang and the Thai border. Beng Ampil—the Lake of the Tamarind Tree—is typical of hundreds of rural centers in the province: it consists of a cluster of houses around a *wat*, or Buddhist temple-monastery, with a triple-tiered shingle roof and zigzag gable ends; a grove of mango trees; and a few roadside stalls selling fruit and vegetables and cigarettes. Near Beng Ampil is an overcrowded settlement site for displaced inhabitants of the militarized zone and returnees from the refugee camps in Thailand. Half a mile from the *wat*, a newly constructed dam and reservoir shimmered in the midday heat.

Less than twenty minutes after we arrived, there was an explosion near the reservoir. A pillar of black smoke rose in the air. Villagers started running toward the dam on paths along earth berms between the paddy fields. Small children were fleeing from the site of the blast. As the smoke cleared, a prone figure, unconscious and bleeding, could be seen. An old man was trying to make his way there but was being restrained by fellow-villagers. The victim, it turned out, was his seventeen-year-old son. He had been trying to defuse a Vietnamese-made apple mine, a crude steel sphere with a core of TNT—one of several such mines he had found while clearing the family's fields for cultivation.

He was dragged onto a path and carried to the road on a makeshift stretcher rigged from a hammock and a rough-hewn pole. The blast had blinded him. His stomach had been ripped open, and his intestines spilled onto the ground. Shards from the mine had torn through protective mottoes from Pali scriptures which were tattooed across his chest. As the rescue party—now a funeral cortège—reached the *wat*, his mother and sisters began keening and crying out his name: Vorn. He was not the first member of his family to die this way; his brother and his sister's husband had both been killed by mines in the past year. Mines had also been responsible for the loss of half of a small herd of water buffalo, which was the family's only asset.

ប្រយ័ត្នគ្រាប់មីន!!
Danger!! Mines!!

Warnings are posted throughout Cambodia, where an estimated four million land mines are deployed—one for every two Cambodians.

Vorn was cremated that night. The body of another youth, Ngeth Bros, from a nearby village, lay on a pyre beside his. Bros had stepped on a mine at almost the same moment as Vorn, about three miles away, on a path in the woods. He had been gathering bamboo and firewood with a friend, Horn Hong, and Hong's younger brother, Horn Hom. In Cambodia, stretches of woodland, like dikes between fields, are often mined, to prevent them from offering cover to advancing troops. Woodcutting, though, is practically the only source of income for villagers in the dry season. As the three young men were crossing a stream, with Bros in the lead and Horn Hong and Horn Hom following, Bros stepped on a buried mine. It severed his right foot. Hong went forward and tied his head scarf on his friend's leg as a tourniquet, and then, moving back onto the path, he, too, stepped on a mine, and the lower part of one of his legs was shattered.

Hom moved forward cautiously toward the two older youths. Crouching, looking for trip wires, probing obliquely with a stick, he uncovered twenty more mines in the four metres that separated him from the others. They were all the Chinese Type 72, a palm-size plastic drum, with a dark-green rubber pressure pad on top, which contains just over thirty grams of high explosive. The Type 72 is detonated by a convex carbon-fibre diaphragm that buckles under anything greater than eleven pounds of pressure. Cambodians call this mine *ungkaip*, the frog, because of the "crick-crack" noise the diaphragm makes the instant before it detonates.

After a half hour of probing and crawling, Hom managed to get close to his brother. He placed the mines he had removed by the side of the path. At that moment, Bros regained consciousness. Seeing Hong injured and immobile, he thought that his friend had died. He shouted to Hom to stay back, and said he didn't want to live, not as a cripple, as a beggar, with his best friend dead. He told Hom to say goodbye to his family for him. Then he crawled toward the pile of mines that Hom had collected and threw himself on top of them, taking the full blast in his body, and dying instantly.

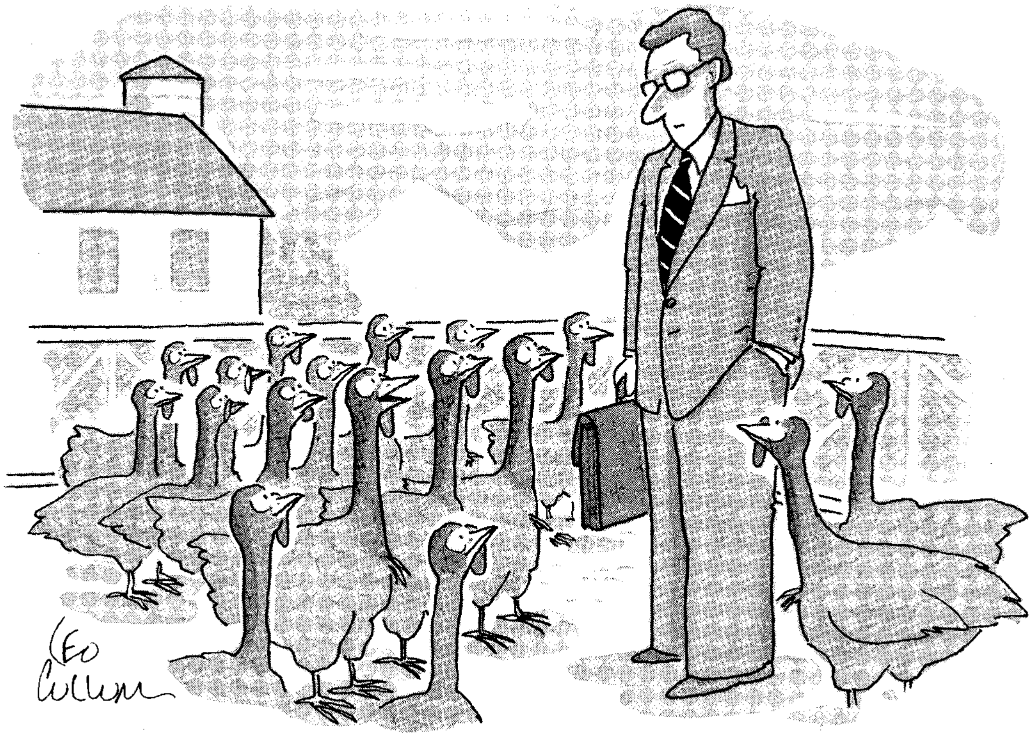
Hom sat by his unconscious brother, shaking, blackened by the explosions, poisoned by the smoke. Finally, he dragged Hong out of the minefield, back along the corridor he had cleared, and pulled him to the road in their oxcart. A motorcycle taxi took them to the Rattanak Mondul district hospital. From there, Hong was taken by ambulance to the civilian provincial hospital in Battambang, twenty miles along Route 10. That night, his leg was amputated below the knee.

I met the two brothers at the hospital in Battambang the next day. Hom told me the story; Hong could barely speak. He lay on a reed mat on a metal bedstead, leaning his head against a bloodstained wall; the bandaged stump of his leg was raised in the air to ease the pain. His mother sat beside him, holding in her hand a prescription for painkillers, which the family could not afford to fill. If Hong's leg was not infected, he would, with luck, be fitted with an artificial foot at a prosthetics center that had recently been established in Battambang by the International Committee of the Red Cross. If the stump was infected, as was often the case, the limb would be reamputated above the knee in a procedure known in surgeons' argot as a salami amputation, because slices are removed until an uninfected area is reached. As for Hom, he had been luckier than he knew. None of the mines he had come across were Type 72-A's, though these are often deployed alongside Type 72s in order to prevent their removal. The 72-A is visually indistinguishable from the Type 72 but comes equipped with an electronic anti-handling device—a mechanism that detonates the mine if it is tilted more than ten degrees from the horizontal.

In Rattanak Mondul, a district whose population had risen to twenty-two thousand by the beginning of 1993 as a result of the return of refugees and internally displaced people, there were forty-eight recorded mine incidents involving civilians in a three-month period last year. Many of the victims were children. Twenty-five of the forty-eight died; the rest lost one foot, or both feet, or a leg, or both legs, or an arm, or an eye. For every recorded death, there were undoubtedly several that went unrecorded. Bros and Vorn did not make it into the body count, because they never made it to a hospital. The day that Bros and Vorn died and Hong lost his foot was an average day in Beng Ampil.

Cambodia and Afghanistan are the

COURTESY OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE RED CROSS



"We'd like to promote the concept of a nontraditional Thanksgiving."

countries most afflicted by land mines, but almost every country or region where there has been a war in the last few decades, and particularly a civil war, is now faced with an intractable mine problem. Laos, Vietnam, Sri Lanka, Burma, Iraqi Kurdistan, Kuwait, Somalia, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Sudan, Rwanda, Western Sahara, Liberia, Angola, Mozambique, Nicaragua, El Salvador, the Falkland Islands—one out of three countries in the world—are mined. New wars create new areas of mine deployment. In the former Yugoslavia, and in Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, and Tajikistan, land mines are routinely used by all sides. The July State Department report estimates that some three million mines have been laid during the current Balkan war alone.

ACCORDING to a report just published by the Arms Project of Human Rights Watch and Physicians for Human Rights, the three biggest manufacturers of antipersonnel mines in recent years are probably the former Soviet Union, China, and Italy. Together, these countries are responsible for a good part of the five million to ten million mines produced annually in the world. Many of these mines are sold to other countries, mostly in the Third World. Last year, the United States, also a major manufacturer, banned the export of antipersonnel mines, but vast numbers of American-made mines remain in circulation. A typical example is the Claymore M18, a directional-fragmentation mine that has been manufactured since the nineteen-sixties by a number of companies under contract to the United States Department of Defense—most notably by Thiokol, in Shreveport, Louisiana—and is now copied worldwide. (Molded into its convex polystyrene and fibreglass casing is the helpful inscription "FRONT TOWARD ENEMY.") According to Defense Department records, Claymores were among the six hundred thousand American antipersonnel mines exported to unspecified parties in Cambodia between 1969 and 1992. The ADAM (area-denial artillery munition), which is delivered by howitzer, and which was used in the Gulf War, is the brainchild of this country's leading mine manufacturer—Alliant Techsystems, a former Honeywell subsidiary, of Edina, Minnesota. American manufacturers have exported only a hundred and fifty thousand mines since 1983, but in the fifteen years before that American firms shipped more than four million mines to more than thirty countries, the chief among them being Iran, Cambodia, Thailand, and Chile.

The first contact-detonated mines were developed by sappers—military engineers—in Europe after the First World War, to counter a new development in warfare: the tar[illegible] But early antitank mines were bulky and thus easily detect[illegible] by the enemy, so smaller devices, containing a pound or so of explosive, which could be triggered by a footstep or a trip wire, were deployed alongside them. These were the first antipersonnel mines, and in the Second World War they were laid by the million. (Fifty years later, in Europe and North Africa, they are still claiming victims.) Two basic designs were developed, fragmentation mines and blast mines, and two methods of detonating them, trip wires and pressure plates. The Vietnamese device that killed Vorn was a trip-wire-activated fragmentation mine, recycled from part of an American BLU-24 cluster bomb. Its outer surface is grooved like a hand g[illegible]nade's, so that it splinters when the explosive within is detonated. Some other fragmentation mines contain hundreds of ball bearings or tiny steel cubes—ready-made shrapnel, which is distributed at high velocity by the explosion. The Type 72 that killed Ngeth Bros and crippled Horn Hong was a pressure-triggered blast mine. (In this case, just ten pounds of pressure caused the detonation, but pressure plates usually have a higher setting, to keep the mine from being expended on a small animal.) The destructive force of a blast mine depends primarily on the initial explosion, with secondary wounds and infections caused by fragmentation [illegible]f the casing and by soil and small pieces of shoes, clothing, and shattered bone that are driven by the blast into the victim's flesh. Antipersonnel mines of both types are typically smaller than a hand's breadth.

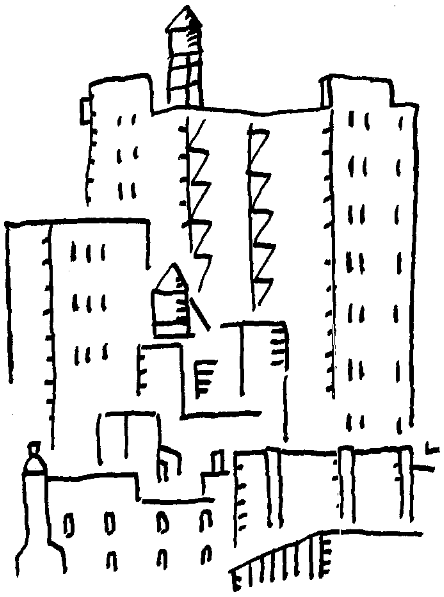
Beyond their function in guarding antitank mines, antipersonnel mines were seen to have a uniquely demoralizing effect on infantry: a single mine can not only put one or more soldiers out of action but can also bring other soldiers sharply up against the prospect that they might be similarly injured at any moment. A specification sheet issued by the export division of the government-owned Pakistan Ordnance Factories, near Islamabad, makes this a selling point for its P4 Mk2, a mine similar to the Type 72. "The mine has been designed with a view to disable personnel," it reads. "Operating research has shown that it is better to disable the enemy than to kill him. A wounded man requires medical attention, conveyance and evacuation to the rear, [and] thus causes disturbances in the traffic lines of the combat area. Also, a wounded person has a detrimental psychological effect on his fellow soldiers." The unit price of the P4 mine, which has been exported on a large scale to Somalia and Afghanistan, is six dollars and seventy-five cents.

"From a military point of view, a mine is a very handy weapon; it fills a role no other weapon can," says Paul Jefferson, a bomb-disposal expert and a former member of the British Royal Engineers Corps. "A Khmer Rouge general once called it the perfect soldier—ever courageous, never sleeps, and never misses. The economy of mines is very pleasing. They're a small, simple, cheap weapon with a phenomenal multiplier effect."

Jefferson knows the meaning of this phrase all too well. He was blinded by a mine explosion during a mine-clearance operation in Kuwait in 1992. He walks with difficulty, owing to leg injuries, and his face is crosshatched with blue shrapnel scars. "We were in a mines dump," he explained. "I thought they were all disarmed. I was wrong."

United States Army statistics show a striking increase since the Second World War in the proportion of military casualties attributable to mines: it rose from 4[illegible] per cent in the 1944 Italian campaign to thirty-three per cent in the Vietnam War, and stood at ninety per cent in the civil war in El Salvador. The increasing prevalence of the antipersonnel mine during this period reflects changing patterns of conflict. Traditionally, mines have been regarded as a defensive weapon, their function to gain time on the battlefield, to protect a position or deflect an enemy, or to channel advancing troops and vehicles into a vulnerable position. In theory, minefields should be marked and mapped, and cleared once they have served their purpose. Today, however, in Third World civil wars, slow insurgencies where small groups of armed rebels operate over large areas, mines have come to be used less as a delaying tactic and more as a means of—in military phraseology—long-term land denial. On the rebel side, mines are used to disrupt communications and cut off access to government services, schools, and hospitals; on the government side, they are used to guard installations and also to keep potentially sympathetic civilians away from rebels.

Technical advances pioneered by the United States in the nineteen-sixties have made mines increasingly attractive to conventional forces. Laying mines manually is time-consuming and labor-intensive, but remote-delivery systems and delayed-action fuses, which became available during the Vietnam War, made it possible to blanket large areas of land behind enemy lines from the air. American forces dropped vast numbers of "scatterables," as these new mines were called, on Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, with the aim of cutting supply lines and hemming in the Vietcong. The devices were dropped in such enormous quantities that pilots referred to them as "garbage." Although the scatterables did not succeed in closing the Ho Chi Minh Trail, they are still injuring and killing people in the valleys and mountain passes where they landed. In the nineteen-eighties, Soviet forces dropped hundreds of thousands of scatterables in Afghanistan; and such mines formed an important part of American and allied strategy during the Gulf War.



Increasingly, as in Cambodia and Afghanistan, civilians are not just accidental victims of mine warfare but its targets. In northern Somalia, in 1990, retreating troops of the old regime of Muhammad Siad Barre mined entire towns, in particular the city of Hargeysa, before they withdrew. When I visited Hargeysa last January, there were still extensive "no go" areas in the residential section, after more than two years of mine clearing. Houses had been mined and also booby-trapped. Wells and other water sources, river crossings, markets, public buildings, the airport, the radio station, and the cemetery had all been mined. In the cemetery, live Russian shells served as headstones. Outside the city, the grazing land, too, had been mined. The Hargeysa hospital was filled with mine victims; three-quarters of them were children. A former commander in the Somali National Movement, which played a leading part in the overthrow of Siad Barre, explained to me that government troops, supplied with a plethora of mostly American armaments, had become indiscriminate in their use of munitions—that they had mixed anti-tank mines and antipersonnel mines together without any rationale, using truckloads where a few hundred would have accomplished the purpose. In the military compound in Hargeysa, three rusty Italian-made mine-laying vehicles, capable of seeding a mile of road in minutes, bore witness to the frenzy of the defeated army.

The terror mining of Hargeysa is the logical conclusion of the developments in mine warfare since the Second World War. When the city was on the point of being lost, the mines were laid by government forces as a curse. A couple of years ago, an article in the news magazine *Asiaweek* compared this tactic to the ancient Romans' spreading salt around Carthage to insure that it would never rise again.

SHORTLY after I arrived in Cambodia, I attended a lecture given to international and local aid workers by Rae McGrath, the director of the Mines Advisory Group. McGrath, a former Brit-

Blenheim Ginger Ale

BLENHEIM Ginger Ale

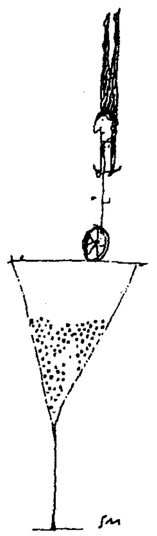
We make Ginger Ale
the Old Fashioned way...
Since 1903

Now you can order our famous Ginger Ale prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
SPECIFY #3 HOT or #5 NOT AS HOT
(or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES!
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547
or Call: (803) 774-0322
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

EDINBURGH CRYSTAL . . . On Sale !
THISTLE
Old Fashioned (reg. $82) $59.95
Whisky (reg. $74) $49.95
Tot (reg. $64) $39.95
Candlesticks Pair (reg. $185) $99.95
7" Candlelamp (reg. $195) $119.95
Free Shipping !
We Stock All Thistle
ROYAL MAIL 1-800-843-9078
GEORGETOWN PARK, 3222 M ST NW, WASHINGTON, DC 20007
Visa, MC, AX, Dis, Ck, MO • Sale Ends 1-31-94 • Free Brochure
NEW YORK SHOWROOM
435 Fifth Ave. at 39th St • 212-689-0151

A Legend, Fresh From Nova Scotia
Once crafted by our village people, each 20" Balsam Fir Wreath is perfected with a bright red velvet bow and pine cones. Then packed in a humidity controlled gift box that assures freshness and fragrance.
Credit Cards Call 1-800-565-1230 24 hrs.
FAX 1-800-563-4447
$25.00
Includes UPS shipping continental USA or CANADA
Include message for hand signed Nova Scotian gift card
DeLong Farms
R.R. #1 New Germany, Nova Scotia, Canada B0R 1E0

ish Army staff sergeant, is a pioneer in mine clearance by private voluntary organizations, as opposed to military or commercial outfits, and is a consultant on mine use to human-rights groups in Britain and the United States. I first met him while he was surveying the ruins of Hargeysa: a piratical figure, with a graying beard and a gold earring, interviewing village elders and former guerrilla leaders. In Battambang, I watched as McGrath prepared the room for his talk. Like a conjurer, he set out a Type 72 and a half-dozen other mines on a table, and below them he pinned a gruesome poster of an injured child. "It doesn't take much expertise to lay a mine," he told the aid workers. "You just take the pin out—like this—and put the mine in the ground. As you know, there are millions already laid in Cambodia. Up the road, the Khmer Rouge and the others are still laying them, which makes our job that much more difficult. Meanwhile, two or three thousand miles away they're making more of them. Maybe you are thinking, These mines are not our problem. Don't be so sure about that. In Vietnam and Laos, the mines are American. In Kurdistan, they're Italian. And in Somalia there are mines from all kinds of places—Italy, Belgium, Russia, the United States, the former Czechoslovakia, Pakistan. I don't care what country you come from—every one of our countries has something to do with the trade in mines."



Over the past decade, three Italian companies have been the world's most aggressive exporters of land mines. They are Tecnovar, Valsella Meccanotecnica, and BPD Difesa e Spazio (formerly Misar); Fiat owns fifty per cent of both Valsella and BPD. In 1991, seven employees of Valsella were convicted of illegally selling a hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of munitions, including about nine million mines, to Iraq. A large proportion of the mines that Argentina used in the Falklands also came from Italy. Tecnovar and Valsella were among the first manufacturers to incorporate electronically operated booby traps in antipersonnel devices, and, along with producers in China and the former Yugoslavia, they have taken the lead in marketing plastic mines, whose metal content is so low that detection is severely impeded.

Italian mines are among the world's most insidious: the Misar SB-33, a blast mine that is littered across Iraqi Kurdistan, Kuwait, and the Falklands, represents a high point of the mine designer's art. It is constructed almost entirely of plastic, is blast-resistant, and can be equipped with an anti-tamper device similar to the anti-handling mechanism on the Type 72-A. It comes in a range of colors, so as to blend in with any terrain—swamp or shingle, desert sand or camel dung—and can be coated with a special finish that is resistant to infrared sensing. The mine can be buried or scattered from the air. It is waterproof and functions upside down. A United States Army report describes it as "effective against all countermeasures." The SB-33 is also a startlingly seductive object: palm-size, rounded, subtly asymmetrical, with a synthetic skin like shagreen leather. The neoprene cover over the pressure plate has a gentle resistance to the touch, like a computer keyboard. It is a true designer mine, the Sony Walkman of weaponry.

In Cambodia, everyone I spoke to—aid workers, UNTAC officials, representatives of the Ministry of National Defense—agreed that the paramount problem the country faced was mines. Nothing could work properly until they were cleared, they said. But who would clear them? A United Nations official estimated that there were at least four million mines in the country, or one for every two Cambodians.

The Cambodian problem is one that no army and no international body has ever tackled, and UNTAC, the only agency capable of organizing a countrywide clearance program, has proved notably reluctant to take it on. Of the thirty-five national armies represented in UNTAC, eight—the Bangladeshis, the French, the Indians, the Dutch, the New Zealanders, the Pakistanis, the British, and the Americans—had explosive-ordnance-disposal (E.O.D.) teams engaged in training Cambodians in clearance techniques. But, because the governments represented were unwilling to put their nationals at risk in supervising the work, mine clearance under their auspices started only in the late spring of this year. No one wanted to take the inevitable casualties. And no one wanted to pay the insurance premiums. Mine clearance is a very expensive business—the United Nations has estimated the cost, including the training of the mine clearers, at between three hundred and a thousand dollars per mine. In the aftermath of the Gulf War, the Kuwaiti government budgeted seven hundred million dollars for hiring private mine-clearing contractors—more than has been spent on mine clearance in all the rest of the world. In the Falkland Islands, sodden terrain makes the detection of mines particularly difficult and risky, and the British Government has consequently abandoned all attempts to clear remaining minefields and has fenced them off, though the affected areas include a good deal of grazing land and some of the islands' best beaches.

An UNTAC-sponsored organization, the Cambodian Mine Action Centre, in Phnom Penh, is responsible for coördinating information about the location of mines. This task involves eliciting and reconciling mostly informal accounts, from officers of four different armies of mine-laying activity over the last twenty years. Whatever information the officers can provide is compared with the recollections of local people and with reports by UNTAC units in the field, and then plotted on the relevant sheet out of three-hundred-odd in the 1:100,000 series of maps covering the country. Last February, when I visited the office of the interim director of CMAC, Sergio Vieira de Mello, who is from Brazil, I noticed that he had the map of Rattanak Mondul hanging on his door. De Mello had also been responsible for overseeing the repatriation program, and in this capacity, he told me, he had tried—and failed—to keep returnees away from Rattanak Mondul. "You can see why, I think," he said, pointing to the map.

The fertile green of the Battambang plain and the blue of the Sangke River as it approached Route 10 were thickly overlaid with red markings for minefields and suspected minefields. This was where Vorn and Bros had met their deaths. But the map would not have saved their lives; almost the entire area

Sapphire & Diamond Estate Jewelry

Platinum, emerald cut diamond 2.06 cts., shield sapphires, round diamonds, Yard $17,000

Platinum, sapphires, diamonds, Yard 1930 $30,000

Platinum, sapphires, diamonds, Yard 1943 $14,000

RAYMOND C. YARD
Fine Jewelers since 1922
745 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10151
SUITE 1406
212-247-6222

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES
1.800.447.6553
Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any U.S. touch-tone phone:

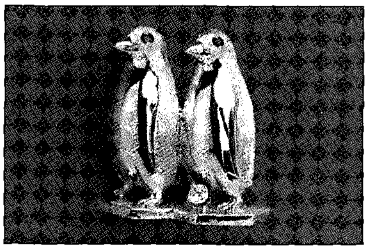
Tilley Endurables
Tilley Endurables. "The best travel and adventure clothing in the world": classically styled, long-lasting, comfortable clothes with secret pockets, security pockets and "Give 'em hell" washing instructions. And, of course, the Tilley Hat. The 68 page catalogue is a hoot! For your free copy, please call: 30237

Remy Martin 1993 Holiday
Remy Martin brings you the cultural and culinary trimmings that make New York's holiday season sparkle. For information on Remy Martin Cognacs eventful *schedule, please call: 30236*

Nikko International Hotels
The five deluxe Nikko International Hotels in the U.S. invite you to join their Fountains Club Crystal program of special amenities for frequent guests. Please call: 30231

THE NEW YORKER **"At Large"**
Receive the Fall 1993 issue of "At Large" – The New Yorker *Marketing Department's newsletter featuring New York City's Christmas Magic with a calendar of holiday events – as well as in-depth travel news from around the world. Call for your complimentary copy: 30238*

Non-U.S. readers, write to: TNY Reader Services, 20 West 43rd St., NY, NY 10036
ADVERTISEMENT



Love Given
Love Accepted

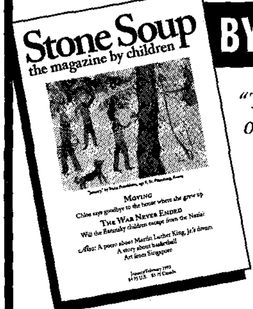
The Emperor Penguin presents his chosen with a stone balanced upon his feet. If she accepts, they become mates. Our stone, of course, is a diamond. Penguins have been giving engagement stones for millions of years. Man has only recently adopted this custom in the last several hundred years. This penguin pin represents a touching parallel between man and nature. Penguin Pin, 14K yellow gold, blue sapphire eyes and diamond between feet. Shown actual size standing on an ice flow. Comes beautifully boxed and gift wrapped with the sentiments conveyed by this piece on a small card tucked inside the box.

Penguin Pin .07 ct. diamond $825.00

Stop in, mail or phone orders M-F 9am - 5pm 1-800-433-2988
Postage Pd. Sent within 24 hours UPS Second Day Air
For deliveries in Maine add 6% state sales tax
Visa, MasterCard or American Express
Free Catalog, call or write
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Cross Jewelers
Manufacturing Jewelers since 1908
570N Congress St. Portland, ME 04101 © 92

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN



"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise."
THE NEW YORKER

STONE SOUP, now in its 21st year, is the perfect magazine for children. Children love reading the extraordinary stories, poems, and book reviews by their peers published in this handsome magazine. An Activity Guide in every issue encourages budding writers and artists to create and submit their work. A great holiday gift!

Published 5 times a year, every 2 months from Sept. to June

☐ 1 yr. $23 ☐ 2 yrs. $40 ☐ 3 yrs. $55

Name
Address
City, State, Zip
Gift card from
NY

1-800-447-4569
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

where they lived was mined. A Khmer Rouge general's broad red felt-tip strokes had been converted into neat cartographic symbols—dots, crosshatching, and tiny skulls—that gracefully followed the curves of the river and the line of the road. An overlay marked a recent mine explosion, which had confirmed a government Army commander's recollection of a ring of mines laid around the base of one of the limestone hills rising from the plain.

The map was a striking attempt to reduce the chaotic archeology of war to a useful diagram. But at that stage, de Mello explained, CMAC was only a coördinator of information; it was not actually clearing any of the mines it was mapping. In mid-1993, CMAC-led teams began clearance operations, but in October it was announced that all foreign employees of CMAC would be withdrawn by November; in November, the deadline was extended by just one month. For most of 1992 and 1993, the only groups regularly engaged in mine clearance were three private, voluntary organizations: McGrath's Mines Advisory Group; the HALO Trust, also of Britain; and Norwegian People's Aid. In frustration at the slow pace of mine clearance, one aid worker was heard to remark that the mines in Cambodia were being cleared "an arm and a leg at a time." De Mello was reduced to taking out an ad in the *International Herald Tribune* inviting proposals from commercial mine-clearing companies.

Those hoping for a technical fix from army engineers have been disappointed; advances in mine clearing have not kept up with advances in mine design. Last year, UNTAC spent one and a quarter million dollars on three colossal armor-plated mine plows. They were a white elephant. Such plows work only on level terrain and with soil of a certain consistency. Furthermore, instead of destroying mines they rebury them in displaced earth to either side of the machine. Another device, the flail, which is a set of whirling chains mounted on a heavy-metal version of a combine harvester, misses or only partially destroys a significant proportion of the mines within its range. Explosive slurries and foams pumped over minefields leave many mines intact. Fuel-air explosives—themselves a terrible weapon in battle—create heavy downward pressure over a minefield in order to force mines to detonate, but any mine fitted with a protected fuse is untouched by them. Mine detection using infrared sensing, lasers, biosensors, heat detection, or radar—all touted by American and European defense contractors—is still a long way off. As several of the United States Army's land-mine experts have pointed out recently, a counter-mine "silver bullet" is nowhere in sight. Specialists agree that the only way of completely eradicating mines in a given area, so that farmers can safely return to the land, is working inch by inch, by hand, with one man wielding a metal detector and another, on his knees, prodding with a stick.

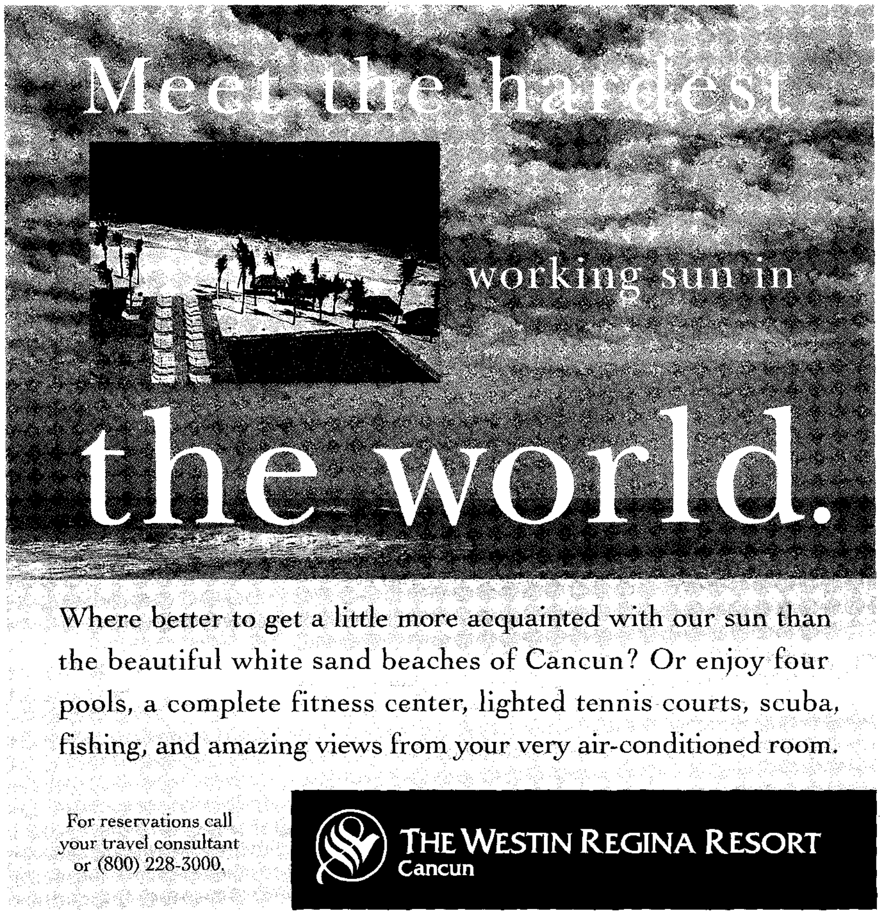
THIS was the scene on Route 10 the day after Vorn and Bros died, when I returned to Beng Ampil with a team from the Mines Advisory Group. A "safe lane," marked with red-and-white plastic tape, led down a footpath into a field. Half a dozen cattle had died in explosions in that field during the past year; the farmer whose land it was had picked up some surface-laid mines himself, but there were buried ones, too, and the minefield extended an unknown distance from the road. Two of the M.A.G.'s Cambodian employees, wearing black flak jackets and visored helmets, were moving very slowly across the dry pasture. One held a pair of gardener's secateurs and a twelve-inch steel probe, a miniature version of a fencer's sword; the other carried a two-thousand-dollar Schiebel metal detector, a high-sensitivity model developed for the Austrian Army. Every so often, the metal detector would emit an urgent electronic chirp, and then the other man would kneel and probe the earth below the detector, at an angle of about thirty degrees from the horizontal, to see if the metal that had broken its magnetic field was part of a mine. Metal detectors are the indispensable tool of professional mine clearers, but there are difficulties associated with their use. One is that all metal objects generate the same warning cry: since war zones are littered with shrapnel, cartridge cases, and fragments of spent ammunition, the metal detector is reading a long history of conflict inscribed in the soil, and live mines are only a part of it. Another difficulty, of course, is posed by the increase in manufacture and use of plastic mines.

The mine clearers moved across the

landscape slowly, silently, like Zen gardeners, like truffle hunters, probing the soil at intervals of five centimetres, or two fingers' width—a space just less than the diameter of the smallest mine. From time to time, the metal detector mewed like a seabird. After one such alarm, the man with the probe straightened up and cried out "*Mina!*" Then he began to excavate in earnest, with a trowel. Gradually, the dark-green polycarbonate casing of a Soviet PMN-2 pressure mine was revealed sidelong in the ground: a saucer-shaped mine, slightly bigger than the Type 72, with a charcoal-colored pressure plate. Roots of grass had grown around the mine and were slowly crushing it; in a few more months, or a year, the roots would have caused it to detonate spontaneously. At this point, two supervisors—veterans of the Territorials, the British Army reserve—moved in. They clipped away the roots and lifted the mine gently by its sides, like surgeons removing a cyst.

Over the next few hours, the demining teams, working in rotation, found eight more PMN-2s. (The PMN-2, manufactured by Soviet State Arsenals, is, along with its precursor, the PMN, probably the most widespread antipersonnel mine in the world.) It became clear that the mines had been laid in a regular, repeating diamond pattern along the berm. The supervisors showed some surprise at this. It was a textbook distribution pattern, but mine laying in Cambodia is not generally done by the book. More often than not, what mine clearers find—and, for safety's sake, always have to assume—is that mines have been laid erratically, without rhyme or reason. They may be close together, scattered, upside down, on their sides, or in stacks.

Having assembled the nine PMN-2s on the berm, the supervisors set four-hundred-gram explosive charges tightly against each one. An irony of mine clearance is that destroying the mines requires additional explosives. UNTAC had shipped many tons of TNT to Cambodia for this purpose. The demolition charge was almost four times the weight of the explosive in the mine, for if the charge was too low there would be a danger that the mine would be blown apart but not detonated. The supervisors lit a generous length of fuse and withdrew about two hundred yards. Nothing



Where better to get a little more acquainted with our sun than the beautiful white sand beaches of Cancun? Or enjoy four pools, a complete fitness center, lighted tennis courts, scuba, fishing, and amazing views from your very air-conditioned room.

For reservations call your travel consultant or (800) 228-3000.

THE WESTIN REGINA RESORT
Cancun

It's Not Too Late
Order By 12/23 For Christmas Delivery

Model Six speakers are available in three finishes.

$849
Factory-direct price for complete system. Not available in stores.*

Dolby Pro Logic Surround Sound Price Breakthrough!

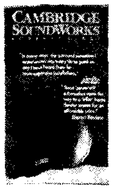
Our lowest price *ever* on a high-performance Dolby Surround Pro Logic home theater sound system.

We don't know of *any* Pro Logic system of this quality near this price. Hook it up to your TV and stereo VCR to create a home theater.

This system uses our new Model Six loudspeaker by Henry Kloss as the main speakers. *Stereo Review* magazine says "Model Six is truly a high quality speaker...it has an 'all there' quality that belies its amazingly low price...an exceptional value."

Center and surround speakers are our Model Ten-A. The Sony receiver includes Dolby Surround Pro Logic, 5 channels (50/50/10/10/10 watts/ch.) and a system remote. The Sony CD player sounds great.

We believe this to be the country's best value in a home theater sound system. It's backed by our 30-day Total Satisfaction guarantee.


FREE AUDIO CATALOG
Components by Pioneer, Sony, Philips, Denon, Cambridge SoundWorks and others.
1-800-FOR-HIFI

CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS
Suite 132, 154 California Street
Newton, MA 02158 Fax 617-332-9229
* Not including shipping. Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Labs.

Finest Ruby Red Grapefruit From Florida's Indian River!

TREE RIPENED - BRIMMING WITH JUICE
ORCHARD SWEET - NO SUGAR IS NEEDED
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Always a Welcome Gift for family and friends

6 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 279	$11.85
15 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 260	$19.75
27 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 270	$26.90
6 GRAPEFRUIT & 6 ORANGES	Pack 205	$15.95
9 GRAPEFRUIT & 9 ORANGES	Pack 210	$20.75
18 GRAPEFRUIT & 18 ORANGES	Pack 215	$27.90
1/2 BU. GRAPEFRUIT & ORANGES IN A HANDWOVEN BASKET	Pack 248	$23.95

ALL PRICES INCLUDE DELIVERY!

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Send your gift list or Call Dept. 139 Toll Free:

1-800-285-8488

PAY OR CHARGE TO YOUR CREDIT CARD ONLY AFTER SHIPMENTS ARE MADE

Write or call for FREE Catalog offering other fine gifts!

HARRY'S
CRESTVIEW
GROVES

DEPT. 139 · 9030 17th PLACE · VERO BEACH, FL 32966

Now printed in New York for speedy delivery.

INTERNATIONAL
Herald Tribune
Published With The New York Times and The Washington Post

No local bias, no national slant, no partisan viewpoint.

Simply a balanced edit of world news with an international perspective, including features on travel, fashion, the arts, and global investing.

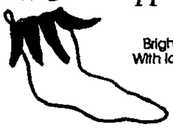
To subscribe, call:

1-800-882-2884

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608



The Chili Pepper Christmas stocking
the original gift!

Bright red felt, green fleece leaves.
With lots of room for stocking stuffers!

$14.95 plus S/ H
(qty. discounts available)

1-800-684-4332

Check/M.O./MC/Visa/AE accepted
Birth of a Nation, Co., Inc.

happened. Cursing the low-grade cord UNTAC had provided them with, they tried again. This time, the mines went up with a flash and a sharp report, leaving a cloud of smoke folding in on itself, and a blackened area on the side of the berm.

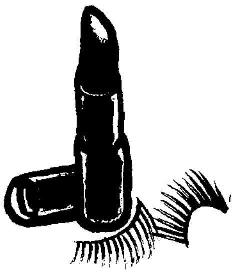
Dozens of spectators had gathered to watch this explosive pastoral: small children with buckets of eels; palm-wine sellers on bicycles, bamboo cylinders hanging from their handlebars like tubular bells. They laughed as the mines went up; it was nothing new to them. The land near the road got priority, and today one farmer had been lucky; most, though, would wait a long time for the mine-clearance teams to come. It had taken a dozen trained men the better part of a day to clear a single acre of land. And this was the dry season, when it was comparatively easy to move over the terrain.

The only other option for most of the farmers of Battambang is to clear their own land—as Vorn had been doing—or to pay someone else to do it. In the towns and villages along Route 10, a number of local people have offered their services as deminers to their neighbors. For the most part, they work without tools, training, or safety equipment. I visited one such deminer, who lived in the last settlement before the militarized zone begins. He was a twenty-six-year-old former soldier, whose name was also Vorn. He and his wife and a young son and daughter shared an eight-by-eight-foot house built on stilts which was readily identifiable: it was a miniature museum of mine design. Against one of its corner posts were stacked a dozen of the bifurcated metal stakes that support the trip wires of the Russian POMZ-2; beneath the hut lay their crude, grenadelike metal-fragmentation cases, crosshatched like the corncob towers of Angkor Wat; mixed in with these were the cylindrical cannisters of two bounding mines, which are fragmentation devices with a subsidiary charge that ejects the mine to genital level before it explodes; and nearby was the wooden casing of a PMD-6 pencil-box mine, the most primitive antipersonnel device of all—a Soviet pre-Second World War design that remained in production in Warsaw Pact countries until the end of the Cold War and is still in common use in the Third World. Two bulging calico bags hung from the roof beams of Vorn's house, above the head of his sleeping daughter: one contained detonator assemblies; the other, seventy-five-gram cylinders of bright-yellow TNT. Vorn's son ran around a tree, blowing silk-cotton blossom in the air; Vorn's wife sat weaving a reed mat in the shade. The commune policeman, Chem San, who had been a comrade-in-arms of Vorn's in the government Army, joined us; he was an amputee—another mine victim, who was invalided out of the Army after an attack on a Khmer Rouge position on a neighboring mountain four years earlier. We talked through an interpreter.

"There is nowhere without mines," Vorn said. "There are mines from here to the hills. The land has become narrow. So people pay me to clear fields for them." In two years, Vorn calculated, he had cleared about a thousand mines, and he had been paid three hundred riels, or about twelve cents, for each one—a figure, it struck me, that compared well with the U.N. estimate of a thousand dollars per mine. He had inherited some land from his parents, but, because it was in the military zone beyond the settlement, he could not go there. He had never been a refugee, so he had no U.N. ration card. Clearing mines was his only source of income.

Most recently, Vorn had removed twenty-eight PMN-2s from a farmer's land. "The PMN is easy," he said. "You take it and throw it, and it explodes. Or you burn it. The explosive is not so strong. With the POMZ, you go with a bamboo stick and lift the wire and cut it, then take the fuse out." Sometimes, he explained, the trip wires were strung from trees, at head height. What he used as a prodder was the bayonet from an AK-47 automatic rifle, the emblem of Third World clients of the former Soviet Union. Vorn told us that he kept the casings of the POMZs to sell to scrap-metal merchants from Battambang, who would melt them down to make agricultural tools. In Battambang, it seemed, swords were being beaten into plowshares, if only on a small scale. "Two years ago, there were nine people here who cleared mines," Vorn said. "Five were killed and two got injured. Now there are just two of us."

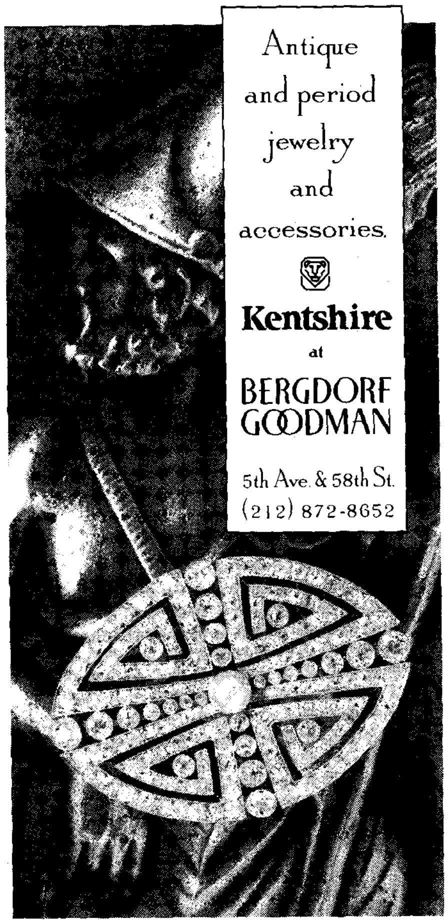
THE road from the Pakistani capital of Islamabad to the Afghan border, a hundred-and-forty-mile stretch of highway, runs the whole gamut of the mine problem, from production, through sale and use, to clearance and the medical crisis caused by injuries. It is a Via Dolorosa of mine warfare. Just an hour out of Islamabad, at Wah Cantonment, are the Pakistan Ordnance Factories, which manufacture the P4 mine, whose maim-not-kill capacity is specified so precisely in its sales literature. Low brick buildings protected by high walls and concrete tank traps sprawl north and south of the road. ("If you manage to get in," Rae McGrath had said to me, "please blow it up on your way out.") The factories employ forty thousand workers and manufacture half a billion dollars' worth of armaments annually. A few hours farther up the road, in the lawless tribal areas of Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province, there is a time-honored free market in weaponry. At Jam Kor Khono, immediately beyond the city limits of Peshawar, a cursory police check and a sign that says "Foreigners Are Not Permitted" mark the spot where the arms bazaar begins: glass-fronted stores hold racks of automatic rifles, antitank rockets, swordsticks, pencil guns, and mines. Four hundred rupees—fifteen dollars—was the asking price here for a Soviet PMN, but at the arms markets in Miranshah and Landi Kotal, deeper in the tribal areas, PMNs are available for half that sum. In the market in Peshawar you can buy ashtrays and snuffboxes made out of old Soviet scatterables known, because of their odd shape, as butterfly mines. Representations of POMZs and PMNs have displaced traditional geometric motifs in some of the intricate hand-knotted rugs made in the refugee camps and sold in the downtown carpet shops. And mine clearance has become one of the important sources of salaried employment for demobilized mujahideen: they are paid a hundred and twenty dollars a month—plus per diems—to risk their lives in the minefields where they formerly did battle with the Russian occupying forces and the Communist government that succeeded them. These mine clearers are among the few Afghans with life insurance.



The boss of the major mine-clearance agency in eastern Afghanistan is Kefayatullah Eblagh, a former colonel in the Afghan Signal Corps, who joined the mujahideen in 1982. Since 1989, Eblagh has been the director of Afghan Technical Consultants, which is the oldest of the U.N.-funded mine-clearance programs. When I went to see Eblagh, at his office in Peshawar, he had just returned from Afghanistan, where one of his mine clearers had been injured in an explosion. "The jihad against mines is harder than the jihad against the Communists," he said. "In three years we have had nine martyrs. We are fighting an invisible enemy—little Russians that were left behind to fight after the real Russians had gone."

Eblagh arranged for me to travel with a mine-clearing team that was returning to Jelalabad. At first light the next day, we left Peshawar in a U.N. car with the decals stripped off, and sped through the arms bazaar and over the Khyber Pass. We drove past deep potholes in the road, where the team had lifted six antitank mines a few months before. The driver sang as he drove. In the late afternoon, when the sun was catching the snow on the encircling hills, we arrived on the green plain around Jelalabad, a city that was once the winter capital of Afghan kings. Today, it is surrounded by a huge ring of defensive minefields, laid during the Soviet occupation. Eblagh's team was working in a nearby village, a huddle of fortresslike adobe houses, their walls pitted by rain and rifle fire, set amid ruined apricot orchards and abandoned terraces, where a few brave returned refugees were cultivating scallions and wheat. "When we came, the mines grew here like flowers," the team leader told me the next morning. Before the day's work began, he led his colleagues in prayer, reading the sura from the Koran for the twenty-sixth day of Ramadan, but his words were scattered by the high wind from the mountains.

The mine clearers had brought a United States Agency for International Development dog team along in a converted military shower truck: a handsome pair of Belgian Malinois, bred in Holland. Dogs are used intermittently in mine clearance; they can often sniff out



Antique
and period
jewelry
and
accessories.

Kentshire
at
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5th Ave. & 58th St.
(212) 872-8652

Also at Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 Street, NY

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.

One Hundred And Ten Dollars
CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars

Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123

LUXURIOUS
SILK BEDDING

Fine Silk Sheets, Pillowcases &
Heavenly Silk-Filled Silk Comforters
*Buy directly from the manufacturer &
SAVE! (Prices start at $19.95!)*
For Inquiries & Price List:
CELESTIAL SILKS 515 472-9062 MC/V
P.O. Box 824, Fairfield, IA 52556

Birdhouse Pin *1" high*

A rustic sterling silver house shelters a 14K gold bird, $85. $4 shipping. In NY add tax. Catalogue on request. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to: **EAST END SILVER**, Dept. N3, Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

DON'T FACE 1994 WITHOUT IT.

Roomy appointment pages. Cheery illustrations. A ribbon marker. Plus a wealth of useful information: About Town listing for New York, as well as hotels and restaurants in 18 other cities. Also handy 800# listings. Six major-city maps, all in color. Very New Yorker. Yours by calling:

800-336-5510

for credit card orders, or send check or money order for $14.95*, plus $2 shipping and handling to:
The New Yorker, Dept. 020966
Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336.

*Please add sales tax for CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY, OH; Canada, 7% G.S.T. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

THE NEW YORKER 1994 POCKET DIARY

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

TO BOOT® NEW YORK by ADAM DERRICK

A thoughtful gift of warmth and comfort. Hand-crafted Italian shearling slippers from To Boot by Adam Derrick. At the slipper bar at Bergdorf Goodman Men and To Boot, 256 Columbus Ave. NYC 212-724-8249

Men's sizes 7-13. Natural or Navy. $60.

CITY LIGHTS

hand enameled light switch plates

enameled in black, white and shades of gray. They come with screws to add additional heads looking out of the windows of these charming scenes.
direct from the artist.
single $20; double $25; triple $30; quad $35
s & h $3. Visa, MC 1-800-336-7102 or checks to
Kline/Art, 933 Avondale Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45229

IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!

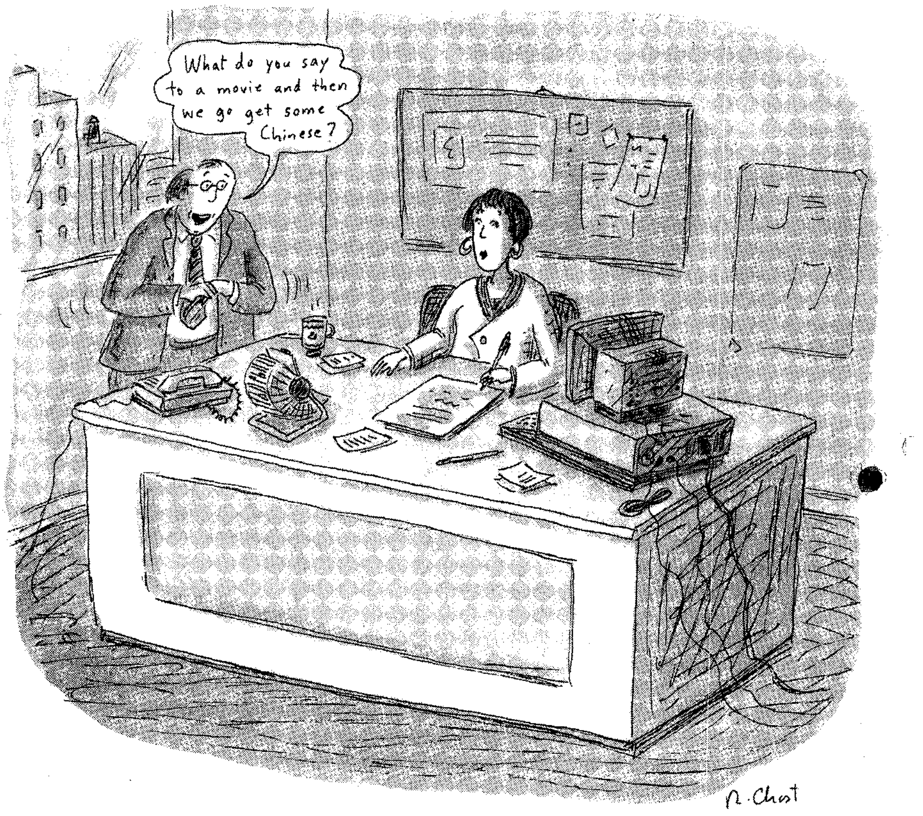
Fresh smoked Salmon. Shipped cold packed to arrive in 48 hrs. 1¼ lb. fillet prime Pacific North Coast salmon. Alder smoked the Native American way. Ready-to-eat. Unexcelled, and guaranteed to please. Only $34.50 incl. shipping. To order:
Call 1-800-367-6865
Discovery Kitchen, P.O. Box 6325, Woodland Hills, CA 91365

mines that metal detectors might miss, but they tend to get tired and distracted, and they can work only in certain weather conditions. Now, in the morning chill, I watched as the dogs were put through their paces. "*Vooruit!*" ("Go on!") cried their handlers; the commands were in Dutch, the only language the dogs understood. Sniffer dogs like these, though, need fairly still air to work effectively, and eventually their handlers decided that it was too blustery for them to continue.

Crossing the minefield on the far side of the village, I was struck, not for the first time, by the courage of the mine clearers, and by the strangeness of their occupation. Walking in a minefield is like being blind. You are dependent on those whose senses have been extended—by probes, by dogs, by magnetic sensors. Following them, you walk lightly, vividly aware of gravity, of your own weight, of how much it exceeds the few pounds that would detonate a mine if you stumbled or fell from the safe path. The plain around Jelalabad was mined to the horizon. It was as though the landscape lay under an evil spell: barren, haunted by a maleficent presence that could destroy any passerby in a lightning flash and a puff of smoke.

At the hospital in Jelalabad, the surgical facilities have been taken over by the International Committee of the Red Cross, whose mandate includes the care of war-wounded. Their staff numbered half a dozen—the only foreigners remaining in the city. I accompanied a British surgeon named Robin Coupland and the resident surgeon, an Afghan, on a ward round. The pattern was familiar: more than half the admissions were due to mine injuries, and many of the injured were children. Some were young goatherds and shepherds who had been injured while clearing pasture for their livestock. One of them explained that he had been trying to cut the trip wire of a POMZ when the detonator went off. The mine itself remained intact, so the damage was limited: he lost only two fingers of one hand. With the Afghan doctor interpreting for me, I asked the boy if he would try to defuse a mine again. "Of course," he answered. "All the boys do it. We're nomads. We do it all the time."

"Mines are designed to create a com-


What do you say to a movie and then we go get some Chinese?
R. Chast

FRIENDLY OFFER OR HOSTILE BID?

plex medical problem—they're designed to make work for doctors," Coupland observed as we moved through the crowded wards. "Of all casualties that survive to reach a hospital, they cause the messiest wounds, and they make corresponding demands on the time and skills of surgeons. Amputation after a mine injury isn't straightforward: the blast tends to go up inside the leg, fill it with dirt, and shred the muscle. I feel pleased as a surgeon if I get the stump closed. But for the patient the problem is just beginning. He has to get to somewhere he can have a prosthesis fitted and then learn to walk again." Like mine detection, prosthetic technique has struggled to keep up with the gruesome effects of weapons technology; and the cost of it, as of mine detection, is hundreds of times the cost of the mine itself. It is another case of the multiplier effect.

THE use of mines is governed, in principle, both by international customary law and by a 1980 United Nations Convention entitled "Prohibitions or Restrictions on the Use of Certain Conventional Weapons Which May Be Deemed to Be Excessively Injurious or to Have Indiscriminate Effects." Protocol II of the Convention attempts to give civilians some limited protection from the effects of land mines. "Preplanned" minefields, it stipulates, for example, must be recorded, and civilians are to be given warning of remotely delivered mines "unless circumstances do not permit." Self-neutralizing and self-destruct mines, which incorporate electrical or mechanical devices designed to detonate or deactivate them after a certain length of time, are exempted, although their failure rate is known to be high.

The 1980 Protocol makes no allocation of responsibility for mine clearing, nor does it contain any provision for implementation—for monitoring or imposing sanctions—and its thicket of limitations contains enough get-out clauses to make it subject to endless interpretation. Ten years after it went into effect, moreover, only thirty-nine countries are party to it. (The thirty-nine do not include the United States, but this may change under the Clinton Administration.) Even if all countries ratified and observed the Convention, it would not cover internal conflicts or be bind-

THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE

Shop at Home Service—Buy, Sell or Trade.
If you have a fine watch (working or not) that you've been saving or not wearing...now you can recoup its hidden value!
Call **1-800-528-5871** *for free appraisal information.*

Audemars Piguet
Authorized Sales &
Official Service Center

AUDEMARS PIGUET
AUTOMATIC

ONLY A FEW WILL OWN AN AUDEMARS CEO DUAL ZONE
For the few who cross the Atlantic as often as they cross the Potomac. Dual zone watch with automatic movement, power reserve and date in 18K gold. $15,500.

Watch enlarged to show detail.

NEW YORK • GENEVA
PALM BEACH • BAL HARBOUR
SOUTH COAST PLAZA

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

THE SEASON'S GIFT

CLASSIC LEATHER PHOTO ALBUM

Elegant Gold-Tooled Spine & Cover
Silk Moire Lining
Acid-Free Paper with Plastic Cover
Black, Navy, Red, Green, Burgundy
$79.
Gold Stamping Available
Name, Initials, Date, City. $15. per line

DEMPSEY & CARROLL
Stationery Engravers
since 1878

110 E. 57th St.
New York
212.486.7526

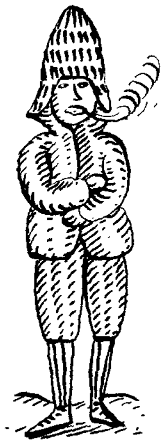
3301 New Mexico Ave.
Washington
202.537.7075

100% Alpaca
Men's M, L, XL
Black Charcoal Ivory
$149 + $6 Shipping
To Order Call
1-800-4-ALPACA
(9AM-5PM Pacific Standard Time)
Sueño Sweaters: P.O. Box 8165, Berkeley, CA 94707

Dallas Pridgen Gold
One at a time, by hand
"Cats" Bracelet, 11 links,
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. Visa/MC accepted.
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919)933-5759

ENDRAFT® the INDOOR AIR CONDITIONER COVER
Stops ALL Cold!
WINTERIZE
*Saves Energy *Decorates
*Machine Washable
Beige, Med. Blue, Brown (S-M-L)
(Measure H&W before calling)
1-800-532-2462
MasterCard & Visa Accepted
$19.95 + $3.95 s/h

ing on nongovernmental forces. The report just out from the Arms Project judges the 1980 Protocol to be "an utterly ineffective document both in theory and in practice." Some legal specialists argue that mines are already unlawful under international customary law, which prohibits the use of weapons that are by their nature indiscriminate, but Louise Doswald-Beck, of the International Committee of the Red Cross, points out that most countries have chosen not to perceive mines as by nature indiscriminate, even though they recognize that mines have indiscriminate effects. Other specialists, such as Stephen Goose, the director of the Arms Project's Washington office, add that a law that attempts to put limits on only the use of mines can never be effective—that the only possible way to control them is to impose prohibitions at the production end.



For the last two years, a global alliance of human-rights groups and other nongovernmental organizations has been campaigning to put mines back on the international-disarmament agenda. Their aim is to update the international laws of war to reflect the new reality of mine use; to put mines in the same legal and ethical category as chemical and biological weapons; to stigmatize them in the public imagination; and, ultimately, to press for a global ban. The steering committee for the campaign, which is spearheaded by the Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation, includes Human Rights Watch, Physicians for Human Rights, the Mines Advisory Group, and the French and German medical-aid organizations Handicap International and Medico International. Working with these groups to introduce new controls on the use of mines are some one hundred other organizations, including the International Committee of the Red Cross and World Vision International, one of the world's largest nongovernmental aid organizations, which is backed by evangelical Christians.

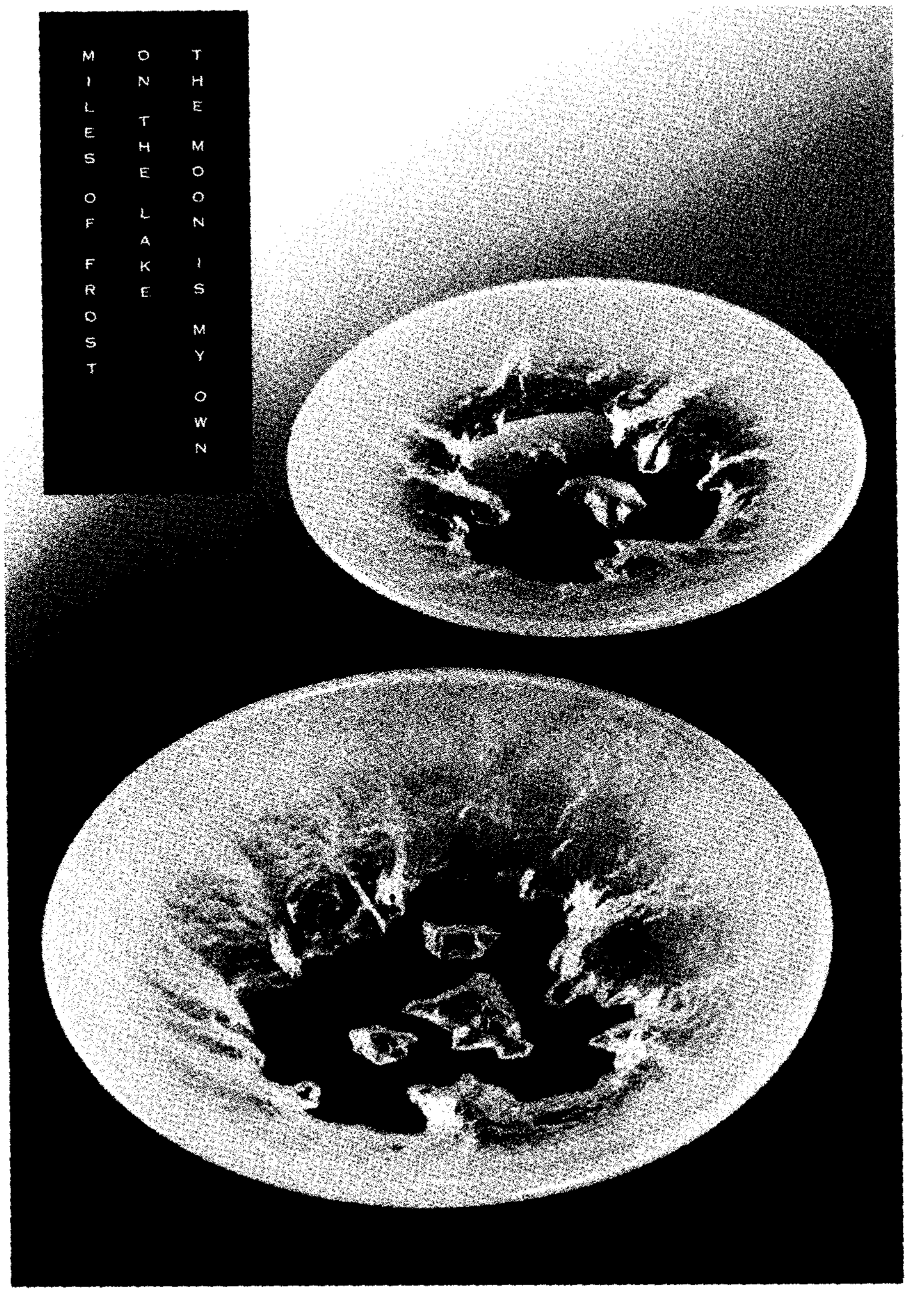
Last year the anti-mine coalition achieved a remarkable and unheralded victory. In September, 1992, the United States Senate passed legislation unilaterally imposing a one-year moratorium on the sale, transfer, and export of antipersonnel mines. The Senate's version of the moratorium was agreed to by the House and was signed into law the following month. And on September 14th of this year the Senate passed, by a unanimous vote, a three-year extension of the moratorium, which has also been agreed to by the House and is due to be signed into law by President Clinton soon. The sponsors of the legislation were two Democrats—Senator Patrick J. Leahy, of Vermont, and Representative Lane Evans, of Illinois. Earlier this year, Leahy told the Senate, "I remember how outraged everyone was in this country when Saddam Hussein used chemical weapons against the Kurds. But I wonder how many people realize that all of the deaths from chemical, biological, even nuclear weapons are only a fraction of the number of people who have been killed or maimed by land mines." What land mines have in common with chemical and biological weapons, he said, is that "they do not discriminate. A land mine will blow the leg or the arm off of whoever steps on it . . . whether it is a combatant, a civilian, an older person, or a child." The moratorium "shows that the United States intends to be a leader in stopping the spread of these insidious weapons," Leahy declared. In early November, after wrangles with the Defense Department, the new, Clinton-appointed Ambassador to the United Nations, Madeleine Albright, put forth a resolution calling for all member nations to impose similar moratoriums. On Armistice Day, Senator Leahy went to the United Nations to introduce the resolution, and forty-five member states have already agreed to sponsor it. And earlier this year, President François Mitterrand of France, on a state visit to Cambodia, announced that he had asked the Secretary-General of the United Nations to convene an international conference to revise the 1980 Convention and called on other mine-manufacturing countries to join France in an export moratorium.

The breakthrough on the part of the anti-mine coalition was facilitated by a convergence of interests among nongovernmental organizations: aid agencies that found their relief work obstructed or made ineffective by mines; human-rights activists who recognized the grievous effect mines were having on civilians in war; arms-control lobbyists who sought a clear-cut campaigning issue in the aftermath of the Cold War; health workers who saw their facilities overwhelmed by a huge increase in mine injuries. It was the last factor that propelled the International Committee of the Red Cross, the sedulously neutral guardian of the Geneva Conventions, into its unprecedentedly high-profile position. And Bobby Muller, the director of the Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation, told me that it was the experience of establishing a prosthetics program for Cambodian mine victims that led the V.V.A.F. to put its weight behind the campaign.

Muller, who lost the use of his legs in Vietnam, pointed out that the moratorium doesn't involve a great sacrifice on the part of American arms manufacturers. "It's nickel-and-dime stuff for them. But it's symbolic. The next thing we want is to get a major defense company to stop making antipersonnel mines completely, to disavow them."

In order to get the moratorium through Congress, however, the V.V.A.F. had to compromise. "The original language of the moratorium was to include anti-tank mines, which also kill a lot of civilians," Jody Williams, the coördinator of the international campaign, told me. "In our discussions with the military, they indicated, off the record, that they might accept losing antipersonnel mines, but they wouldn't even discuss anti-tank mines, because they still consider them to be critical for national defense. So we excluded them in drafting the moratorium."

ALLIANT TECHSYSTEMS, the former Honeywell subsidiary, one of whose principal stockholders is the billionaire philanthropist George Soros, would like its mines—and those of other American manufacturers—exempted from the moratorium on the ground that they incorporate self-destruct mechanisms. Supporters of the moratorium take issue with that argument. "American producers support the ban on non-self-destruct mines because they stand to make more money from mines with self-destruct mechanisms," Kenneth Anderson, of the Arms Project, says. "Driving the price of mines up is a good thing, because a high price might affect how



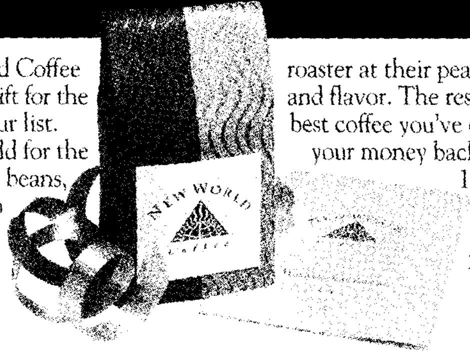
Snow Lake Bowl by Funakoshi. Haiku by Buson. I: 12" & II: 10". $225, $165. Hoya Crystal Gallery. 450 Park at 57th, NY 10022 (800) 462-HOYA for brochures or $5 catalogue. Also at Bullock's South Coast Plaza, George Watts Milwaukee, Marshall Field's Chicago.

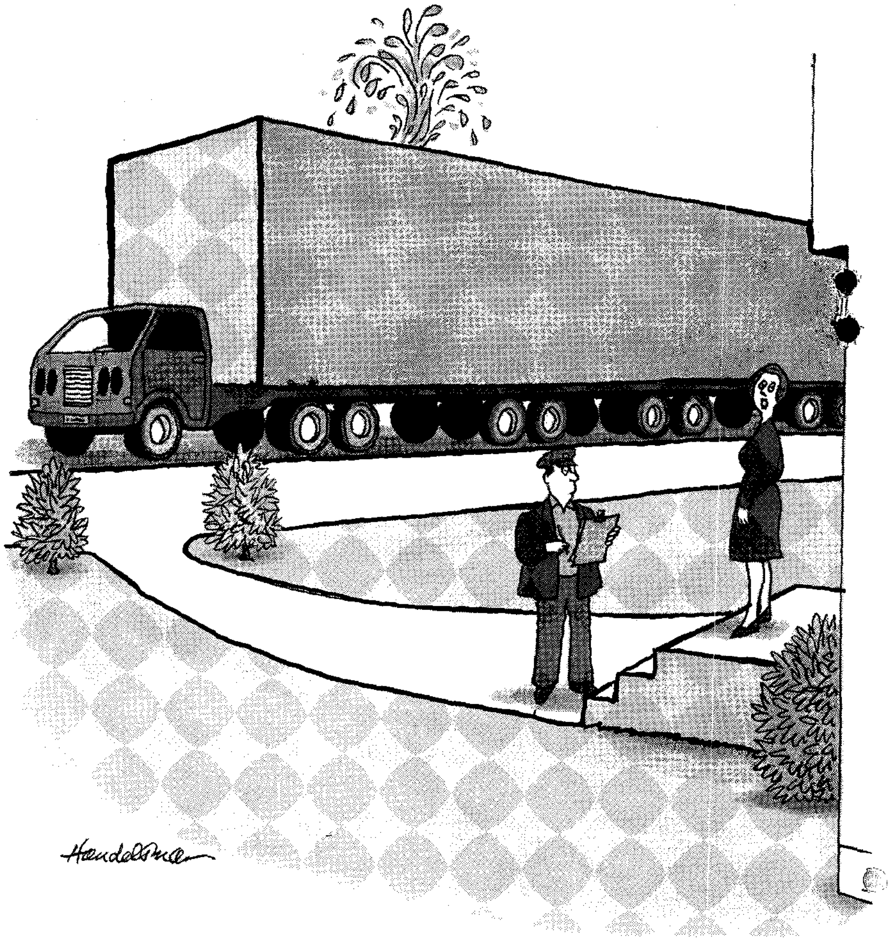
MUSEUM CRYSTAL
HOYA

A fresh idea for the holidays

Our New World Coffee makes the perfect gift for the coffee lovers on your list. We search the world for the very finest Arabica beans, hand-roast them to perfection, and ship them to you fresh from the roaster at their peak of freshness and flavor. The result: The absolute best coffee you've ever tasted or your money back. Call for our free 1993 Holiday Catalogue, or to order!

1-800-NWC-4NWC
(1-800-692-4692)





"Matthew, did we agree to adopt a whale?"

• •

freely combatants strew them around. But there are several problems with Alliant's position. The first is that its self-destruct mechanisms are simply not reliable enough. The immense quantities used mean that even a one-per-cent failure rate will leave tens of thousands of unexploded munitions for civilians to step on after a battle. A second objection is that if we exempt self-destruct mines the moratorium will be perceived by Third World countries, who lack the production capacity to make them, as a restrictive measure enabling the West to go on doing business while the others are stopped. It would look like a move designed to force them to buy mines from us."

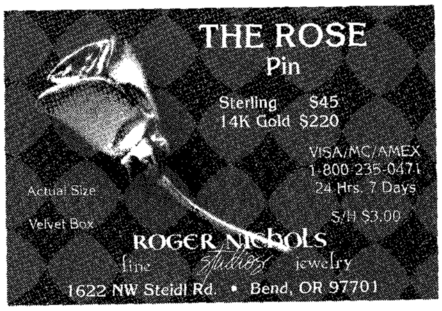
Patrick Blagden, a former brigadier in Britain's Royal Engineers Corps, who was in charge of mine-clearance operations in Kuwait for the recently privatized British defense contractor Royal Ordnance, has expressed support for a moratorium. This is significant, because he is now the demining expert at the United Nations, monitoring mine-clearing programs in Mozambique, Afghanistan, Cambodia, and other nations. But Blagden is cautious about the military implications of the moratorium. He foresees a long process of persuading the military establishment to forgo the use of mines. "The question is: Are respectable conventional forces going to renounce the legal use of mines in order to try and prevent their misuse by terrorists, guerrillas, bad guys?" he said. According to Kristi Rollag Wangstad, an Alliant vice-president, a larger problem with the moratorium is that it will lead to increased production of mines in countries that will never agree to abide by any restrictions at all.

FOR a device manufactured in almost every industrialized country, there is as yet remarkably little public awareness of mines. "Most people have no idea what an antipersonnel mine looks

THE EXECUTIVE LEATHER GLASSES CASE
Such lasting protection & understated good looks you'll want several.
Our Executive Leather Glasses Case ...
- Is extremely sturdy. You can sit on it without hurting your glasses.
- Is made of top quality bridle leather; will get better looking with age. It will mellow with you.
- Has a large reinforced snap closure that's easy to use.
- Is handmade to last yet has the nice touches of matching stitching, soft suede-like lining, hand stained leather edges.
- Is available in Black or Dark Burgundyish Brown.
- Comes in a specially made dark green rigid set up box; for easy gifting.
- Cost $35.00 each + 4.25 for shipping.

Call (615) 886-5189 with MC or Visa 9 am-5 pm M-F
Or Send Check or Money Order to:
Andrew Thompson Co.,
843 Arden Way, Dept. N-3
Signal Mountain, TN 37377
Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back
FINE GOODS Andrew Thompson Co. of Chattanooga

The Art of Eating
EDWARD BEHR • QUARTERLY LETTER
"One of this country's finest food writers."
NANCY HARMON JENKINS, N.Y. TIMES
"So intelligent, so passionate."
RICHARD FLASTE, N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW
Join such subscribers as ALICE WATERS, MARION CUNNINGHAM, and MARCELLA HAZAN.
1 year $25, US or foreign. An unusual gift.
THE ART OF EATING
BOX 242A, PEACHAM, VT 05862
800-451-4580 (8 AM-9 PM, MC/VISA)



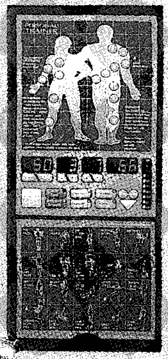
THE ROSE
Pin
Sterling $45
14K Gold $220
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
S/H $3.00
Actual Size
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
1622 NW Steidl Rd. • Bend, OR 97701

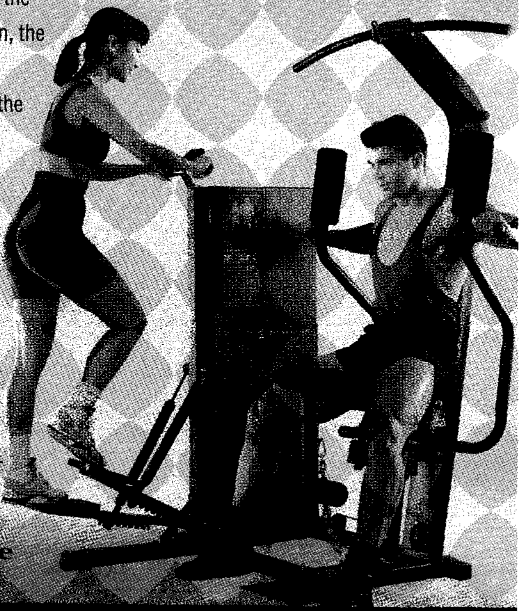
Italian Rentals
Villas, farmhouses, apartments
...simple to luxurious.
ELAINE MUOIO
Fax: 202/362-0520
Telephone: 202/244-5345

like—especially people who live in countries where they are made," Rae McGrath says. "I often travel with dummy mines in my luggage and I've never been stopped at customs." Hidden in use, covert in sale and transfer, mines are also absent from the public face of war. In campaigning terms, mines are thus the opposite of nuclear weapons, which have arched over the public imagination for two generations. One of the remarkable things about the United States moratorium was that it was achieved without any pressure from public opinion. In the complex tactical logic of the lobbyists, the argument for a U.N. ban is not that it will work but that it will begin a longer process of making land mines unacceptable to the public—a process of stigmatizing them in the way that mustard gas was stigmatized after the First World War by the 1925 Geneva Protocol and that dum-dum bullets (bullets that expand or break up on impact) were in the Hague Declaration of 1899. "This is the way that it has been possible by and large to prevent the use of chemical weapons," says Aryeh Neier, the former executive director of Human Rights Watch, who is now the president of George Soros's Open Society Fund.

"Securing a prohibition on mines may seem a formidable task," Neier says. "And it is a further formidable task to insure that the prohibition is observed. A third problem is to eradicate the vast number that have already been made. But the arguments against a ban collapse in the face of the extraordinary cost that mines represent for the countries where they are used." Neier compares the use of mines to torture. "There are always arguments that torture should be legitimate in certain circumstances, but we can all readily understand that if we were to permit torture even in those special circumstances the stigma would disappear. Torturers would be, in effect, licensed. It is the same with mine manufacture."

Mines are an odd form of torture—one in which the victims are picked at random without regard for who they are or what they represent. Mines' essentially indiscriminate nature—the fact that, once deployed, they are not bound by time or human agency—is, anti-mine campaigners argue, the characteristic that qualifies them for inclusion in the narrow category of weapons whose use incurs international opprobrium. The possibility of a ban depends on stressing this feature, on differentiating mines from other weapons, on convincing the voting public and military establishments around the world that they are abnormal, and dispensable. For the anti-mine campaigners, after their unexpected early victory, the long, slow road of arms control lies ahead—the road of advocacy and negotiation, of review conferences and verification procedures—in order to establish and promulgate the moral peculiarity of these weapons and enact it into law. For the mine clearers in Cambodia, Afghanistan, and other affected countries, the colossal task of mine removal continues, a dangerous and expensive process that is slower, even, than arms control. Meanwhile, for rural people in these countries, the mines remain as a noose around their lives, the most brutal of their multifarious afflictions. ♦





YOUR OWN PERSONAL TRAINER AT THE PUSH OF A BUTTON.

Now you can get professional fitness training in your own home with the Cross Trainer from Proform. **SUPERIOR MOTIVATION.** With Cross Trainer's "personal trainer" panel, you no longer have to psyche yourself up for a workout. Just press the muscle group you want to exercise and the "personal trainer" panel shows you the exact exercises you need. It even recommends specific reps, sets, and weight. And as you train, the "personal trainer" panel monitors your workout. With Cross Trainer's motivating "personal trainer" panel, you'll stick with the program and get the toned and balanced physique you've always wanted. **PROGRAM YOUR OWN ROUTINE.** With Cross Trainer's unique "SMART CARD", you can program your own personalized routine to improve your performance in a particular sport. **TOTAL BODY FITNESS.** Cross Trainer's design provides a total body workout in one compact, easy-to-use unit. By combining cardiovascular exercise with concentrated muscle toning and building, the Proform Cross Trainer conditions your entire body better than any other home fitness system. We guarantee it. **30-DAY FREE TRIAL.** Use the Cross Trainer for 30 days in your home. And if for any reason you're not totally satisfied, Proform will give you a full refund. **INCREDIBLY LOW PRICE.** The Cross Trainer can be yours for only $49.95 per month. Call today, and start building the ideal body with your own personal trainer.

CROSS TRAINER®

To take advantage of this offer, call toll free:
1-800-274-6461 ext. K614

ONLY **$49.95** PER MONTH.

PRO-FORM®

DISCOVER VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS

6am- 8pm Mon-Fri. 8am-12pm Sat MST
Major credit cards accepted. (interest rate will vary with credit card used for purchase)

PROFORM Fitness Products, Inc.
A subsidiary of Weider Health & Fitness, Inc.
© 1993 All rights reserved

THE CRITICS

RICHARD MERKIN

JAZZ

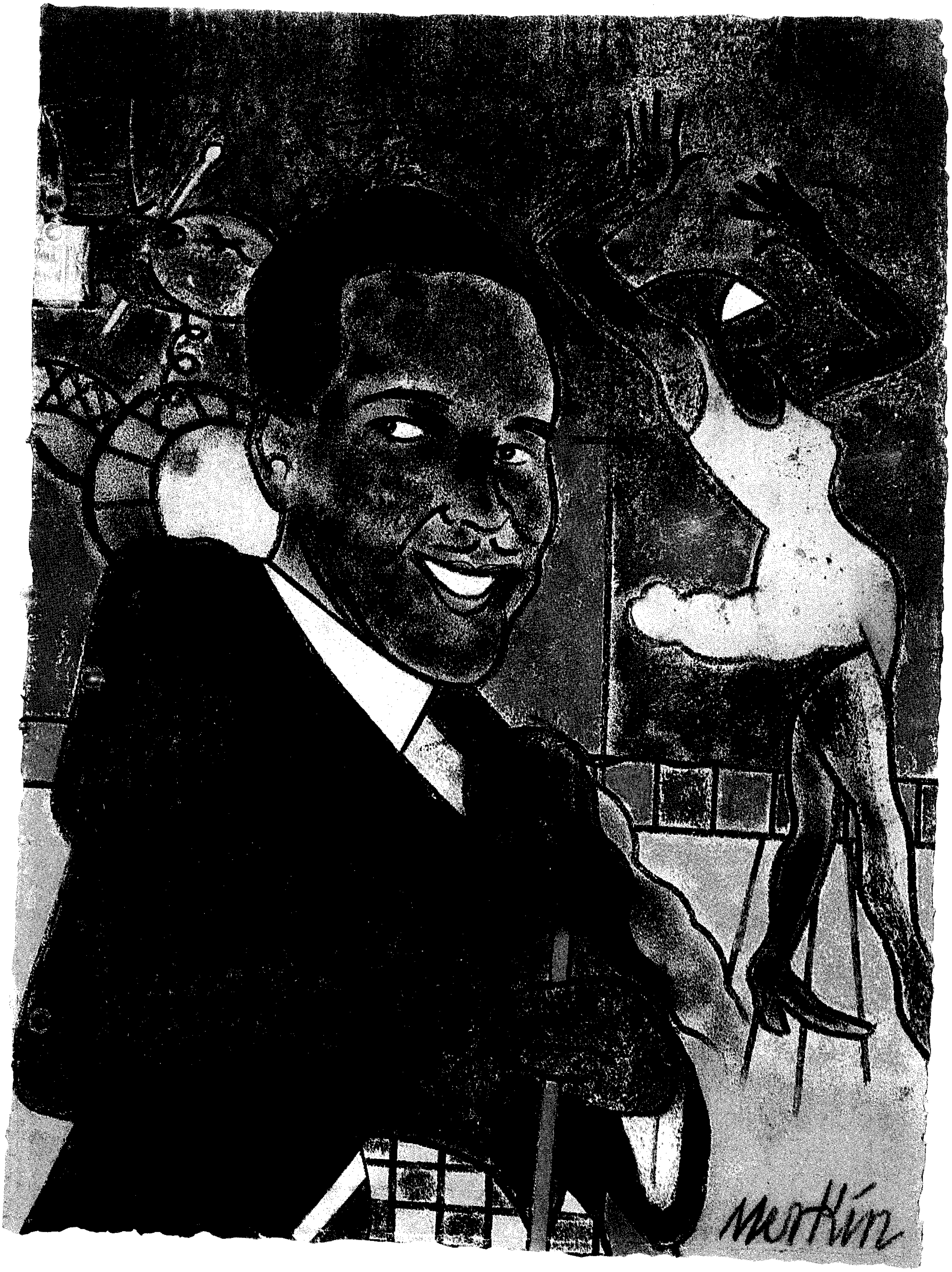
CELEBRATING THE DUKE

BY WHITNEY BALLIETT

The worst thing about Duke Ellington's death, almost twenty years ago, was that he, of all people, turned out to be mortal. Because of the profound, ageless, ongoing joyousness and originality of his music, he appeared to have mortality beat. He never changed much, even in his seventies. His long, handsome, lived-in face got longer and more handsome. His hair became an indeterminate color. He affected a ponytail. And the celebrated bags under his eyes grew heavier. (They represented "an accumulation of virtue," he said.) But everything else remained the same: his wit and unflappability (on being asked early in his career how he felt about racial slurs: "I took the energy it takes to pout and wrote some blues"); his sly graciousness (to a female guest leaving his seventieth-birthday party at the White House: "I'm so glad you could come. You looked so beautiful, and you brought such dignity to my party"); his endless talent for putting on friend and foe alike (his classic response to the news that the Pulitzer board had reversed its music committee's decision to award him a special prize in 1965: "Fate is being kind to me. Fate doesn't want me to be famous too young"); his deep, limber voice and princely dress (four-inch pants cuffs). Best of all, he never stopped playing his subtle, unique piano and composing his American music and leading his surpassing band; he never stopped making his music seem to compliment his audiences for their perspicacity in coming to hear him.

Ellington invented a new music. It was not fully understood during his lifetime, and it is still not properly appreciated. He fashioned it out of what he heard and saw around him. He translated his senses into music, not in a diaphanous Debussy way but in a hands-on way. Wilfred Mellers, the English composer and critic, once wrote of Ellington, "His genius is to be equated with his ear, which is the servant of his experience." Largely self-taught, he used whatever tools came along: the improvisation and rhythms of jazz, which grew up with Ellington in the twenties; European harmony and atonality; the eight- and twelve-bar blues; and the thirty-two-bar form of the American song. If his music was loosely programmatic (some Ellington titles: "Harlem Air Shaft," "Dusk," "A Portrait of Bert Williams," "Day Dream"), it was also, in his mind, political. In 1930, just seven years into his career, he told a New York reporter, "I am not playing jazz. I am trying to play the natural feelings of [the black] people." Nine years later, he wrote, in *Down Beat*, "Our music is always intended to be definitely and purely racial." Ellington never thought of music as abstract. He knew he couldn't hold it, smell it, or see it, but when the band played a new Ellington piece it became almost palpable to him. He maintained his band for fifty years at enormous expense, because he could not live without hearing what he had written the night before.

Most of the big bands that surrounded Ellington in the thirties and forties came in two distinct parts—their leaders (Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw) and the dispensable hired help. But Ellington and his musicians were indivisible. (The longtime sidemen who left the band—tired of travelling, tired of the music—never played as well anywhere else, and they generally returned, even twenty years later.) He wrote specifically for his musicians, and they played what he had written specifically for him. They often amended or enlarged on his melodies at rehearsals or in the recording studio, and then he amended or enlarged on their changes. Ellington was a brilliant eccentric who attracted brilliant eccentrics. (One of the oddest things about [illegible]s great musical sophisticate was his love of New Orleans jazz. He revered Sidney Bechet, and even lured him into the band briefly in the twenties and thirties. He hired Barney Bigard and Wellman Braud, both from New Orleans, and he tried to hire Red Allen and Edmond Hall, both New Orleanians, too. Johnny Hodges learned how to play the soprano saxophone from Bechet, and Tricky Sam Nanton learned how to use a plunger mute from Bubber Miley, who had learned it from the New Orleans trumpeter King Oliver. Cootie Williams picked up the plunger from Nanton, and his open-horn playing constantly celebrated Louis Armstrong.) The greatest of Ellington's musicians developed timbres and tones and techniques—glorious tics, almost—that had never been heard before. Cootie Williams' plunger mute screamed and talked and moaned. Johnny Hodges used ethereal glissandos and a thick, pushing tone when he played the blues. Rex Stewart's half valvings were sounds heard through a swinging door. Lawrence


Martin

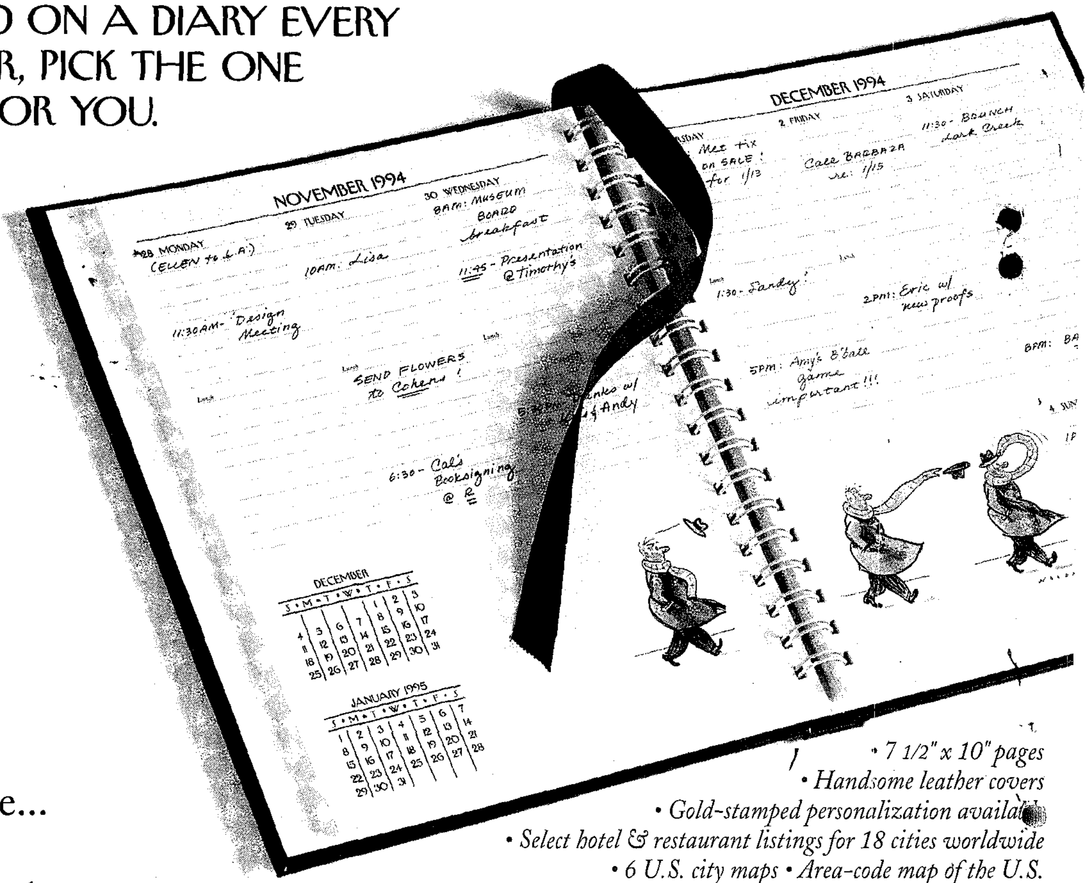
THE PERFECT COMPANION FOR 1994

SINCE YOU DEPEND ON A DIARY EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, PICK THE ONE THAT'S PERFECT FOR YOU.

Bright, attractive, colorful, always good for a smile...

Recognizes what's important to you: a week at a glance, a ribbon marker, lie-flat binding, lots of space to write...

Knows all the right places to go and how to reach them - restaurants, museums, clubs, galleries, theatres.



- *7 1/2" x 10" pages*
- *Handsome leather covers*
- *Gold-stamped personalization available*
- *Select hotel & restaurant listings for 18 cities worldwide*
- *6 U.S. city maps* • *Area-code map of the U.S.*
- *International dialing codes*

THE 1994 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

Send order to: The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept.236182, Des Moines, IA 50336

PLEASE SEND ME THE 1994 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

____ *copies at $24.95* ____ *imprinted copies at $27.45*

For each copy, add $3.25 for shipping & handling within the U.S., $6.50 for Canada. Offer available only in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY, & OH, please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

☐ *Check or money order enclosed* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Visa* ☐ *Mastercard*

Acct. # __________ *Exp. Date* ______

Signature __________

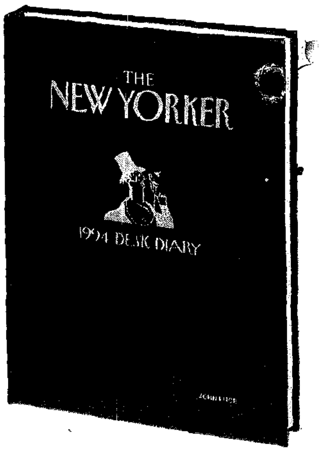
Name __________

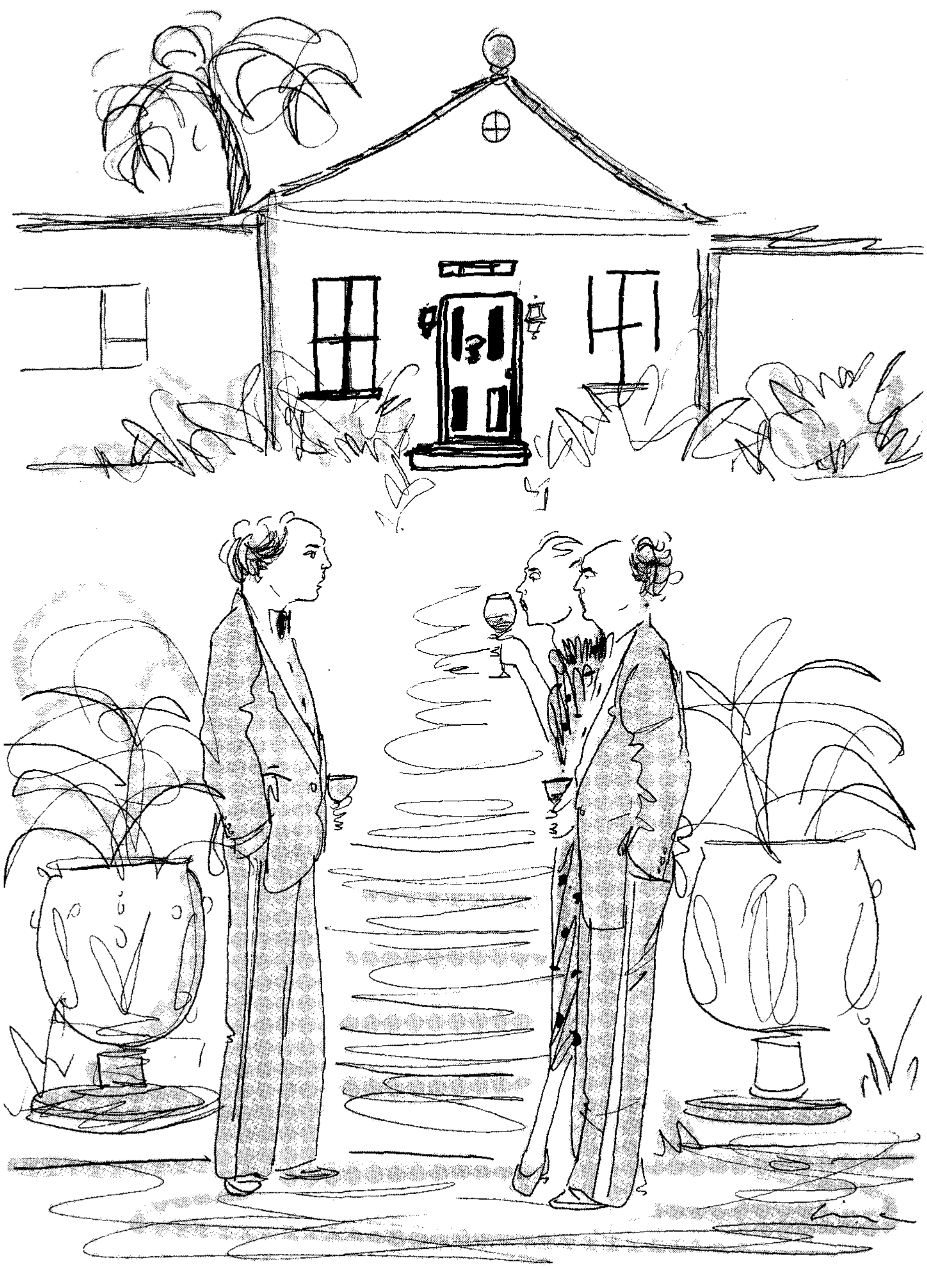
Address __________

City __________ *State* ____ *Zip* ____

Imprint name __________

Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.





"You know what I see over here? A tiny cannon."

• •

Brown's solos were satin, and Harry Carney's low register was the voice of God.

Ellington's mysterious orchestrations were the heart of his music, and they became even more adventurous after the gifted arranger and composer Billy Strayhorn joined the band, in 1939. There were melodic figures carried by a muted trumpet, a muted trombone, and a clarinet; two clarinets and a bass clarinet, the last scored on top; two tenor saxophones, a clarinet, and a muted trombone playing eerie organ chords behind a Hodges or Ben Webster solo (some of the loveliest things Ellington wrote were background countermelodies); a bass clarinet and an arco string bass, in unison and backed only by Ellington, snapping his fingers on the afterbeat; the trombone section sounding abrupt offbeat bursts, lightened—you couldn't be sure—by a clarinet or a muted trumpet, scored high. Ellington loved to baffle the critics. Some of them have studied the unearthly opening ensemble chorus of his 1931 recording of "The Mystery Song" for sixty years without figuring out the instrumentation. As André Previn once said to the critic Ralph J. Gleason after they had heard Ellington together, "You know, Stan Kenton can stand in front of a thousand fiddles and a thousand brass and make a dramatic gesture and every studio arranger can nod his head and say, 'Oh yes, that's done like this.' But Duke merely lifts his little finger, three horns make a sound, and I don't know what it is."

Ellington had briefly considered a career as a painter, and it is not an exaggeration to say that he was a colorist who painted with sound. His unison clarinets suggested chrome yellow, his open-horn trombones dark gray, his open-horn trumpets silver, his muted trumpets off-white. The entire band, playing a triumphant unison figure, bled a deep red. Jazz was the engine of the band. (Ellington disliked the word "jazz"; he felt that it circumscribed his music.) There were improvised solos, often repeated night after night once they were recorded, and solos that Ellington wrote out that sounded improvised. He used every kind of jazz rhythm, and when he had the right drummer (Sonny Greer, Louie Bellson, Sam Woodyard) the band could swing very hard. He was a master of the seemingly simple business of choosing the right tempo. He would set the precise stroll for a languorous Johnny Hodges number, the precise easy rock for a straightforward blues, the precise hustle for "Rockin' in Rhythm."

Ellington's most fervent admirers like to say that he is the greatest American composer. This suggests that he surpassed Charles Ives, Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, Samuel Barber, and the rest, to say nothing of such resident imports as Varèse, Bartók, Schoenberg, Stravinsky, and Hindemith. But all of them were European apples, and Ellington was an exotic American orange. The Coplands and Thomsons used traditional European compositional methods and the usual "classical" instruments. Ellington was a miniaturist, bound by the thirty-two-bar song and the three-minute time limit of the 78-r.p.m. record. And he never used French horns, English horns, oboes, bassoons, flutes, or fiddles—except, of course, for Ray Nance. He did try a "symphonic" piece, the famous forty-five-minute "Black, Brown, and Beige," premièred in 1943 at Carnegie

Hall, but it was panned by the heavyweight New York critics. Seven years later, he wrote a far more coherent long piece, the fourteen-minute "Harlem," full of thick, sliding instrumental voices laid over constantly shifting rhythms. He finally settled, midway in his career, for writing "suites." These consisted of several loosely related three- or four-minute pieces gathered under a title. Even his ambitious so-called sacred music, written during his sixties and seventies, was made up of short pieces, padded with sopranos, choirs, drum solos, and tap dancers—Ellington's take on the furbelows of religious music.

For a long time, it was customary to put Ellington's piano playing down. It was stiff, it was clunky, it didn't swing. He had been tutored by stride pianists like James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith, but over the years, when no one was looking, he became, in his singular, peppery, sometimes outrageous fashion, a kind of avant-gardist, much admired by Thelonious Monk, and even by Cecil Taylor. He was a masterly accompanist. His single notes under the band gave the impression that he was balancing the entire ensemble on one finger, and when he mischievously dropped in jarring, almost atonal figures behind, say, Johnny Hodges you wondered if Hodges would make it to the end of his solo. In his later years, Ellington came out from behind the band and made several exceptional solo-piano records. He had an easy touch and far more technique than he let on. He wrote in "Music Is My Mistress," his marvellous autobiography, "And would you believe that the great Art Tatum sometimes got up from the piano and asked *me* to play?"

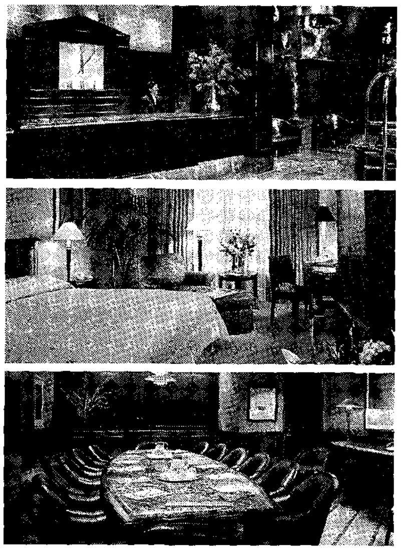
ELLINGTON spent the last thirty years of his life flying his band around the world to make enough money to keep it intact; he never had the time to become an institution. But the marble edifice is finished and the carving is being done above the door. The Smithsonian, through the offices of John Edward Hasse, its curator of American music, has bought Ellington's papers (a hundred thousand pages of music, seventy-eight scrapbooks) and will publish a series of Ellington arrangements, enabling repertory groups and college

Ever since we opened on Broadway, we've been a big hit with business travelers.

At the New York Renaissance Hotel, the stage is set for the perfect business trip. We're located in the heart of Midtown Manhattan's business and theater district. Yet you need never step outside the hotel, thanks to available in-room fax machines and computer ports, and phones featuring two lines with voice mail. And when you consider the luxurious surroundings, spacious accommodations, and attentive staff, who could blame you for not wanting to leave? For reservations or information, call your travel agent or 1-800-228-9898.

NEW YORK
RENAISSANCE®
HOTEL

714 SEVENTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036. TEL. 212-765-7676. FAX: 212-765-1962.
RENAISSANCE AND STOUFFER HOTELS • RESORTS. 90 LOCATIONS IN 27 COUNTRIES.



BIRD WATCHER'S DIGEST

The thoughtfully perfect bimonthly gift for bird watching friends—or yourself !!!

"A bird watcher's magazine should have something for everyone, and *BWD* does... you'll learn things you never knew before."
—*Roger Tory Peterson*

All about birds in your backyard and beyond... how to plant for, attract, and identify birds.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY...
ONE YEAR $17.95
(6 issues)

Bird Watcher's Digest
Box 110, Dept. ANY6, Marietta, OH 45750
VISA / MC Call 1-800-879-2473

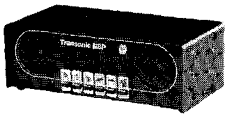
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

Transonic® ESP

The ultimate pest repeller.

Powerful ultrasonic/sonic technology repels common insects, bats, mice and squirrels, from homes, attics, storage buildings and RVs. Easy-to-use international pest graphics. Dual speakers. Uses 110V current. Proven—thousands sold. Made in U.S.A., two year guarantee. **$120. Free 2nd day air shipping in continental U.S. To order, call toll free 1-800-343-2659. Visa and MasterCard.**

8 am to 4 pm Pacific Time Weitech, Inc., Sisters, OR 97759

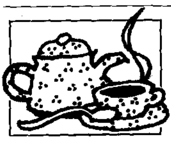


THE FEARRINGTON HOUSE

A Small, Elegant Country Inn and Restaurant near Chapel Hill, NC

★★★★ RELAIS & CHATEAUX ★★★★

2000Y Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 919-542-2121



Laurel Springs Fraser Firs

(800) 851-2345
Fresh NC Christmas trees, wreaths, & garlands.
Wholesale, retail & mail order.
FREE greenery catalog.

WASHINGTON, DC YOU'RE ALL INVITED.

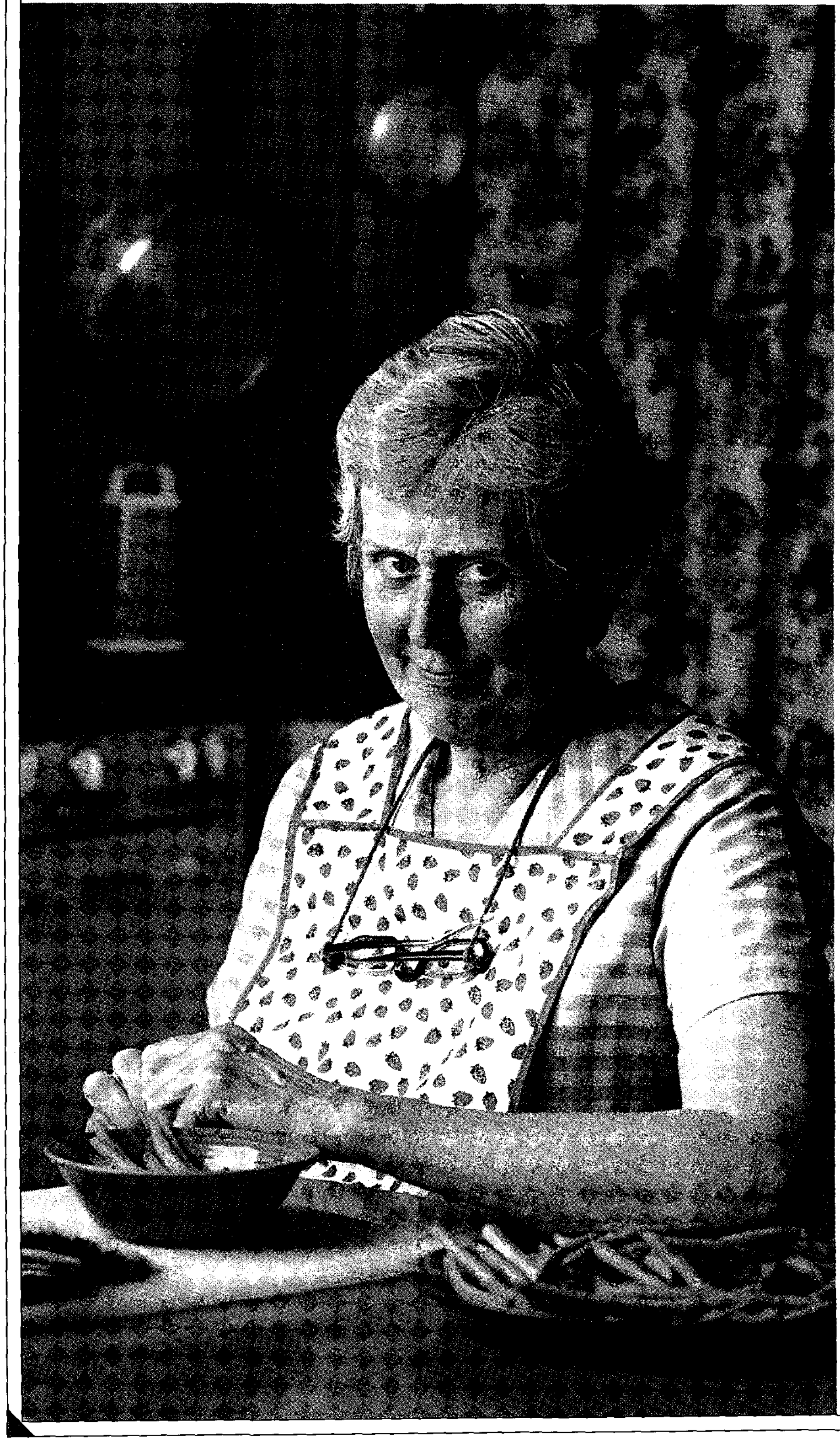
COME TO AMERICA'S PLAYGROUND. TODAY, WASHINGTON IS ALIVE WITH SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND BARGAINS. OF OUR 88 HOTELS, MORE THAN HALF HAVE WEEKEND RATES UNDER $80. BUT DON'T STAY IN YOUR ROOM. WALK AMONG MUSEUMS, MONUMENTS AND GALLERIES THAT ARE THE ENVY OF THE WORLD. DISCOVER NEIGHBORHOOD SHOPS AND EATERIES YOU CAN'T FIND AT HOME, BUT MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE HOME. FOR A FREE BROCHURE, CALL TODAY. YOUR NATION'S CAPITAL JUST CAN'T WAIT TO PLAY HOST.

1-800-422-8644

WASHINGTON, DC

D.C. COMMITTEE TO PROMOTE WASHINGTON P.O. BOX 27489-CA-1 WASHINGTON, D.C. 20038-7489
© D.C. COMMITTEE TO PROMOTE WASHINGTON, 1993

Why your mother would prefer you to fly Qantas.



Bless her heart, she only wants you to have the best.

Oh, and of course, to use *some of the thousands of* frequent flyer miles that you can earn on Qantas to come home and visit her once in a while. (On Qantas, you can earn miles with Alaska, Canadian or American Airlines®, or with our own program.)

It makes her happy to know that we'll spoil you the way she used to do. Our outstanding reputation for both safety and maintenance doesn't do any harm, either.

We've been around since she was a little girl. Yet our fleet is one of the youngest in the air. And we have more flights to Australia and the South Pacific from North America than any other airline.

After all that she's done for you, is this really too much to ask?

Call your travel agent or Qantas at 1-800-227-4500. And give your mother a call sometime, too; she'd like that.

QANTAS
THE AUSTRALIAN AIRLINE

ensembles to play Ellington properly for the first time. (Many of his original scores simply wore out or were lost, and have never been available.) Hasse has assembled a ghostly Ellington exhibition that is currently at the Museum of the City of New York and will travel around the country. On view are the rosary and cross he is said to have worn most of his life; the Presidential Medal of Freedom given him by President Nixon; full-sized cutout photographs of Jimmie Blanton, Tricky Sam Nanton, Ivie Anderson, Johnny Hodges, and Ellington himself; Barney Bigard's clarinet and Clark Terry's flugelhorn, and part of Sonny Greer's once majestic drum set; and an interactive television that shows Greer playing (or synching) the crackling twelve-bar solo he took in the 1941 short called "Jam Session."

To celebrate the opening of the exhibition, Hasse brought the Smithsonian Jazz Masterworks Orchestra up from Washington, and it gave a concert at the Apollo Theatre. (Ellington occasionally played the Apollo, but Carnegie Hall eventually became his New York concert home.) Doing Ellington in repertory is tricky and never completely satisfying. How do you reproduce the timbres and attacks of musicians who were often inimitable and had sometimes worked together for decades, playing off each other like old marrieds? How do you replicate the peculiar rhythmic subtleties of, say, the Sonny Greer Ellington band? Do you copy, however wanly, the original recorded solos, or let your soloists step out on their own and risk their making a different music? It has been argued that hearing Ellington copies in the flesh can be as rewarding as studying the great original recordings—a shaky argument, if it is true that most people listen to live music with their eyes and not their ears. The Smithsonian band, conducted by David Baker, played nineteen Ellingtons at the Apollo. None of the questions were answered. Some of the tempos were off, and the ensembles were pallid without Harry Carney's massive bottom tones. Of all the solos—some copied, some original—only Joe Wilder's open-horn and plunger work was beautiful.

Hasse has also published a new biography of the Duke, "Beyond Category: The Life and Genius of Duke Ellington" (Simon & Schuster; $25), and the musicologist and Ellington scholar Mark Tucker has put together an anthology of writings by and about Ellington, called "The Duke Ellington Reader" (Oxford; $30). Hasse's book is clear, methodical, and thorough—a biography of a career. The following description of Ellington at twenty-four, when he left Washington, D.C., for New York, is about as personal as Hasse gets. It's also an excellent instance of his three-hundred-and-sixty-degree approach: "Ellington had by now established his personality. He was tied strongly to his mother, secure, self-confident, optimistic, prideful, aristocratic in demeanor, charming, well mannered, easy with people from all walks of life, religious, ambitious, clever, didactically oriented, street smart, shrewd in business, restive with categories, averse to writing while inclined toward oral communication, a stylish dresser, and a growing individualist." For all his ebullience and jiving around, Ellington was an intensely private man, and it is not likely that any biographer will get further inside his closely veiled self than Mercer Ellington (Duke's son and only child) and Stanley Dance did in Mercer's 1978 memoir, "Duke Ellington in Person." But Hasse at least corrects the messy, askew vision of Ellington put forward in James Lincoln Collier's 1987 biography, and he gives proper emphasis to some of the brilliant, often neglected recordings Ellington made in the fifties and sixties.

Tucker's book weighs in at five hundred and thirty-six dense pages, and it includes early interviews with Ellington, a surprisingly astute 1929 mention of Ellington by Abbé Niles ("There is more and better melody in one of the dances of this astounding Negro than in ten of the pallid tunes of the average operetta"), and R. D. Darrell's long and passionate critical essay, written in 1932, when Ellington was just getting it together and Americans weren't supposed to know anything about their new music. One of Darrell's closing paragraphs: "There is absolutely nothing in popular music, all too little in any music, that touches the uncannily twisted beauty, the acrid pungence of nostalgia which Ellington in his great moments

Give the gift of Maine,
a fragrant BALSAM FIR
WREATH $26.
includes shipping

Adorned with cones and crabapples, with a red velvetina bow. Gift packaged with your message enclosed.

Shipped UPS anywhere in continental U.S. All major credit cards accepted.

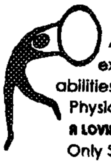
Color brochure upon request.

The Christmas Greens Shop
Dept. N29 • Blue Hill, ME 04614
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-255-8874
In Maine: 374-5156
9-6 EST Monday-Saturday

BEST MUSICAL • TONY® AWARD
CRAZY FOR YOU
The new GERSHWIN musical comedy
TELE-CHARGE 800-432-7250
In Metro-NY 212-239-6200
Ⓢ SHUBERT THEATRE, 225 W. 44th St. N.Y.C

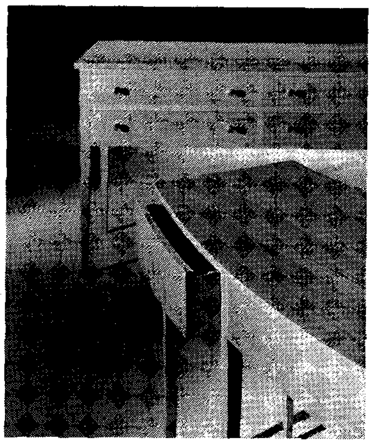
Your Horoscope in Gems & Gold

Custom designed, handmade fine jewelry talismans based on your personal horoscope. Chart included. Order now for Christmas!
Gemscope™ Jewelry by Andrea Loomis.
459 Columbus Ave., Suite 223, N.Y., N.Y. 10024 (212) 787-7283



FIT AFTER FIFTY
A two-part 90 minute video of stress-free exercises geared to the needs and abilities of those over fifty. Created by a Physical Ed Prof and certified Myotherapist.
A LOVING GIFT FOR THE CHRONOLOGICALLY CHALLENGED
Only $39.95 plus $2.50 p/h Check/MO to
Three J Productions, Ltd Box 30 White Plains, NY 10603

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS



At Thos. Moser, we design and build elegant hardwood furnishings. Each piece is created by hand, and captures the comfort and beauty of classic American styling. Designed for both traditional and contemporary homes, Thos. Moser furniture will endure gracefully for generations to come.

CATALOG $10

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
SAN FRANCISCO 415-931-8131

415R CUMBERLAND AVE., PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

Experience California's Smaller, Boutique Wineries

Each month, you or your giftee will receive two bottles of award-winning wines, plus an 8-page newsletter, *Uncorked*. $30.00 per month (includes shipping).
HOLIDAY GIFTS SHIPPED WITHIN 24 HOURS!
Visa / MasterCard / Am. Express

The California Wine Club

800/777-4443 *Call 24 hours*

THE IBIS COLLECTION

American artist Ken Kantro interprets the timeless beauty of dolphins. THE IBIS COLLECTION now offers you this handcrafted sterling silver pin, signed by the artist, $48.00. *Matching earrings and pendant available.*

Exhibited at the Smithsonian

Shown 2/3 actual size.

IBIS GALLERY P.O. Box 280 Cedar Key, FL 32625 (904) 543-5060
All major credit cards or by check. Add $3.50 S&H. FL residents add sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PARIS NOTES
The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.

History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People. Fun Facts, Travel and Language Tips, and More.
$36 per year (10 issues). Sample copy $4. Cheques only.
1142 Manhattan Ave, Box 134G, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266 • (310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

achieves. I can compare it only with the tortured rapture of Roland Hayes' face and hands as he sings certain spirituals, an agonized ecstasy too profound, too piercing to be glimpsed without a sense of sacrilege that so naked a baring of the soul should be witnessed by others."

One of the best pieces in the book is the 1978 liner note (essay, really) done by Lawrence Gushee for a Smithsonian reissue of twenty-eight of the masterpieces Ellington recorded in 1940. He writes, "There is a strain of craziness in Ellington that is never pervasive, yet can often be heard in his piano accompaniment, in odd trombone phrases ending in mid-air, and in brief passages of polytonal or extremely dissonant harmony. They are there for the very attentive, but the ordinary listener can and does pass them by. The avant-garde calls this hedging; the successful performer, prudence." Also included are Richard O. Boyer's still valuable Profile of Ellington, done for this magazine in 1944; Irving Townsend's glimpse of Ellington at work in the recording studio, which was his hearth and home (Ellington's recordings take up almost two hundred closely printed pages in Tom Lord's new jazz discography); the Duke himself discussing food, critics, his music and life; and various excellent pieces by those inestimable Ellington chroniclers Helen and Stanley Dance—in particular Stanley Dance's moving funeral oration, delivered on May 27, 1974, at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine. (And find, before it vanishes, the often extraordinary two-volume set of Ellington small-band sides, "The Duke's Men," recorded in the thirties and recently reissued on Columbia Jazz Masterpiece, with liner notes by Helen Dance, who actually oversaw most of the sessions as probably the very first female A. & R. person. Listen, especially, to Johnny Hodges doing Sidney Bechet in "Wanderlust" and Cootie Williams growling and being disconsolate in "Jitterbug's Lullaby" and the exquisite background countermelody behind Barney Bigard in "Chasin' Chippies.")

ELLINGTON was born in Washington in 1899, of a genteel light-skinned mother and a worldly father of darker hue. Here, in the classic open-

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers.

Loro Piana
Discover the timeless elegance of Loro Piana Italian fabrics. Our new store at 46 East 61st Street, New York, features everything for the finest wardrobes. 1.212.980.7961

Maine Office of Tourism
Maine's a great place to visit – to explore, relax, shop, and enjoy. For the best activities and adventures, call for your free guide: 1.800.835.0232

Design Warehouse
Offers Miroir Brot (Paris) Shaving and Make-up Mirrors at a 33% discount. Call for discount mail order catalog: 1.800.700.4440

John Hardy Collection
By noted designer John Hardy. Beautiful jewelry and watches handcrafted in .925 sterling silver. For more information and free brochure, call: 1.800.2.J.HARDY

Gevalia Kaffe
Europe's premier coffee delivered fresh from our Swedish roastery to your door. Roasts and blends available in 11 flavors. Free, full-color catalog available. Please call: 1.800.678.2687

El Al Israel Airlines
El Al Israel Airlines offers a variety of well-priced escorted and unescorted vacations in Israel and special Business Class fares. Call your travel agent or 1.800.EL.AL.SUN

Harrington's of Vermont
Introductory offer includes 40% off Smoked Ham and Turkey Breast with FREE Cheddar and Bacon. Call for details and catalogue: 1.802.434.4444 ext. 5

Clipper Cruise Line
Explore the yachtman's Caribbean: secluded islands and bays in the Virgin Islands that are beyond the reach of large cruise ships. 1.800.227.4099

The Tog Shop
The Tog Shop catalog provides the style-conscious woman with fashions and footwear from such trusted manufacturers as Graff, David Brooks, Easy Spirit and more. We carry missy sizes, often up to size 20, as well as petite sizes. For your free copy, please call: 1.800.367.8647

ADVERTISEMENT

ing paragraph of his autobiography, is how he viewed his childhood: "Once upon a time a beautiful young lady and a very handsome young man fell in love and got married. They were a wonderful, compatible couple, and God blessed their marriage with a fine baby boy (eight pounds, eight ounces). They loved their little boy very much. They raised him, nurtured him, coddled him, and spoiled him. They raised him in the palm of the hand and gave him everything they thought he wanted. Finally, when he was about seven or eight, they let his feet touch the ground." Ellington was a noble gent, and there were several of him: the elegant, funny, gracious Ellington, modelled on his urbane father, who got off mots like "Pretty can only get prettier, but beauty compounds itself"; the musical Ellington, speeding across Mississippi at three in the morning in Harry Carney's car and asking Carney if he'd mind turning on the overhead light so that he could write some music; the salacious Ellington, describing in detail a lady he had met after a concert with whom he would have liked to dally; the ultra-cool onstage Ellington, conducting his band with looks and nods from his piano, then getting up and snowing the audience with his two-hundred-watt smile and a couple of gently mocking "I love you madly"s; the angry, guttural Ellington, his head in a bandanna, privately cursing the moneymen who run the record business; the Ellington whose courage, racial blindness, and sheer persevering dignity complemented Martin Luther King's vision; and the childlike, wondering Ellington, always on the lookout for some new revelation to write a piece of music about. Again, from his autobiography:

> I've seen the Northern Lights many times, but one night in Canada, when Harry Carney and I were en route from Three Rivers, Quebec, to North Bay, Ontario, on Route 17, we saw the greatest display of all.
>
> It seemed to us as though we were two short men standing behind two tall men at a magnified Radio City while a stage production was on. We could not see the players, only shadows and reflections of performers passing back and forth before a brilliantly lit backdrop. You could see the course of the prima donna, the prima ballerina, the heavy, and all the dancing and show girls, many of them in formation. It was the greatest stage production I've ever seen.

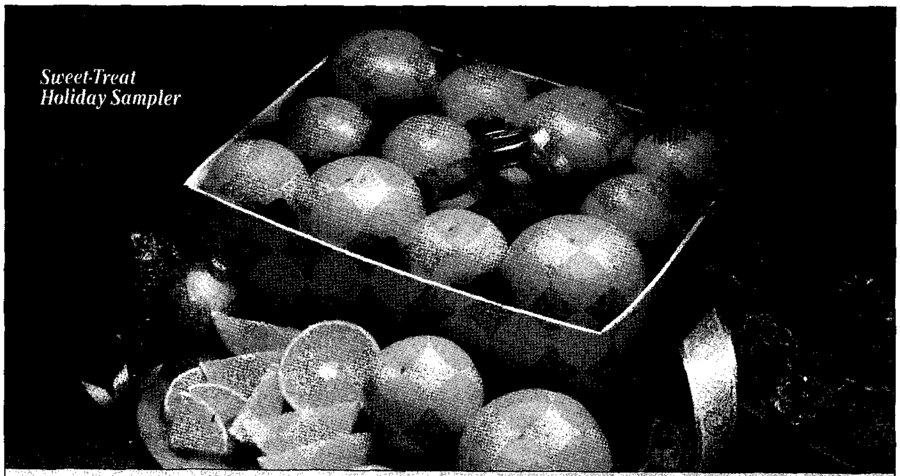
The majestic, dissonant, many-layered

REVERSO – THE LIVING LEGEND.
THE BOOK ABOUT
THE CLASSIC TIMEPIECE.

THE REMARKABLE 60TH ANNIVERSARY MODEL MANUFACTURED IN A LIMITED EDITION OF 500, WHICH SOLD OUT ALMOST AS SOON AS IT APPEARED, MADE THE REVERSO THE CONVERSATION PIECE OF OUR TIME. "REVERSO – THE LIVING LEGEND" IS A LAVISHLY PRODUCED VOLUME CONTAINING MORE THAN 340 PAGES AND OVER 500 ILLUSTRATIONS. MANFRED FRITZ DESCRIBES WHY THE TWIN-FACED REVERSO HAS ATTAINED THE CLASSIC STATUS IT ENJOYS TODAY AND IN THE PROCESS HE HAS WRITTEN A TRIBUTE TO A SINGULAR MASTERPIECE OF THE WATCHMAKER'S CRAFT. (REVERSO – THE LIVING LEGEND, EDITION BRAUS – HEIDELBERG, ISBN 3-89466-034-1) $106 PLUS $6 SHIPPING. TO PLACE YOUR ORDER PLEASE CONTACT YOUR BOOKSELLER OR JAEGER-LECOULTRE, P.O. BOX 1608, WINCHESTER, VA 22604, TELEPHONE (800) JLC-TIME.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

REVERSO
THE LIVING LEGEND
MANFRED FRITZ



You can give the Finest Fruit in the World.

Less than one percent of all Florida citrus fruit is selected to be Gift Fruit. Grown by Florida's renowned citrus families and shipped fresh from the grove, Gift Fruit is the sweetest, juiciest, most delicious fruit you can give. Your friends and family will thank you for the *Sweet-Treat Holiday Sampler* featuring Florida's finest navel oranges and red grapefruit.

Florida gift fruit will arrive in perfect condition and on time, guaranteed, or we will replace it.

FREE
...jar of marmalade...FREE
healthy recipes...FREE
delivery with every order!

Approx. 10 lbs.
Only $18⁹⁵

Call today, toll-free and charge to major credit card
1-800-428-4423

Florida's Sunshine Tree, your assurance of quality

Or mail coupon to: N1193
Florida's Gift Fruit Shippers
P.O. Box 620000, Orlando, Florida 32891-8465
☐ Check enclosed ☐ MC ☐ VISA
Card No. ____ Expires ____
Name ____
Address ____ Apt. ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Phone (____) ____
Enclose your gift list with name, address and holiday message for each recipient.

THE
NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers.

Daedalus Books
Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. Seven catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. For a free issue, please call: 1.800.395.2665

Bailin Jewelers Ltd.
Presents The Baljére Collection '94. Browse through our full-color catalog offering a fine selection of precious jewelry featuring exclusive designs. Call for your complimentary copy: 1.212.575.1430

American Friends Service Committee
This holiday season, give a gift that makes a difference. To support school kids in Vietnam, or for more information on Worldwide Quaker Service, call: 1.800.226.9816

Green Mountain Coffee
Green Mountain Coffee Roasters presents over 60 freshly roasted gourmet coffees. Free catalog includes $5 certificate on first order. 1.800.335.2326

Omaha Steaks International
Tender, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call toll free: 1.800.228.9055

Shaker Workshops
An exciting collection of reproduction Shaker rockers, dining chairs, tables, beds, and other furniture. Available in kits or custom-finished. 56-page color catalog: 1.617.646.8985

The Legendary S.Y. Sea Cloud
Sail to the Gardens of the Grenadines, January 11-18, 1994. The gift of a lifetime; an incomparable cruising experience! 1.800.4.SEA.CLOUD

Out of Africa
From Pendragon's come these hand-made, adjustable bracelets of sterling, sterling with gold knots, and 14k gold. Wearing one, you can almost hear the sounds of safari. 1.908.536.6919

L.L. Bean
Free Christmas catalog: Features active and casual wear, winter sporting equipment, furnishings for the home and camp. Toll-free telephone services: 1.800.543.9071

ADVERTISEMENT

piece that came out of this experience is called "Northern Lights," and it is part of "The Queen's Suite." Ellington recorded the suite, at his own expense, in 1959, several months after he had met Queen Elizabeth in England. He had a single pressing made and, royalty to royalty, had it sent to the Queen, thereafter steadfastly refusing to have it released to the public. It was not issued until 1976, two years after his death.

By 1959, Ellington was in his last great creative push. In 1957 alone, he had recorded his Shakespearean suite, "Such Sweet Thunder," and his Ellington songbook with Ella Fitzgerald. He had also written and performed in his short opera for television, "A Drum Is a Woman." And he had taken the time to record a classic small-band number, "Where's the Music?" Between 1959 and the mid-sixties, he recorded three notable suites ("Suite Thursday," "Afro-Bossa," and "The Far East Suite") and another classic small-band number, "Blues in Blueprint"; did the all too brief soundtrack for Otto Preminger's "Anatomy of a Murder"; and devoted several superb albums to the work of other composers. These included witty, sensuous versions of "The Nutcracker Suite" and "Peer Gynt," both done as almost narcissistic Ellington tonal celebrations, rich reworkings of some of the hits of the day ("People," "Moon River," "I Want to Hold Your Hand," "Days of Wine and Roses"), and a dozen parodies of old big-band numbers. (His arrangement of Stan Kenton's "Artistry in Rhythm," full of pizzicato Ray Nance violin and Harry Carney bass clarinet, puts the huge, noisy Kenton œuvre in hilarious perspective in slightly over three minutes.)

But all this was a kind of resurrection. In 1955, four years before "The Queen's Suite," Ellington had had a sinking spell; in fact, the word was that he had done his best work. The band placed fourth in the *Down Beat* readers' poll that year, and during the summer it was reduced to accompanying figure skaters at the Aquacade in Flushing Meadow Park. The following January, a critic in a Toledo paper called an Ellington performance a "carnival of uncouth and ugly sound." But out of such adversity salvation sprouts. Johnny

A.G.A. Correa's
Diamond Astrological Pin

Visualizing the stars as diamonds initiated this design and each diamond is proportional to the magnitude of its corresponding star. All constellations are available and the setting is 14k white gold.
Please call or write for our catalogue.

(February 20 - March 20)
Pisces - The Fish........$1745.
shown actual size &
unconditionally guaranteed

A.G.A. Correa
PO Box 401NY-2
Wiscasset, Maine 04578
(800)341-0788•Mon-Fri 9-5
FAX(207)882-9744
©A.G.A. Correa 1993. All Rights Reserved.

Visit
THE INCREDIBLE CHRISTMAS STORE
open year 'round

NEW YORK
Trump Tower, Level 4
725 Fifth Ave.
(212)754-1200

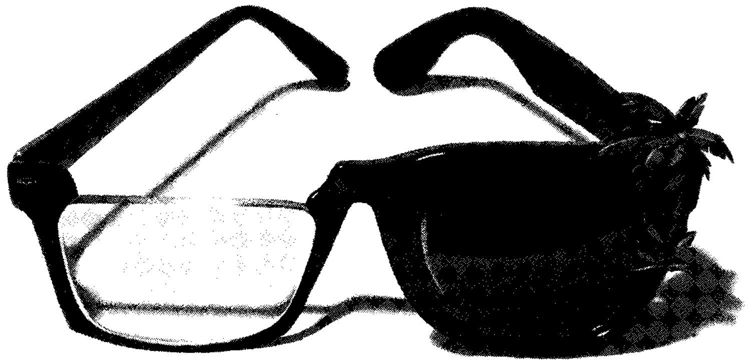
SAN FRANCISCO
Fisherman's Wharf
2800 Leavenworth St.
(415)928-5700

RECEIVE A FREE GIFT ORNAMENT WITH THIS AD

FLOWERING DUTCH GARDEN
A unique and exciting gift.
19 carefully selected bulbs (5 varieties)are preplanted, rooted and ready to ***bloom in stages*** for weeks.
Compliment your Dutch Garden with a beautiful piece of handcrafted NH pottery (as shown). Shipping begins Nov. 22.
Send $1 for holiday booklet of unique bulb offerings(refundable with purchase).
SEND: ___ Dutch Garden $29.00 ea.
___ Dutch Garden w/ Handcrafted Pot $53.00
Add $2.50 shpg. & hdlg. for each delivery address.
TOTAL $________ ☐ CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ MC ☐ VISA
CARD NO. EXP.
NAME
STREET
CITY STATE ZIP
MARLBOROUGH GREENHOUSES, INC.
PO Box 32 NY • Marlborough, NH 03455 • 603-876-4397

Hodges, Duke's greatest soloist, rejoined the band in 1955, after a four-year sabbatical, and the resilient, swinging Sam Woodyard took over on drums. The saxophone section, now made up of Hodges, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, and Harry Carney, suddenly became the best he had ever had, and Clark Terry and Ray Nance were still in the trumpet section.

In July of 1956, Ellington played his first Newport jazz festival. The band was the last act on closing night and didn't get onstage until almost midnight. (Ellington: "What are we—the animal act, the acrobats?") It opened with a new three-part suite, probably written in Ellington's helter-skelter fashion the night before, then went into his 1937 blues "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue." Ellington soloed for several choruses, the ensemble played the "Diminuendo" section, Ellington returned briefly, and Paul Gonsalves, getting the nod, took off. (Ellington knew exactly what he was doing. Gonsalves had soloed at length on the "Diminuendo" one night at Birdland in 1951, stirring the audience to a frenzy.) Backed by a heavy, mesmerizing Woodyard afterbeat, Gonsalves went into a trance. By his tenth chorus, the crowd had begun to roar, and dancing had broken out in the aisles. Ellington himself was dancing and yelling onstage. By the twentieth chorus, the crowd was on the edge of pandemonium. George Wein, the festival's producer, shouted at Ellington, asking him to wind it up, and Ellington shouted back, "Don't be rude to the artists!" Gonsalves finally ran out of gas after his twenty-seventh chorus, and the band returned for the last section of the piece. Ellington settled the still roaring crowd with Johnny Hodges' "Jeep's Blues." The press coverage of the event was ecstatic, and six weeks later *Time* put Ellington on the cover. A perverse, canny, exhilarating show-biz stunt of the kind Ellington generally abhorred gave him enough momentum to carry him through the rest of his life. He once said, his face straight and his tie tied, "I was born in 1956 at the Newport festival." Most of us, flat-footed and earnest, would have said reborn. ♦



Take a fresh look at our country.
Then take a free look at yours.

Fly South African Airways on business and we'll give you a free roundtrip ticket anywhere in the U.S.

There's never been a better time to see how South Africa can benefit your business, or a better incentive to fly there with us.

If you fly roundtrip First Class or Business Class on our *nonstop* service from JFK or Miami, we'll give you a free roundtrip ticket on American Airlines anywhere in the continental U.S.*

Our offer is good through March 31. But the impression we make will last a lot longer. So see your travel agent or call SAA at 1-800-722-9675, and let us show you our country.

Then feel free to see some sights of your own.

SAA
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

*Offer cannot be combined with any SAA discounted fare. Travel must originate in the U.S.

GIVE
The *Only* Magazine Exclusively Devoted To Italian Cuisine
Now Printed In Full Color

Our Third Year Covering All Aspects Of Italian Cuisine: Book, Restaurant & Wine Reviews, Profiles of Chefs, Plus History, Customs & Culture. Critics Call Us 'VIVID,' 'ENTERTAINING,' 'LITERATE,' 'KNOWLEDGEABLE & STYLISH.'

1 Year (6 issues) $17 / 2 Years (12 issues) $26
(Canada add $6 per year/Overseas add $8.)
SEND CHECK or M.O. ONLY OR CALL **800-438-2385**
Amusing Gift Card Upon Request

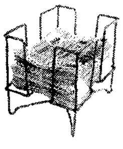
Journal of Italian Food & Wine
609 W.114th St. #77, NY, NY 10025

Not seen on Madonna.

Hand-strung beads, crafted of heavy gauge gold and silver, from a collection of designs in classic good taste and style.

At fine jewelers.
1-800-233-6227

DOBBS
BOSTON



WORLD'S BEST
Newspaper & Magazine Stackers
The elegant wrought-iron design helps control clutter & aids recycling.
A New York magazine "Best Bet"
Newspaper $60; Magazine $55;
Plus Shipping
TERRA VERDE, NYC's original environmental store
In Soho, 120 Wooster St., NYC 10012 212-925-4533

Key:312NY

Unbox Your Ears.

THE NATURE COMPANY

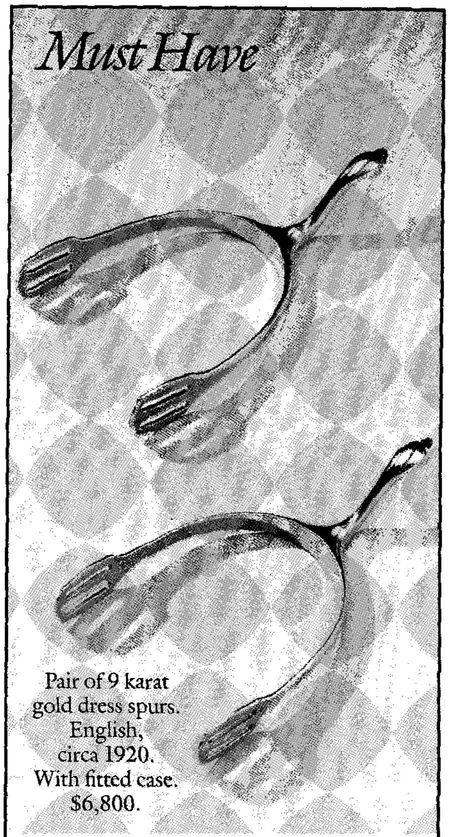
Gift CD Sampler

Let us expand your musical horizons. Our free CD sampler features 19 cuts from artists all over the world – many from recordings available only through our stores and catalog. Travel from the Arctic to the Andes with over 70 minutes of our unique combinations of music and natural sounds, upbeat world music and contemporary instruments. It's our gift to you, in the spirit of the season.

Free with $2 shipping and handling.
Limited quantities. Call:

1-800-227-1114

Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Discover
The Nature Company, P.O. Box 188, Florence, KY 41022



Pair of 9 karat
gold dress spurs.
English,
circa 1920.
With fitted case.
$6,800.

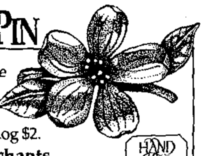
A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE
781 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10022
(212) 752-1727
Open Saturdays from 10 AM to 4 PM

WEAR THE CLASSIC, AMERICAN ALLIGATOR

Finest women's belt direct from manufacturer. Hand sewn with easily interchangeable leather-covered buckle. Handsome gift box. Sizes S, M, L, XL, 1¼" wide in black, brown and cognac. $5/S&H. Please allow 7-10 days for delivery. Sorry, but we can ship within USA only. Money-back guarantee. Order today at 1-800-722-0006. Check/AmEx/MC/Visa.

$179

JOEL CHADWICK™
2221 Peachtree Road, NE, Suite D-220, Atlanta, Georgia 30309-1106



APPLE BLOSSOM PIN

The delicate blossom of the apple tree is captured in this sterling silver pin by Hand & Hammer Silversmiths. 1.75" $30 PPd. Catalog $2.

Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive • Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556

HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

"Witty...erudite."

A wonderful gift.

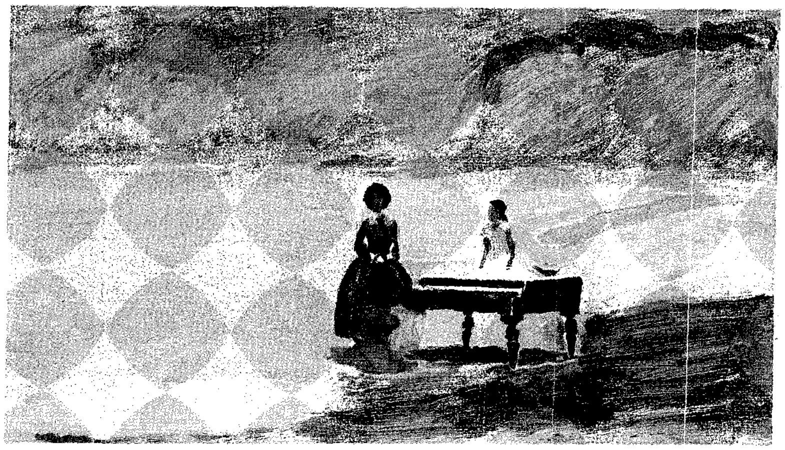
GARY GALYEAN'S
GOLF LETTER
THE INSIDE REPORT ON WORLD GOLF

Sample upon request.
Our 4th year. $78.
800-320-6450
P.O. Box 3899, Vero Beach, FL 32964

THE CURRENT CINEMA

SHEET MUSIC

BY ANTHONY LANE



Holly Hunter and Anna Paquin in "The Piano."

AXEL MAIA

"THE PIANO" is set in the nineteenth century and stars Holly Hunter as Ada, a fierce Scottish mute with a shadowy past, now engaged to a man named Stewart (Sam Neill), whom she has never met. That, however, is the least of her problems; of more immediate concern is the fact that he lives in New Zealand and she and her daughter, Flora (Anna Paquin), must go and join him there. For most movies, this would be a chance for a few maritime scenes—creaking ropes, salty skin, maybe the odd brigand. Not this one: all we see of the journey is the dark rushing hull of a boat, shot from below, splitting the water. The writer and director, Jane Campion, herself comes from New Zealand (where most of her "An Angel at My Table" took place), and seems in a hurry to arrive and get her plot going on home soil. What happens there, on the other hand, is so rich in strangeness that the whole movie feels like a voyage: the characters are jammed together and swept along by unmanageable forces toward a destination that they cannot imagine. Even the country around them looks like the bottom of the sea.

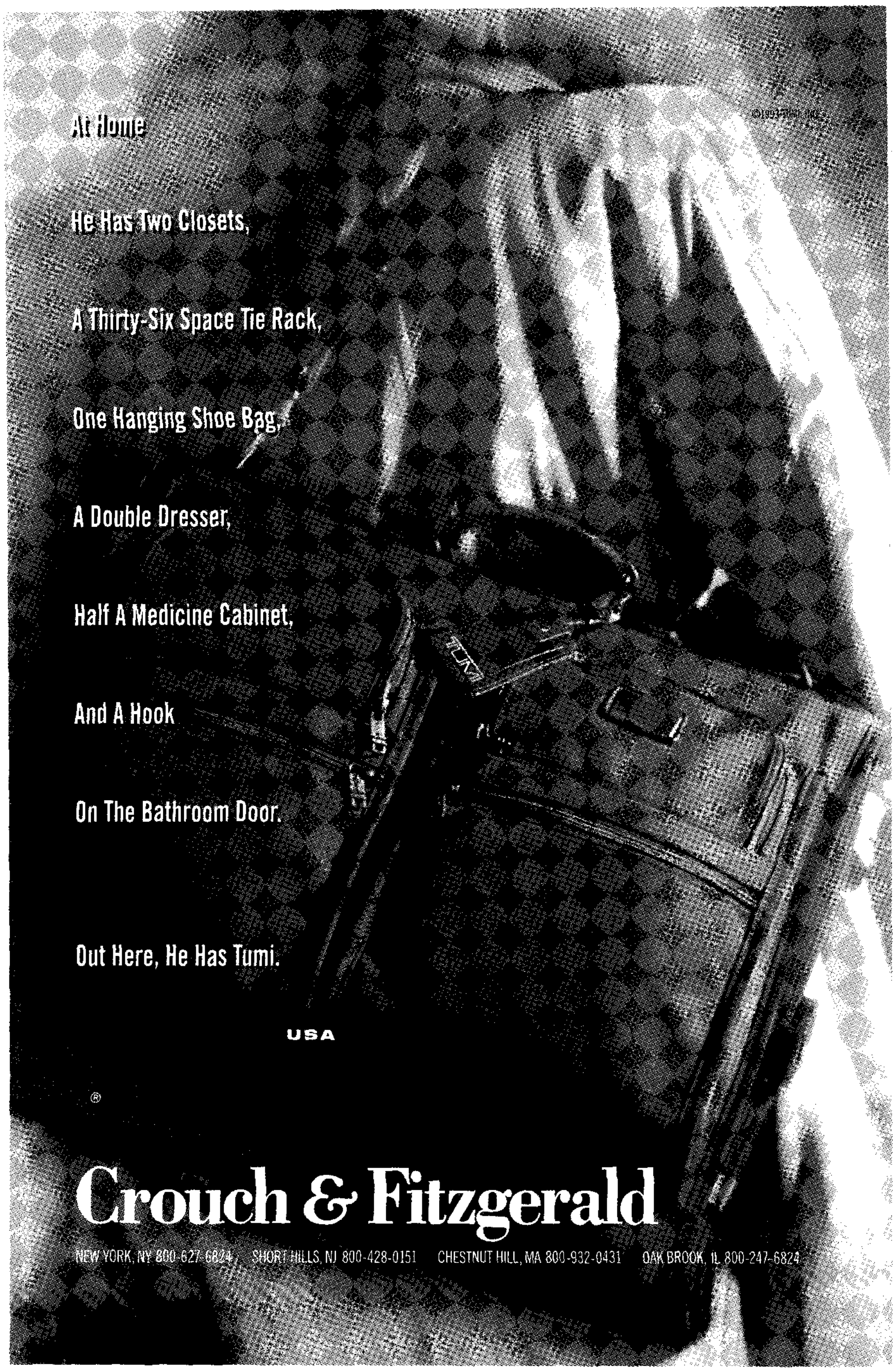
Ada and Flora come ashore on a barren beach, with their few possessions—cases and trunks and a crate with Ada's piano inside. If anything, the instrument appears to possess *her;* she reaches through the wooden slats to press the keys, as if checking that it's still alive. This means little to her future husband, who turns up with a party of Maori helpers and announces that the piano is too hefty to be lugged home. Stewart strikes you as the quiet type, practical rather than cruel, although you can be sure that character is as changeable as climate in a place like this. Before meeting his bride, he rather sweetly pauses—in the middle of a rank and rotting forest—to comb his hair. But look at the crease of worry running down his forehead: here is a man bulging with unspoken troubles—a true Victorian, toiling away at the extremes of empire yet loath to explore the chambers of his own heart.

His right-hand man is Baines (Harvey Keitel)—a white man who spends his time among the Maoris, and has even etched his features with their tribal tattoos. Baines is supposed to act as a link between locals and colonizers, but in truth he seems stranded in a twilight of his own making, the noble recluse who understands the laws of society and therefore sees no reason to spend his life obeying them. You suddenly see where Keitel's career has been heading all these years: where does that feral face belong, if not in this mist and mud? Even his accent—a mad brew of assorted Celtic burrs, spiced at one point with what sounds like Newcastle vowels—is weirdly appropriate, and when you see his exposed body, the muscles full and weary with middle age, you sense some of Keitel's (and Campion's) impatience with the glamour of cinema, and their need to provoke us with bare facts. Like Hawkeye in "The Last of the Mohicans," Baines unsettles and seduces without even trying, his wildness affording others a glimpse of all that is brutal in their own natures: he lets them into the secret of themselves.

Ada responds to him, as we knew she would; people in this movie tend to hurtle into the arms of fate, like Thomas Hardy characters exiled to another hemisphere. Baines buys the piano from Stewart in exchange for land and fetches it from the beach. Ada is supposed to give him lessons, but the agreement grows into an erotic barter: "There's things I want to do while you play," he says. "If you let me, you can earn it back." And so, as her fingers scale the keyboard, Baines lies enraptured underneath, tracing a hole in her stocking. The trade quickens: soon her arms are naked, then all of him, then all of her. First Flora and then Stewart peer in at the tangle of limbs, and the plot tumbles onward with terrible logic. Ada has become like Beatrice in "The Changeling," her repulsion suffused with desire: instead of doing anything to retrieve her piano—to get her voice back, as it were—she will do anything to have Baines.

Holly Hunter digs deep into the role, which is no surprise; what is amazing is that she took it in the first place. I can't think of many Hollywood stars who would have gone out on a limb like this. Imagine ringing up Barbra Streisand, say, and trying to sell her the part: "O.K., we're talking greasy hair here, Barbra. And hoop skirts. Except when you're doing full nudity. Oh, and one other thing. No lines. . . . Barbra? Hello?" Ada is vastly self-possessed yet free of vanity, and Hunter rises to the challenge with scary compulsion: in one sharp closeup, she stares straight at you, and through you, and jerks you back in your seat. With her leached white face and dark lips, she looks like the beleaguered heroine of an early silent, with one big difference: she needs no man to come and rescue her. If Hunter had quailed, "The Piano" would have rung hollow and ugly, presenting us with a woman who finds vitality through sex in a hut—Lady Chatterley Down Under. But Hunter looks dead set in her sensations: recapturing old ones, lapping up new ones, knowing full well where they are likely to lead.

In the most searching twist of the film, Ada turns her carnal inquiries upon



At Home

He Has Two Closets,

A Thirty-Six Space Tie Rack,

One Hanging Shoe Bag,

A Double Dresser,

Half A Medicine Cabinet,

And A Hook

On The Bathroom Door.

Out Here, He Has Tumi.

USA

Crouch & Fitzgerald

NEW YORK, NY 800-627-6824 SHORT HILLS, NJ 800-428-0151 CHESTNUT HILL, MA 800-932-0431 OAK BROOK, IL 800-247-6824

INN ON THE ALAMEDA

"That Enchanting Small Hotel in Old Santa Fe"

- Between Canyon Road and the historic Plaza
- Complimentary Gourmet Breakfast
- Southwestern Hospitality
- Charming Rooms and Suites

800-289-2122

THE NEW SCHOOL'S
MASTER OF ARTS
IN MEDIA STUDIES.

For admissions information, call the number below.

The New School

66 West 12th Street,
Room 401, New York, NY 10011

1-800-544-1910 EXT 50

ANGUILLA ON $1000.00 A DAY.

For this tidy little sum of money a couple can totally immerse themselves in the most private and indulgent holiday this side of paradise.

CASABLANCA
Resort, Anguilla
THE NEXT PLACE

Only through the best travel agents.
Or call 1 (800) 231-1945

EXPLORE
THE YACHTSMAN'S CARIBBEAN

Cruise to secluded islands and bays in the Virgin Islands that are beyond the reach of large cruise ships: Tortola — Norman Island — Virgin Gorda — Jost van Dyke — St. John. Swim, snorkel, hike. 7 days aboard the 100-passenger *Nantucket Clipper*, departing weekly January 29 through February 26, 1994. See your travel agent, or call toll free 800-227-4099.

CLIPPER
Nantucket Clipper U.S. Registry

SHELL BRACELET
#4-H, sterling: $83 ppd.
14K: $726 ppd.
Links actual size
7" long

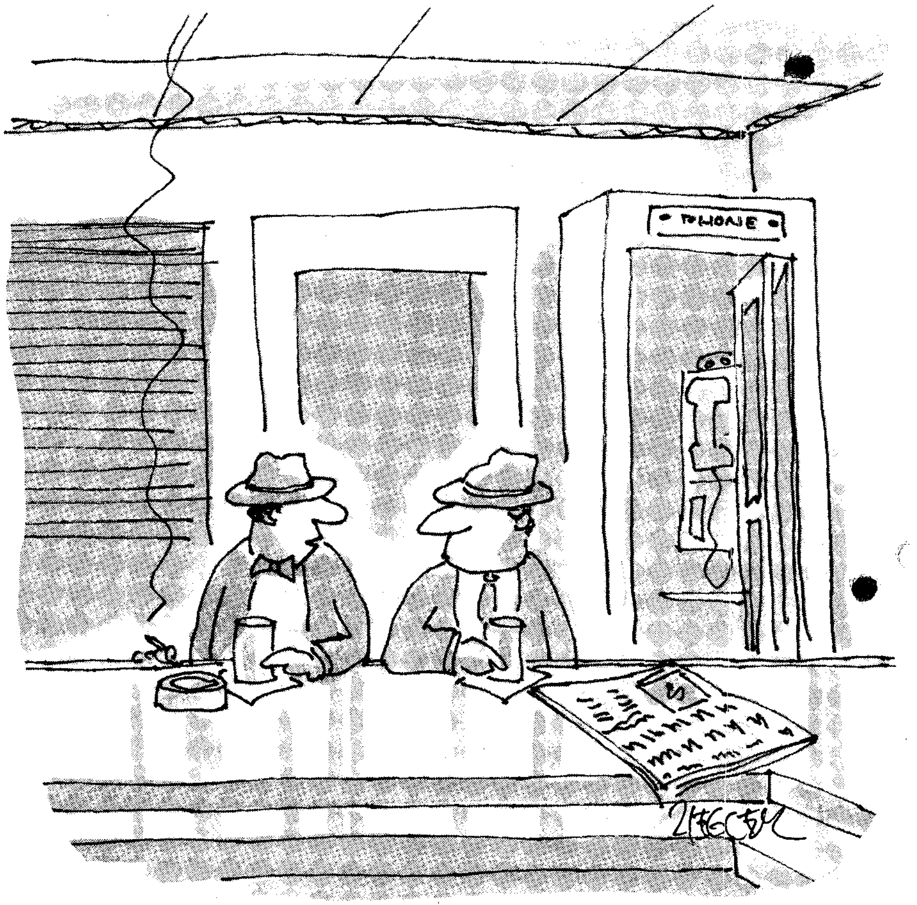
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS. M-F, 9-5, EST.
TORY'S Fax: 1-617-631-9828
Catalog upon request.
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

- A TASTE OF ASPEN -
GIFT BOXES CONTAINING A COLLECTION OF ASPEN'S FINEST PRODUCTS
800-63 ASPEN - 303-925-5136

her husband, who lies there burning with awkwardness: he has sought intimacy for so long, and now she brings more than he can bear. Here is stirring proof, if any were needed, of a woman in command, and it throws him into revolt. So much for the healing power of love. Through Campion's mischievous eyes, romantic overtures are more convulsive than heartwarming, and they stand the social order on its head. "The Piano" is full of people reaching out to each other, with unnerving results; more often than not, they simply confirm their solitude. Mother and daughter communicate in sign language, but of a kind you have never seen before: choppy and violent, like a miniature kung fu, baffling onlookers with a furious defense of privacy. (Occasionally, we get subtitles to help us out, but they seem beside the point.) At the beginning and the end of the movie, we listen to Ada's own thoughts: "I have not spoken since I was six years old." It's a dark and compassionate conceit: what better use could be found for that exhausted cliché, the voice-over, than to give it to the voiceless?

From a distance, "The Piano" seems too preposterous for words; but then, as Ada knows all too well, words merely get in the way. Some of the finest movies brush close to absurdity, after all, unrolling emotions that are only inches away from caricature. If you were to see it on video in a few years' time, "The Piano" would probably look obvious and overwrought, but up on the big screen it barely gives you time to think, let alone have doubts. You just want to look. Campion's first feature, "Sweetie," grew horribly arch as camera angles vied with the dialogue to be as skewed and offbeat as possible. But there is no indulgence behind the oddity of "The Piano": every scrap of it is blown along by gusts of feeling. When the camera steals up behind Ada, we seem to be delving into her brain, sharing her vision of the landscape beyond; you wouldn't have thought the back of someone's head could be so expressive, but a confident director can persuade you of anything.

There are moments when it all becomes too much, when you start to flag under such tireless compression—the Maori scenes, especially, are almost insultingly swift and oblique. "The Piano" is like a highly advanced brand of cinema-by-numbers: everything matches up;



"What's the big deal? I lopped off my own damn penis years ago."

every detail—from the tearing of a lace gown to the piano itself—is awarded its correct metaphorical weight. The movie flatters viewers by inviting them to read it—to pick up all the signs and symbols and arrange them into an elaborate pattern. It could be argued that the film is *about* claustrophobia, of course, but does that mean that the structure of it should cage you in as well? You can't help wishing, just occasionally, for something—a gesture, a joke—to escape the intellectual game plan of the movie and zip past your eyes for the sake of sheer pleasure, or for no reason at all. What relief there is comes from Anna Paquin's shrewish and sensible Flora—we could be watching the childhood of Miss Jean Brodie. "The Piano" really needs her; it has all the virtues of great cinema except relaxation.

On the other hand, it easily outstrips most of what we see these days, and any niggling is merely an attempt to pitch one's admiration at the right height. So clever and watertight a film may well be forbidding, but it also picks you up and moves you, and the performers breathe it full of life. Jane Campion peels back the past and finds it shockingly alive, in no need of resuscitation. The story worms further into the guts of Victorian experience than most historical dramas, because it aims at the most neglected aspect of that age, and the most alarmingly modern: its surrealism. What other epoch was so explosively polite? You stare at the early scenes on the beach, with the light on the water like mother-of-pearl, and the stiff black figures standing there with umbrella and piano, and suddenly the picture clicks into place: this is the world of Edward Lear. The sad sage who viewed the world upside down (because it distressed him the right way up) would have recognized this forsaken strand, with its funny jumble—all it needs is the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò. And, like Jane Campion, he would have known that a stiff petticoat is not just a petticoat but an emergency tent: you can rig it up, creep inside, and light a lamp, as Ada and Flora do. (Costume drama with a vengeance.) Indeed, if you try to tie "The Piano" down as a costume picture, or as a love story, or as gothic horror, it slips its moorings and drifts away. All these elements are present, in acute and concentrated form, but they coil together and drive the film into the realms of high melancholic nonsense. If Edward Lear ever dreamed about sex, it must have looked like this. ♦

GIVE A LITTLE Tenderness!®

USE YOUR MAJOR CREDIT CARD...

TO ORDER IN A FAST, PERSONAL WAY... CALL TOLL FREE 1·800·228·9055

Send specially-priced Holiday Gift Packages of world-famous Omaha Steaks.® So tender and juicy. Delivered nationwide, unconditionally guaranteed! **Hurry...your gift orders must be received by December 21st for delivery in time for Christmas!**

Special Holiday Prices Expire 12/31/93
(EXTRA CHARGE FOR ALASKA/HAWAII/CANADA GIFTS)

Many other great specials available. Act now!

#1135 **4 (5 oz.) Filet Mignons,**
Save $12.00 Regularly $41.95 NOW **$29.95**
(PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

#515 **8 (6 oz.) Filet Mignons,**
Save $20.00 Regularly $79.95 NOW **$59.95**
(PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD3115 • 4400 South 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

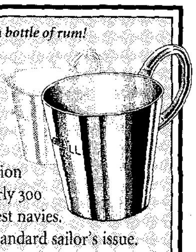
DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker has an Education Program designed for high school and college use. For information about bulk subscription rates and for materials to help you teach with *The New Yorker*, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

Yo-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Keep the Spirits High



The daily serving of the Rum Ration was a tradition that survived nearly 300 years in some of the world's largest navies. These little cups came with the standard sailor's issue. Handmade copper measures for sailors and landlubbers alike. **AC064A Set of two in a pine wood box $24.95**
(plus $4.50 S&H)

→ *To order:* 1-800-895-3050 ←

TRADING STORIES
TALES AND TREASURES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Out of Africa

Years ago when tribal laws allowed, these mystical safari bracelets were woven from the tail hair of elephants.

Now, we make them by hand with great care from gold and silver. The 4 knots slide to adjust. Please specify small or large.

14K Gold................$595.00
Sterling Silver with 14K Gold Knots..$189.00
Sterling Silver.......$119.00

Send check or money order to: *Pendragon's*
P.O. Box 411
Whitehouse, NJ. 08888
Visa / MC call: (908) 536-6919

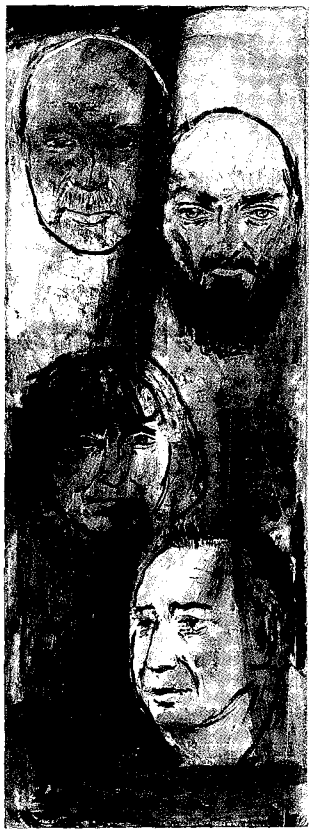
Immediate refund if not completely satisfied. NJ residents add 6% sales tax.

MUSICAL EVENTS

MYSTICS IN BROOKLYN

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

I CAN understand why the people at the Brooklyn Academy of Music would be worried about their house orchestra. The Brooklyn Philharmonic isn't smart. It's not very "Next Wave." So what to do? The way BAM's president, Harvey Lichtenstein, sees it, the problem is primarily visual: "How should the orchestra dress? How should the stage look? Should it be lit, and how do you deal with the problem of lighting in a theatrical way?" But I'm not sure these are the right questions. This orchestra is never going to look like twenty times the Kronos Quartet. No orchestra will. Dandification can't be the answer. That's not to say you can't do something with the drama of orchestral performance, as the Brooklyn band showed at its most recent concerts, under its conductor, Dennis Russell Davies. They played Strauss's "Metamorphosen" with the violinists and violists standing slightly apart from the seated cellos and the basses, as if those upper strings were perched over a harmonic pool. It was a simple stratagem, but effective, because it reflected something in how the music operates. Couture and lights, though, are another matter.



European wave: Giya Kancheli, Arvo Pärt, Sofia Gubaidulina, and Henryk Górecki.

KAREN CALDICOTT

The essential issues are a bit deeper, and a bit more musical, as the Strauss performance indicated in its patchy intonation and variable finesse. Of course, one shouldn't expect supreme virtuosity from an ensemble that gets together for only a few programs each season: the Brooklyn Philharmonic's great predicament is that it's a small-city orchestra with a big-city audience. Its next difficulty is that it plays to a big-city audience in a small-city hall. Some of the money BAM saves on designer costumes it might well invest in sound insulation, since both programs the orchestra offered on the first weekend of this month were devastated by noise from the street, which can't have been very encouraging for the players. Once they can be heard in some silence, they may better fulfill their opportunities to present unusual music.

The current season's much vaunted venture into "thematic programming" is in fact nothing new for this orchestra, nor is it a very original notion to team up orchestral concerts with chamber recitals and discussions: Pierre Boulez was doing that at Lincoln Center twenty years ago. The reason these ideas have stayed marginal is that they don't work. Orchestral musicians aren't necessarily the best people to be playing chamber music, and "discussions" generally turn out to be occasions when the extroverts in the audience ride their hobbyhorses while the introverts sit mutinously dumb and the panel—which rarely includes anyone who has actually played the music—patronizes the lot of us.

So it was at the Brooklyn weekend. The subject on the agenda was "The European Mystics," under which raggle-taggle banner BAM was giving us not only the Strauss and a piece by Shostakovich (which the unlikelier mystic?) but also selections from four composers linked by little more than being Eastern European by birth,

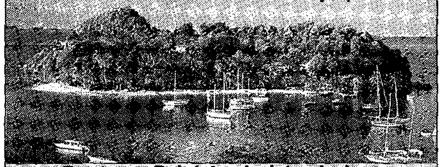
PREPARE FOR ADVENTURE
Tilley Endurables

Pity the Pickpockets!

Tilley Endurables. "The best travel and adventure clothing in the world": classically styled, long-lasting, comfortable clothes with **secret pockets, security pockets,** and **"Give 'em hell!"** washing instructions. And, of course, the Tilley Hat.

The (free to you!) 68-page catalogue is a hoot!

1-800-338-2797

YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
"Impossibly romantic private island resort with yachts for Grenadines sailaway options."

Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

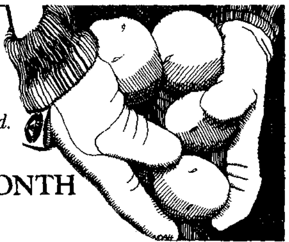
CONVIVIUM
A Decidedly Unstuffy
Food and Cooking Newsletter
Easy recipes, humorous essays, cookbook reviews, tips on entertaining and lots of other plain old good reading
❦ ❦ ❦
An excellent and unusual gift!
Send $4/1 issue or $18/6 - issue subscription
Ohio residents: do please include 6% sales tax
Post Office Box 835, East Liverpool, OH 43920-5835

UNDERWATER
PHOTOGRAPHS
BREATHTAKING ORIGINALS FOR ANY DECOR
By World Famous Photographer
Cathy Church
FREE COLOR BROCHURE (800) 934-3661

The perfect gift . . .

A **Maine Holiday Wreath** for you, your loved ones or as a business gift. Perfect for that hard-to-buy-for person. Beautifully handcrafted of freshly-cut balsam fir boughs, pine cones, red apples and a red velveteen ribbon. Approx. 22″ diameter. Price **$23.95** (add **$4.00** for UPS shipping in the 48 USA). Guaranteed when shipped after Thanksgiving. For quantity price and orders call: **1800 776-8778** or 207 667-5561 8-5 EST Mon-Sat, or FAX 207 667-8315 or write to **Maine Holiday Wreaths**. Clearly print receivers name(s), shipping address, any special delivery instructions & optional message. M.O., Check, VISA, DISCOVER or MasterCard accepted. Avoid the rush and possible disappointment, Order early!

Maine Holiday Wreaths
P. O. Box 536 - N Ellsworth, ME 04605



Something new,
for something old.

POTATO
OF THE MONTH
Postage Paid

New Penny Farm offers certified organic potatoes in many of the old-fashioned, flavorful varieties — delivered to your door each month. For a free catalog, write: PO Box 448-Y; Presque Isle, Me. 04769. Or call: 1-800-827-7551. VISA/MasterCard accepted.

SPECTACULAR HAWAIIAN TROPICAL FLOWERS AT WHOLESALE PRICES!
Grower Direct to You via Federal Express!
Jumbo 36″ Sampler Carton
$55.00 Delivered to your door!
Order Call **1(800) 516-3636**
Enough flowers and foliage for three GIANT arrangements!
100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!
Kakala Tropicals, Hana, HI

Budgets Modest to Mogul
I T A L Y
HOLIDAY HOMES
Villas • Castles • Farmhouses
Countryside • Seashore • Lakes
Apts. Rome, Florence, Venice
By the week or month
All Personally Screened 800-955-3435
Vacanza Bella

Christian by avowal, and very much in vogue (Henryk Górecki, Arvo Pärt), a little bit in vogue (Sofia Gubaidulina), or moving strongly vogueward (Giya Kancheli). As Philip Glass valuably pointed out—his latest opera, "Orphée," had reached land earlier on this "Next Wave"—if we're talking mysticism, then we have to be talking Karlheinz Stockhausen, and we have to be talking Olivier Messiaen, both of whom partake, or partook, of the so-called complexity to which the so-called simplicity of Mr. Górecki and Mr. Pärt is supposed to be some kind of reaction. In other words, A-minor scales aren't the only ladders to Heaven.

The fact that music can convey spiritual experience—or accompany it, or be a prelude to it—isn't at issue here. The problem is that much of the programming and the discussion at the mystics' weekend rested on a division between music that gets called simple, centered, and spiritual and music that gets called difficult, complex, and intellectual. The real division is between music that sells and music that doesn't sell, and there's nothing too surprising about the success of Mr. Górecki's Third Symphony or Mr. Pärt's records. Their triumphs are the triumphs of Vivaldi in the fifties, or Satie in the sixties, or Joplin in the seventies: the triumphs of music that brings a rediscovery of the wonders of simple consonance. We don't need to invoke—as Joseph Horowitz, the doleful host of the Sunday-afternoon session, did—a "search for spiritual wholeness."

That point was made, if backhandedly, by Mr. Kancheli: "When music becomes very elevated and beautiful, at that moment it becomes religious." Fine. The religious is not, then, a category separate from the aesthetic, and we can concentrate on aesthetic issues, which we may all feel more comfortable discussing. (Mr. Kancheli's participation, along with the genial presence of Mr. Glass, brought a little spirit to the question-and-answer routines. Dressed in black—but more elegant than monkish, with a short-sleeved velvet jacket, presumably in the style of his native Georgia—he leavened his seriousness with deadpan humor. I've never heard a better story of

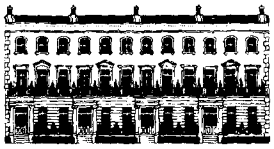
Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy, salmon or teal. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160
Sale $89
Shipping and handling, $6.00

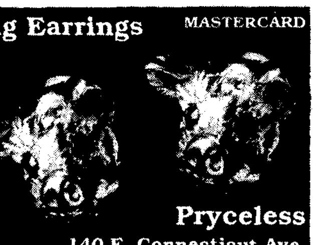
Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, lt. blue, navy, salmon or teal. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Reg. $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $4.00

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.
☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

WARM THINGS
180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA



NUMBER SIXTEEN
Four Victorian Town Houses form this exquisite hotel with the unique atmosphere of the home in the heart of South Kensington.
16 SUMNER PLACE, LONDON SW7 3EG
TEL: +011 44 (71) 589 5232 TELEX: 266638
FAX: +011 44 (71) 584 8615



VISA **Pig Earrings** MASTERCARD
14k Gold
w/ Sapphire
$295.00
Sterling
Silver
w/o stones
$55.00
Pryceless
140 E. Connecticut Ave.
Southern Pines, NC 28387
Ph. & Fax (910) 695-1975

★ **LONDON'S WEST END CARES** ★
When in London see one of this season's smash hits.
By paying twice – one half a donation to help fight AIDS – we could get you the best seats in the house costing you, in total, less than a Broadway musical.
From USA **011 44 71 976 6751** (within UK **071 976 6751**)
CRUSAID, 1 Walcott Street, GB-London SW1P 2NG
Registered UK Charity No. 1011718

THE'A•TER
THE'A•TRE
THE ART

Florence Klotz, *Pacific Overtures*, 17" x 14 1/8"

Set And Costume Designs By
America's Foremost Theatre Artists

Designs for: *Guys and Dolls, Fiddler on the Roof, The Price, Pacific Overtures, The Tempest, Look Homeward, Angel, Andrea Chenier*

Individually signed reproductions limited to 200
$200 each print

For a brochure call,
800-597-2710

F
FOLIO ONE

635 C St., Ste. 403, San Diego, CA 92101

INITIALLY YOURS

This classic pin from Leonore Doskow goes with everything from tailored blazers to swirling silk dresses. Always in style and eternally fashionable, its proud owner will cherish it forever. The three scripted initials are perfectly crafted in 14 karat gold or sterling silver. Specify initials and underline initial of last name.

$66.00 sterling silver
$320.00 14k gold

Send your check or money order to:

NY residents add sales tax.
Croton Crafts
Add $4.00 each for shipping and handling.

P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521 • 914 271-5981

VERMONT FARM GAME
"...terrific for an elegant menu."
BON APPETIT

HOLIDAY
GAME FEAST, serves 6-8 — 1-800-884-2887
1lb. pheasant pâté, 8 quail, MC/Visa
1lb. venison medallions......$65 ppd.

Wylie Hill Farm Recipes included. FREE brochure.
P.O. Box NY3, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827
WYLIE HILL FARM

Cuisine® De France, Sabatier®
8" Cook's Knife ~~$84~~ $49
Commercial or Grand Chef

Professional
Cutlery Direct
(800) 859-6994
Free catalog of great savings on fine European cutlery
Dept NY1, 170 Boston Post Rd, Ste. 135, Madison CT 06443

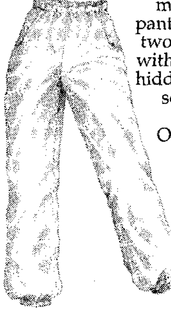
Soviet cultural isolation than his admission that until the sixties he'd thought Béla Bartók was a woman.)

Mr. Kancheli's music certainly urges us to hear it as very elevated and beautiful. The work played at BAM was his "Mourned by the Wind," whose subtitle, "Liturgy for Large Orchestra and Solo Viola," we may safely take, following his own dictum, as another way of saying it's a viola concerto. There are four movements, ranging in speed from moderately slow to slow slow, and, since the work was written in 1989, one could interpret it as a threnody for the victims of the massacre that took place near the beginning of that year, when the Soviet Army was sent to quash a demonstration in Tbilisi. Starting out from mournful oscillation across a minor second, the solo line gradually rises into melody, and all that happens during the next half hour or so is the continuation of that melody, over supportive webs of string tone or else between such interruptions as brass chords that brutally stamp up and down scales and timpani that drop in from the scherzo of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

Two things are important in music so denuded. One is that it be played as if every note were a powerfully necessary drive into time. This kind of persuasiveness was fully supplied by the soloist in Brooklyn, Kim Kashkashian, who also performs the work, again with Dennis Russell Davies conducting, on a recent recording (ECM 1471). The other is that it should somehow remove itself to its own refuge of quietness and simplicity, for no music can be innocent that is not innocent in its own way. On this count, the success of Mr. Kancheli's concerto is questionable. The solo-string elegy is a venerable topic in Western music—one that has often been presented as having a religious aura—and I'm not sure "Mourned by the Wind" is on a very different level from, say, the "Méditation" from Massenet's "Thaïs," though it's indisputably longer.

There are shades of Shostakovich, too, as was made apparent by the inclusion of his Violin Sonata in a Sunday-afternoon recital that followed two performances, on consecutive evenings, of the orchestral program. It was in connection with this piece that the

Dress Naturally in Pure Cotton
Freedom Pants for Women & Men

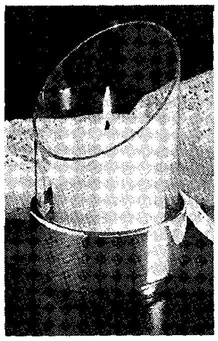


Experience true freedom of movement in our home-crafted unisex pants. The flattering, comfy cut has two hip and two sideseam pockets with elastic cuffs and waistband. A hidden drawcord adjusts for a just-so fit. Crafted in lushly textured cotton that needs no ironing. Offered in: *Black, Charcoal, Green, Khaki, Natural, Navy, Purple or Wine.* State your waist/hip measurements (up to 46"). **Visa, MC, Discover orders: (800) 222-8024. $36 ppd.** Your comfort, fit and satisfaction are money back guaranteed. Write/call for your **free colour catalogue** on recycled paper with dozens of natural fiberwear styles for women and men, crafted in our cottage industry.
Deva, Box NYS3, Burkittsville MD 21718

Celebrate July 4th & All Events
CARBIDE CANNON
BIG BANG! $109.95

Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: *9" cannon,* ***$49.95 postpaid;*** *17" cannon,* **$89.95 postpaid;** 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, **$109.95 postpaid.** The larger the cannon the louder the bang! **Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $5.00; 3 packs for $12.00.** Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone (215) 866-0777. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee.

The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept NY PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016
☐ **SEND FOR FREE CATALOG!** ☐



The Beauty of
Natural light

In a design of striking simplicity

Crafted of over a pound of bright metal and glass. Six inches tall, four inches in diameter. Made in limited quantities. Each piece hand polished.

$65.00 plus $5.00 shipping
Calif. Residents add sales tax.
1-(800) 807-6898
9AM to 5PM Pacific Time

For easy mail in orders, Send check or m.o. to
RUCKER DESIGN P.O. Box 5851 Beverly Hills, Calif. 90209-0851

CELTIC CROSS

Simple beauty and superb workmanship shine in this classic cross on 18" chain. From Newport silversmith James Breakell in sterling silver $30, 14k gold $174. Lapel pin & tie tac available. Add $3.50 handling. Major credit cards. Catalog on request. 1-800-767-6411
J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYCC Newport, RI 02840

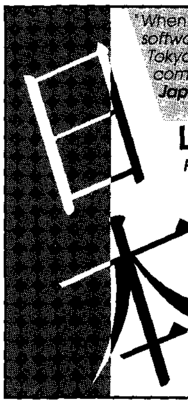
SIMPLY THE BEST
SMOKED SALMON, TROUT & SAUSAGE
1-800-430-4003
729 PINEWOOD DR. • LYONS, CO 80540
VILLA TATRA
COLORADO
ALL NATURAL SMOKED PROCESS!
NO PRESERVATIVES

"dialogue" part of the proceedings reached its nadir. Mr. Horowitz's playing of excerpts from recordings of the composer's first and last symphonies came over as an attempt to turn a concert into an educational broadcast, but with sound quality that Radio Ulan Bator would not have wanted to acknowledge. Also, in talking about the achievement of Shostakovich's last years we want to feel our way very gently. Shostakovich was singing against Stalin, not against serialism, and it doesn't do to try enshrining him as the patron saint of the new simplicity. Maybe no composer working since the death of Schoenberg has been, in the meanings of his music, more complex.

The other pieces on the afternoon program were Ms. Gubaidulina's "Quasi Hoquetus," for viola, bassoon, and piano—odd, like all her things, and needing more intensity than it got here to project its instrumental bickering—and Mr. Górecki's new "Kleines Requiem für eine Polka," for a fourteen-piece ensemble. This was pretty odd, too. Almost its only connection with the ubiquitous Third Symphony was its pervading slowness. (Why can't the new illuminati write fast music, as Messiaen wrote fast music?) Generally quiet and bell-bound, it coasted for twenty minutes, was ripped apart by a savage, whirling dance (which one has to suppose was the strange subject of this strange funeral), then went on for five minutes as before—which is to say not at all as before, since now the soft music was pulling a cover over the ugly romp that had briefly intervened. Hearing the piece a second time—waiting twenty minutes for something dreadful to happen—is an activity not to be contemplated. Perhaps, therefore, we should understand it as a self-inflicted wound on the part of a composer whose records have brought him success.

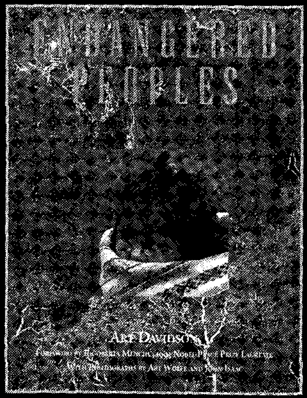
Mr. Pärt could never be so ambivalent about his music's station. In the opening moments of the orchestral concert, as the Brooklyn Philharmonic was beginning his Third Symphony, I found myself wishing I were listening to the piece (or, preferably, another piece of his) on record. It wasn't that the performance was immediately going badly—though the strings could

HUGE WORLD FAMOUS INDIAN RIVER FRUIT!
1/2 PRICE!
100% GUARANTEED
Full 20 lbs. Of Delicious Fruit
REG. $28.95
YOUR ONE-TIME PRICE:
$14.47 (per box)
Grove Fresh Indian River FRUIT
WHAT A GIFT!
Sugar sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit. Delivered in a beautiful gift box. The perfect treat for family and friends. (Limit 2 boxes, please.)
PRICE: $28.95 minus $14.48 = $14.47
handling $4.50
Total $18.97
Order 1/2 Bushel #31RN
ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-678-1154
FAX 407-567-1160
Order 8am to 6pm EST Mon thru Sat until Nov. 24. Order from Thanksgiving thru Christmas 7 days a week 8am to 9pm EST.
Mail Orders To:
GRACEWOOD GROVES
9075 17th Place
P.O. Box 2590-Dept. YM3
Vero Beach, FL 32961-2590


"When Microsoft Corp. transfers software engineers for a stint in its Tokyo office, it gives them a computer (program) called 'Power Japanese' made by BayWare."
The Wall Street Journal
Learn Japanese
Power Japanese, the award-winning software system for Windows-based PC's, combines just the right mixture of sound, graphics, and content to make learning Japanese a stimulating intellectual adventure!
Call for a FREE demo: 800-538-8867
Now at COMP USA and other fine retailers

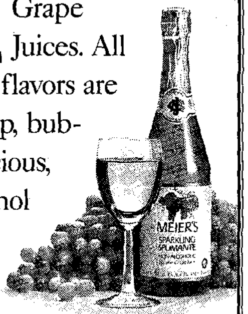
MicroRacer™
4" long #1047
356 Coupe Porsche Key-wind motor $45
Lilliput P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447 Pay by Visa, MC, AmEx, check.
Call 800-TIN-TOYS Fax 702-463-5581 Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax.

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!
Sherlock Holmes, Beethoven, Nietzsche, Sitting Bull, Shakespeare, Van Gogh, Cheshire Cat, C.J. Jung, Dickens, etc.
Brochure of over 100 designs: $1.00
T-Shirt: (white or grey) $13.75, 4/$49.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23. 2/$44.
Sizes: M,L,XL. Ship: $3.25 per order.
MC/Visa orders 1-800-747-2747
P.O. Box 604NY
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
Barre, VT 05641


"WE ARE HERE, WE LIVE."
—Rigoberta Menchu
ENDANGERED PEOPLES
TEXT BY Art Davidson
PHOTOGRAPHS BY Art Wolfe & John Isaac
FOREWORD BY Rigoberta Menchu
At fine bookstores
A SIERRA CLUB BOOK

100% fun.
0% alcohol.

For all your celebrations, choose Meier's Sparkling Grape Juices. All eight festive flavors are naturally crisp, bubbly and delicious, without alcohol or added sugar.



MEIER'S
John C. Meier Juice Co. 800 346-2941

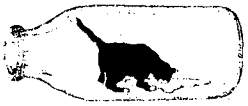
EXPERIENCE YOUR NEXT MEETING FISHER ISLAND STYLE.

Fisher Island, one of America's most prestigious private clubs and resorts, is world-famous for its lavish oceanfront suites and villas, P.B. Dye-designed golf course, tennis center, international spa, luxury yachts and meticulously restored Vanderbilt Mansion estate. It also is famous for its marvelous conference facilities, perfect for high-level board or executive meetings. If you desire the most prestigious venue in America for your executive retreat or board meeting, may we recommend you contact The Fisher Island Club.

FISHER ISLAND CLUB
Fisher Island, FLorida
(305) 535-6000

CAT in a BOTTLE™ you'll wonder how we got her into an uncut standard milk bottle!

a unique gift item!



800-327-2079
518-329-2079

$30⁰⁰ ppd.
check, visa or mc

SMITH HILL ENT., Inc.
220 Woods Dr, Ancramdale, NY 12503

Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies
All Inclusive • Half-Mile Beach
Only 30 Rooms • Call 1-800-223-6510
"More a house party than a hotel"

have tried using less vibrato. (When we got to Mr. Kancheli's concerto, Ms. Kashkashian's sensitivity reinforced the point.) My discomfort was, rather, that the sound was too actual, too physical: Mr. Pärt writes music to come out of the ether, from unseen sources, to be heard as organ music is heard, or as chant and polyphony would have been heard in a screened medieval church. The corporeal is irrelevant. Also, it's music that one wants to be flawless. Unpredictability, which gives musical performance its life, is shunned; exactness of pitch, interval, articulation, and ensemble must be absolute. And you can be confident of that only when you're listening to a record. So, though Mr. Pärt's music is breathed on the purest tones of voices and string instruments, it is an electronic art.

Besides, the Third Symphony just isn't a very good piece. The party line, followed in Mr. Horowitz's program note, is that it's a transitional work, though the note assures us that "it already rejects modernism and the avant-garde." (Why all this rejection? Does an apple reject a chicken Tetrazzini?) Its movement toward a chant-based music introduces echoes of Moussorgsky, of whom it's always nice to be reminded, but the lumpish construction makes it clear that Mr. Pärt wasn't born to be a symphonist. His gift is for small forms—for musical states that he can simply bring into being and leave there, without the tugging hither and yon that symphonies require. His music is therefore a world away from that of Mr. Kancheli and Mr. Górecki, both of whom—however much they may differ—are grounded in the earth of moment-to-moment decision-making.

So it was good that Mr. Davies and his orchestra went on from the unsatisfactory symphony to the serene "Cantus in Memory of Benjamin Britten," a slow cascade of descending scales for strings and a bell, written only six years later, in 1977, but blissfully at ease—as almost everything Mr. Pärt has written since the mid-seventies has been blissfully at ease—in its newly discovered place. For this is music that fulfills the requirement I set out before, of finding its own innocence. It's not easy to say how. The means are so simple, so elementary, that one

FROM LONDON
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TLS
Sex and the Surrealists

Subscribe today to the world's preeminent international literary review—for 90 years a lively, entertaining and informative weekly habit of some of the keenest minds, here and abroad.

"The TLS has no rivals. Everyone is happy to acknowledge its influence, its fame and its authority." -Le Monde

Special Introductory U.S. Offer:
1/3 off the cover price
☐ Six months $49 ☐ One Year $75
☐ Two Years $150

Call 1-800-370-9040

to order by credit card or send payment (cheques payable to Times Supplements) to
TLS, 386 Park Avenue South, #1605,
New York, NY 10016

ORIGINAL SAUNA SOAP
from
VAASAN SAUNA SAIPPUA
Since 1886

Enjoy the invigorating sensation of the Finnish sauna in your shower or bath with the original sauna soap. Generous 8 oz. bars are handsomely packaged in blond wooden boxes with crisp, cotton twill ties. Choose from 3 natural essences -- birch, pine or lilac. Single bar box, $13.50; triple bar box, $21.50, plus shipping/handling.

simplii skandii
To order: 1-800-929-7226 Visa/MC, Check or M.O.

Cape Cod Stress Reduction
Wave Escape® Video

Meticulously crafted waves and Hi-Fi sound enables you to visualize your most relaxing experience at the sea shore.

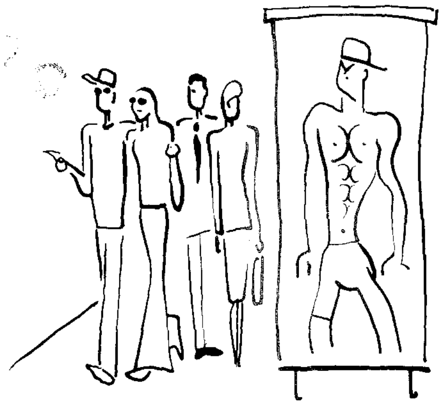
Leonard Eisenberg $19.95 plus $3.00 S&H
P.O. Box 487 Credit cards only **1-800-235-0120**
Boston, MA 02102 For information Call 617-787-3366

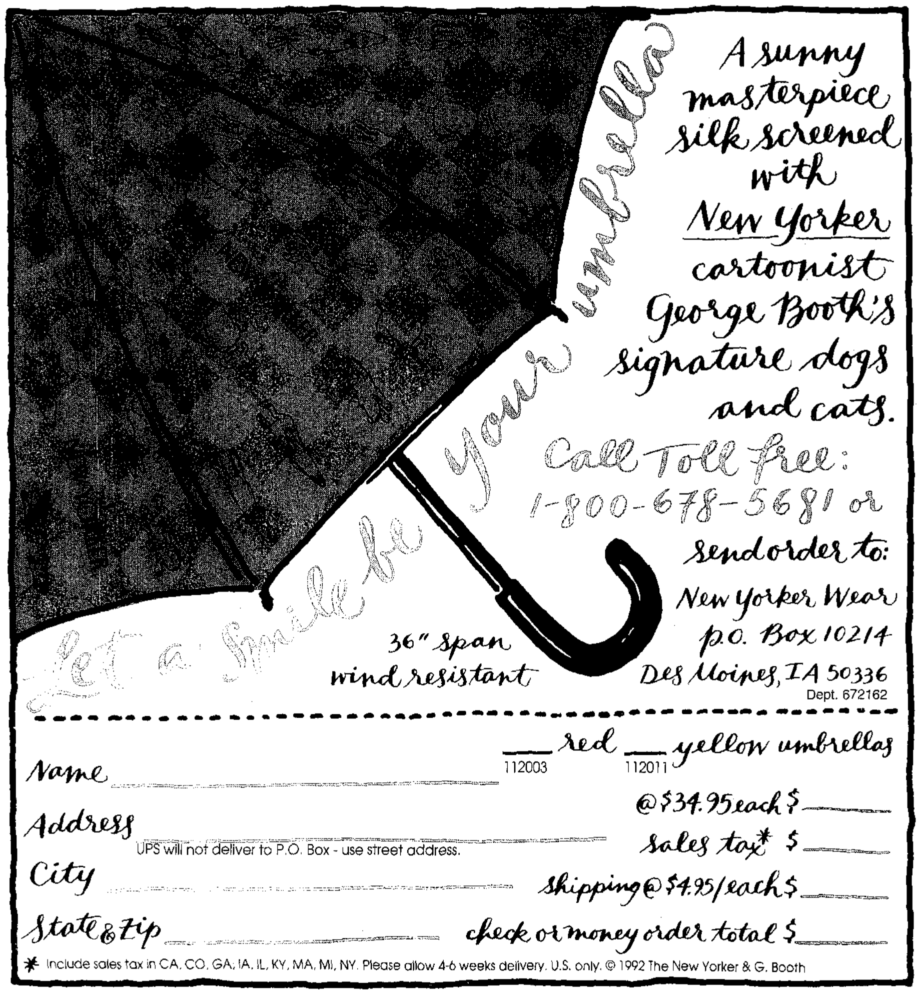
World's Greatest Vacation

Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship — priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

would have thought no trace of personality could be left—and in a sense the music is impersonal, on account of its suspension above the shift and shove of events. Nothing happens in it except the unfolding of what is implicit at the beginning. And yet his nothings are instantly recognizable and, it seems, inimitable.

Still, I'd rather have been hearing the record. A new one has just been released, bringing together Mr. Pärt's "Te Deum," his "Berliner Messe," and a couple of shorter pieces: "Silouans Song" and a "Magnificat" (ECM 1505). "Silouans Song," for strings, sounds like an arrangement of a choral piece: it resembles the "Magnificat" in that it alternates textures around the recurrent device of counterpoint in which one voice is a monotone and the other or others move, so that a stationary pitch goes on shining through different harmonies. Both works are small marvels, and more follow in the Mass, which is scored, like the "Magnificat," for choir and strings, (though in another recording it's done with organ accompaniment). The luminous performances are the first accounts of Mr. Pärt's music to have been recorded by musicians from his native Estonia, though I don't think that gives them any special validity: national character is perfectly erased in this music, with all other accidents of personality. (Here again is a powerful difference from Mr. Kancheli's music, whose melody is thoroughly Georgian—perhaps especially in its rare moments of full-blooded exhilaration.) What matters is that both singing and playing arrive precisely and without force, and that they are finely recorded in a welcoming church acoustic. This is music that is very elevated and beautiful. It may even be religious. ♦





A sunny masterpiece silk screened with New Yorker cartoonist George Booth's signature dogs and cats.
Let a smile be your umbrella
36" span
wind resistant
Call Toll Free:
1-800-678-5681 or
send order to:
New Yorker Wear
P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336
Dept. 672162

___ red ___ yellow umbrellas
112003 112011
Name
Address
UPS will not deliver to P.O. Box - use street address.
City
State & Zip
@ $34.95 each $____
Sales tax* $____
Shipping @ $4.95/each $____
check or money order total $____
* Include sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY. Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery. U.S. only. © 1992 The New Yorker & G. Booth

AL HIRSCHFELD
ON PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT THE
MARGO FEIDEN GALLERIES

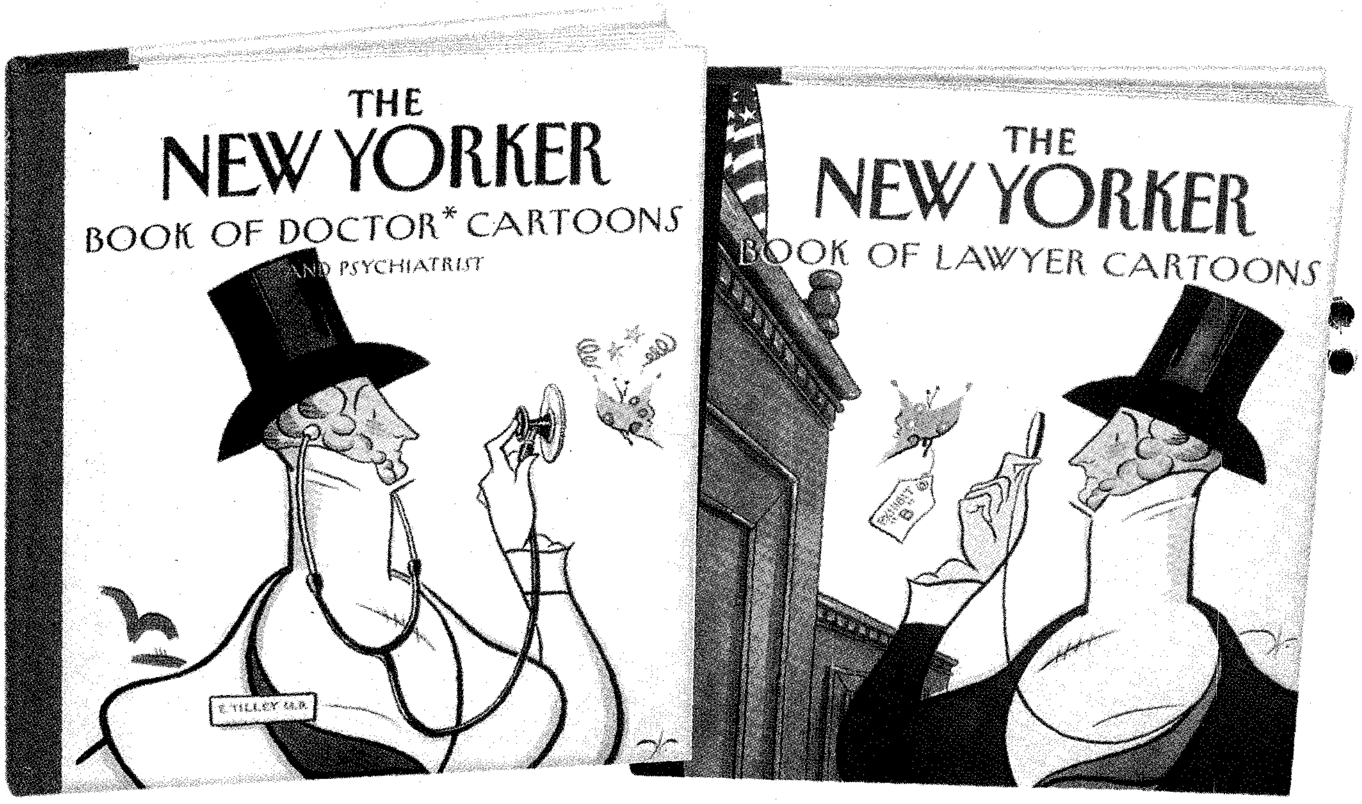
699 MADISON AVENUE (62ND & 63RD ST.)
(212) 677-5330
★ TELEPHONE INQUIRIES INVITED ★
GALLERY HOURS: SEVEN DAYS, 10AM-6PM
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, $5.00 (Post. Incl.)
Al Hirschfeld is represented exclusively by
The Margo Feiden Galleries Ltd.

We get along famously.
We're never in the store at the same time.
Exquisite furnishings and accessories in our opinion.
Mary Stuart
COLLECTIONS
81 CHURCH STREET LENOX, MA 01240 **413-637-0340**

Field Tested By Felix.
MICE! By Tina
Felix snubbed catnip toys till I grew & sewed his own. Cats *adore* these super-fresh handmade mice! Whisked from our organic patch. Choose fabric: Christmas, multi-colors, or organic cotton (white) $4 for one, $3 each additional. Catalogue.
Send check/MO to: Tina Lirones • 113 Felch • Ann Arbor MI 48103

San Francisco's
Cartwright Hotel
Just a block from Union Square
Our little hotel is like a friendly home. Antiques, fresh flowers, robes, triple sheets, reading pillows, complimentary afternoon tea and cakes.
$99 – $119
800-227-3844
A Kimco Hotel

LOOKING FOR BEAUTIFUL POTS ?
Minoan Urns, Handmade in Crete
Many shapes and sizes, Catalog $2
Longshadow Gardens
Pomona, Illinois 62975
CLASSIC GARDEN ORNAMENTS, LTD.®
800 852 2299



There's something funny about DOCTORS and LAWYERS!

WHAT'S FUNNY about doctors is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOCTOR CARTOONS.** In 85 uproarious cartoons, here are analysts analyzing, doctors prescribing, operating, referring ("I'd like you to see a botanist. You exhibit many of the symptoms of Dutch elm disease"); doctors being sensitive ("The doctor will see you now, Mrs. Perkins. Please try not to upset him."); doctors being confrontational ("The doctor's lawyer will see you now."). From internists to acupuncturists, here are doctors of every stripe deftly dissected by great *New Yorker* cartoonists from James Thurber and Peter Arno, to Shanahan and Chast.

AND WHAT'S FUNNY about lawyers is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF LAWYER CARTOONS.** Here, in 85 hilarious cartoons, are lawyers in the courtroom, in their offices, ambulance chasing, winning — but mostly losing — cases ("I've just about resigned myself to your getting twenty years."); lawyers specializing, suing negligent children, negotiating a "pre-victual agreement" before ordering a Chinese lunch. Lawyers observed, teased, and immortalized by some of our most brilliant cartoonists, from Charles Addams and George Price and William Steig to William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Jack Ziegler and Charles Barsotti.

At all bookstores • Just published by Knopf

And don't forget

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

The kitten-size NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

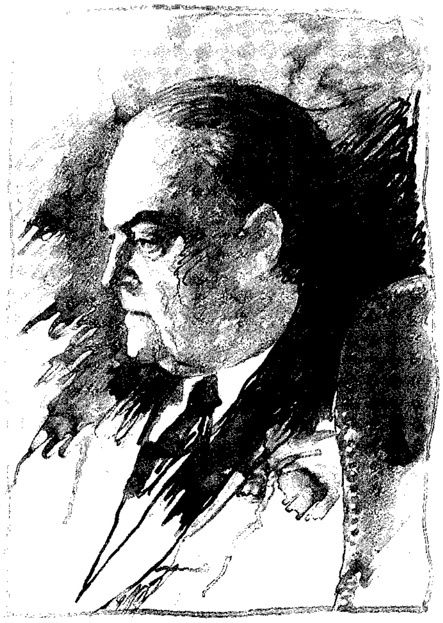
THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOG CARTOONS

BOOKS

THE CRITIC IN WINTER

BY JOHN UPDIKE

THE last installment of Edmund Wilson's journals, "The Sixties" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $35), is, at over nine hundred pages, the bulkiest of the lot; the lot comprises seven chunky volumes if one adds "A Prelude" and "Upstate," which Wilson himself annotated and expanded, to the five chronological volumes, beginning with "The Twenties," that have been posthumously published. Leon Edel, who edited the journals of the previous four decades, has yielded the editorship to Lewis M. Dabney; Mr. Dabney, the editor of "The Portable Edmund Wilson" and Wilson's authorized biographer, has topped up this terminal tome with two appendixes, more than thirty pages of biographical sketches of persons mentioned by Wilson, a foreword, an excellent introduction, and a fuller and jollier set of chapter heads than Mr. Edel ever saw fit to provide. The journal entries extend into the seventies, up to those of June 11, 1972, the day before Wilson died, at the age of seventy-seven. Dying and decay are the over-all theme. The first notation reads:



Edmund Wilson's "The Sixties" shows a twenties man at home in an unlikely decade.

LIAM ROBERTS

> Jan. 1, 1960. *At my age,* I find that I alternate between spells of fatigue and indifference when I am almost ready to give up the struggle, and spells of expanding ambition, when I feel that I can do more than ever before.

This poem to his wife, Elena, appears on the final page:

Is that a bird or a leaf?
Good grief!
My eyes are old and dim,
And I am getting deaf, my dear,
Your words are no more clear
And I can hardly swim.
I find this rather grim.

As the reader plows, or swims, through these rather grim pages, he is sustained by the transparent, always refreshing element of Wilson's lucid mental outlook. The journals are not quite literature, yet they have an unpreening frankness and an energetic curiosity that stimulate our appetite for literature. We feel readier for reading after reading these journals, and for reading as well the scribbled texts of society and nature. Wilson was a journalist first and last, and he takes notes on the New Yorkers and Cape Codders around him as eagerly and amusedly as he observes the Hungarians and Israelis he visits on assignment. His isolated upbringing, in Red Bank, New Jersey, as an only child with a deaf mother and a disturbed father, left him a grateful, exuberant diner at life's feast. At his home in Wellfleet, on Cape Cod, he writes, "Our life is so quiet and monotonous that a visit like that of the Pipeses seems to me wildly exciting and probably puts a strain on my nerves. I invariably drink too much." In Naples, Florida, appalled by the arid social landscape, he observes, "Peculiar footlessness of ideas that pass through my head here—importance of being somewhere where people are doing something. Otherwise, just nature, nothing." His trips to New York City, even when his frail health scarcely permitted him to stay awake at dinner parties, were frenzies of social engagement and renewed acquaintance. As if seeking out the company of his family's ghosts, he insisted on spending much of each summer

FOR THE FIRST TIME...

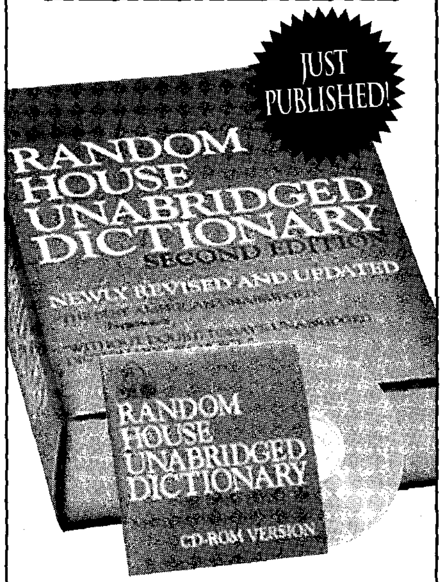
...the only newly revised and updated unabridged dictionary puts 315,000 entries instantly at your fingertips!

"The best American unabridged" (*Newsweek*) is now available as a specially priced book plus CD-ROM* package!

"Without doubt, today's unabridged dictionary of choice."
— *The Washington Post Book World*

*Limited Time Offer!***
Purchase now and you'll receive the book *plus* CD-ROM for only $100, an incredible value!

At bookstores everywhere, or call toll-free
1-800-345-8112
(MC, Visa, AMEX *accepted plus $6.95 for shipping and handling)*


JUST PUBLISHED!
RANDOM HOUSE UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY
SECOND EDITION
NEWLY REVISED AND UPDATED
RANDOM HOUSE UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY
CD-ROM VERSION

ISBN 0-679-42441-5
*DOS, Windows, and Mac versions on the same CD-ROM
**Offer expires 12/31/93
9002

Holiday Savings

...On Our
Fabulous Filet Mignon

Four elegant hand carved 6 oz. Filet Mignon (each more than an inch thick) and 4 oz. of Classic Seasoned Steak Butter, packed and ready for gift giving in the Classic tradition. Guaranteed satisfaction. Exp. 1/15/94

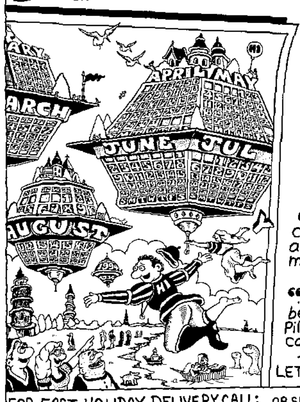
Reg. $49.95 Now $24.95
($6.95 Shipping and Handling)

To order Steaks or Free Catalog
Call Toll Free
1-800-288-2783

Classic Steaks
4430 S. 110th St.
Omaha, Nebraska 68137

FEDERAL EXPRESS

Visa MC
Disc Amex



SOAR INTO 1994!

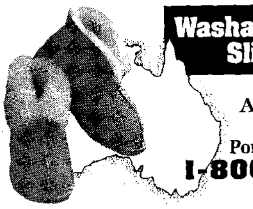
This big, colorful poster calendar will add a splash of fun and whimsy to your home or office. It's by Pilliard Dickle... three-time winner of *The National Calendar Award.* Great gift! 18"x24". Only $15, post paid. Or $18 laminated.

"*Pilliard Dickle's Calendars put me in a happy days that makes me week!*" –GENE SHALIT

"*...no home should be without a Pilliard Dickle calendar.*" –DAVID LETTERMAN

FOR *FAST* HOLIDAY DELIVERY CALL:
1-800-797-0000

OR SEND CHECK, VISA, MC TO:
PILLIARD DICKLE, STUDIO A,
BOX 1077, NEWNAN, GA 30264



Washable Sheepskin
Slippers & Boots

Write or Call:
Aussie Connection
825 NE Broadway
Portland, Oregon 97232
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche

18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00

A talisman with your name in
Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2' Pgh., PA 15220

at his family's old house in Talcottville, in upper New York State, though his wife refused to accompany him for more than two weeks in August. Even here, in this depressed region populated by juvenile delinquents and members of the John Birch Society, among aging old friends and acquaintances enlisted as chauffeurs (Wilson quaintly never learned to drive), he saw some action. The juvenile delinquents noisily drag-raced past his house, and at one juncture he found three of them "drinking beer and drunk" on his front porch. He confronted them impressively:

> I appeared to them with the old gun that the Civil War collector in Boonville had offered to buy as a relic, and they immediately took to their heels. After that, when they gathered I bawled them out, and finally got rid of them.

On another local front, he managed, though riddled with somatic complaints that would shortly kill him, to work up an attraction for his young dentist's wife, and to persuade her to allow him considerable liberties. At the age of seventy-five, he reënacts, with a free spirit from the late sixties, his conquests of the Roaring Twenties:

> We finished three bottles of Moselle, a pint of Johnnie Walker (partly by me after she left), and by her the beginning of a bottle of gin. I told her that she would have been quite at home in the twenties.

She—discreetly called "Z" in this passage but elsewhere identified as Anne Miller—gave him lessons in open-mouthed kissing; they earnestly discussed the purpose of pubic hair, and, while she sat "almost completely" undressed and "cross-legged" on his bed, he "stroked her brown body delightfully." Having described the heartening episode with Wilsonian thoroughness, he lets drop into the journal a *cri du coeur:* "—wonderful to feel a wet, gluey, reeking cunt."

Sex, so long his heavy preoccupation, receives a mixed blessing in farewell:

> The last lusts gutter out.
> A force that keeps driving, nagging one that one has no memory of creating oneself.
> That all this fuss should be made about getting one's penis into a woman—filling people with rapture and despair and stimulating them to all kinds of heroisms and excesses.
> Yet homosexuals don't seem to have

KOKOPELLI

136E Kokopelli
Earrings $38

38PN Kokopelli
Pendant $32
20" sterling
chain
included

Set $62

Clipped or pierced

The ancient Anasazi symbol of Kokopelli - the humpbacked minor god flute player. His main task is to provide abundance, fertility and rainmaking! Mary Laura's is offering, for the first time, this *unique Hopi-style gift* set in sterling silver.

Please order early
supplies are limited.

MARY LAURA'S
NATIVE AMERICAN ARTS

TO ORDER CALL 1-800-662-4848
Intl. (505) 242-5502
Visa - Mastercard - American Express
Shipping & Handling $3.00
Mary Laura's - P.O. Box 12615-NY
Albuquerque, NM 87195-0615 U.S.A.

A Cup of Christmas Tea
By Tom Hegg
Illustrated by Warren Hanson

A tender holiday story of warm memories and joyful discovery. It tugs on hearts and brings sweet tears. Autographed by author and illustrator.

Send $10.95 plus $3.50 for shipping and handling to Waldman House Press,
Dept. NY, 525 North Third Street,
Minneapolis, MN 55401
Hardcover. Exquisite color illustrations.

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
ORGANIZED 1891

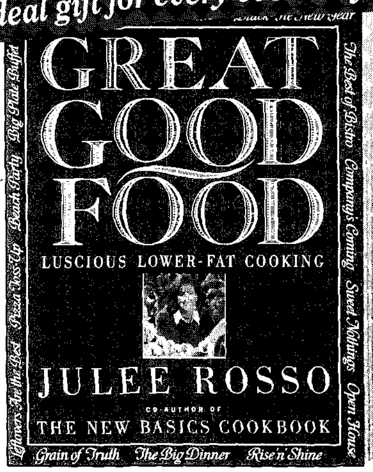
STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

invites applications from fiction writers of national reputation to direct its creative writing program.

Inquiries and applications:
John L'Heureux, Director
Creative Writing Program
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305-2087

flowered and borne fruit, don't seem to have fully matured: Auden with his appetite for Tolkien.

EACH of the handsome uniform volumes in which Farrar, Straus & Giroux has brought out the journals bears a contemporary photograph of Wilson: even back when he had a hairline, his face was marked by a high, luminous brow and a bulldog expression. The force of his character, as much as his erudition and taste, enabled him to dominate American criticism. In this journal he remarks of a professorial friend that he has "no large imaginative grasp or intellectual penetration." Wilson's masculine will toward penetration drives him to seek the live psychological presence behind the text. His judgments have the decisiveness, and sometimes the peremptory impatience, of a self-assured gentleman. He was unintimidatable; he would tackle any topic or language. There were intellectual stratagems and niceties that simply never occurred to him—he owed no literary friend a friendly lie, there was no text to which he owed automatic deference. Turning in his old age to the most exalted classics, he finds both Goethe and Tolstoy wanting. Making his way in German through the second part of "Faust," he writes that Goethe "often irritates and bores" him: "He seems to have no sense of form whatever—simply strings endless incidents and creatures together. . . . Really he has all the characteristics of Germans—egoism, blind self-assertion, pomposity, lack of consideration for others." His resolutely ad-hominem approach rings almost deafeningly in this day of gingerly deconstruction. Against Tolstoy's late works he brings the startlingly basic charge of implausibility: in 1962, he notes of "The Death of Ivan Ilyich," "I do not care for this story as much as many people do: I don't believe that a man like Ivan Ilyich could ever look back on his life and find it so empty and futile; I don't believe that Tolstoy, in the period when he was writing his great novels, would ever have invented such a character." Seven years after, he returns to the charge: "I don't believe in these late stories of Tolstoy's, always intended to prove something and incompletely invented. . . . It begins, perhaps, in *Anna Karenina*. Would she really have thrown herself under that



"Julee Rosso brings the art of eating well to lower fat cooking."
—*USA Today*

The ideal gift for every cook on your list!

GREAT GOOD FOOD
LUSCIOUS LOWER-FAT COOKING
JULEE ROSSO
CO-AUTHOR OF THE NEW BASICS COOKBOOK

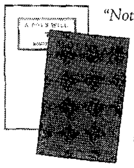
"A thorough, well-thought-out cookbook bulging with do-able recipes." —*Chicago Tribune*

"This book could change your whole life."
—*San Francisco Examiner*

Now at your bookstore in paperback or hardcover, or call 1-800-733-3000 to order.

CROWN

brigger®
is for those who love comfort, solid oak and beautiful fabrics. We ship our rockers, chairs, loveseats, sofas, and side tables free with UPS.
Write or call for brochure and direct ordering information.
toll free 1-800-451-7247
klein design, inc.
99 sadler street, gloucester, ma 01930



$100 Christmas Books
Robert Frost
A BOY'S WILL (1915)
MOUNTAIN INTERVAL (1916) 2 VOLUMES
"Not just books, these are pieces of artistic and cultural history."
"...like meeting the poet face to face."
New and limited letterpress printings of the first editions, in their original bindings, taken directly from archival copies. Gift wrapped for Christmas delivery. Shipping included. Not available in bookstores.
AMEX • VISA • MC • OR CHECK
CALL (212) 243-0372 FAX: (212) 243-0373
COLLECTOR'S REPRINTS, INC.
92 BARROW ST. • NEW YORK, NY • 10014

We make your holiday book shopping *easy*.
Call us for any book in print, from bestsellers to classics.
Free gift wrapping & free shipping (US orders over $20).
Book*Bound* 800-959-*READ*
Worldwide 516-324-1518 Fax 516-324-2846
PO Box 2376 East Hampton NY 11937

M@NHATTAN
USER'S GUIDE
The newsletter for New Yorkers — for the best of Manhattan. In it, the tried and true, the unusual and new, the finds, the good deals, useful information, and ways to cope with daily life in New York: The best soup in town... Reliable upholsterers, movers, car services... Great restaurants and great joints... Where to swim and play tennis...3-hole punched for easy reference and an annual index. In our 2nd year!
$39 for 12 monthly issues. $75 for 2 years, includes a MUG notebook. Check or Amex to P.O. Box 772, Ansonia Station, NY 10023. ☎ 212-724-4692, fax 212-496-2681

Bill's KHAKIS
We Made Bills Khakis Better
TO TRY OUT A PAIR CALL
1•800•43•KHAKI
By Not Changing A Thing.

Back Relief & Relaxation

Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position... as used by NASA astronauts.

Scandinavian styling and elegant wood finishes, with leather or fabric.

FREE color catalog features 36 of our doctor-recommended products!

BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225 or fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue, NYDR, Holliston, MA 01746

Truth in Golf Travel

"Thoroughly researched, well-written . . . absorbing . . ."
— *Golf Magazine*, April, 1993

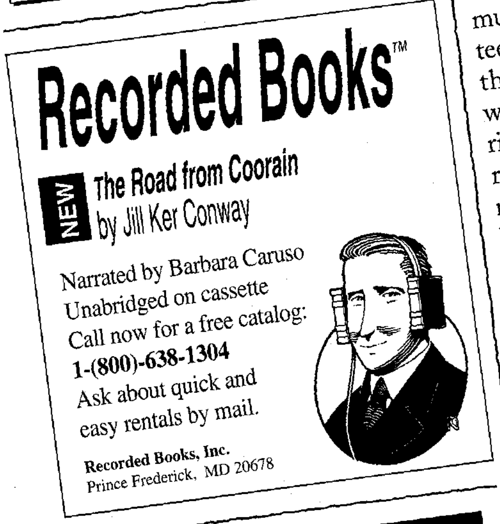
Golf Travel, the acclaimed monthly newsletter, evaluates the best—and most overrated—golf travel destinations in the U.S. and the world. Eliminates guesswork and costly mistakes. Includes lodging, dining, and non-golf activities.

Courses, resorts, golf travel tips, city profiles, and more each month. Unbiased, candid, and fiercely independent. $67 per year, satisfaction guaranteed. Check, VISA, or MasterCard.

The ideal Holiday gift!

GOLF TRAVEL
The Guide for Discriminating Golfers

P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903 USA. Tel: (804) 295-1200
FAX orders: (804) 296-0948; Toll-free in U.S. 1-800-225-7825



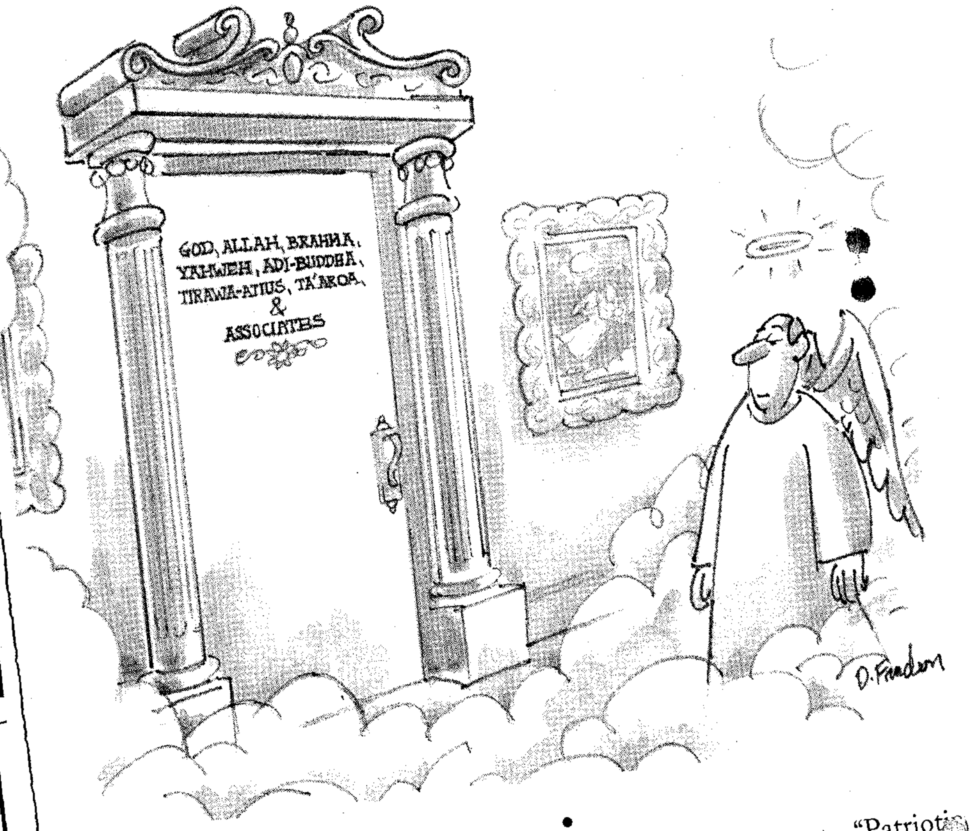
Recorded Books™

NEW The Road from Coorain
by Jill Ker Conway

Narrated by Barbara Caruso
Unabridged on cassette
Call now for a free catalog:
1-(800)-638-1304
Ask about quick and easy rentals by mail.

Recorded Books, Inc.
Prince Frederick, MD 20678

• A PERFECT GIFT •
The Educated Traveler
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive 68-page *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept. RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022, 1-800-648-5168

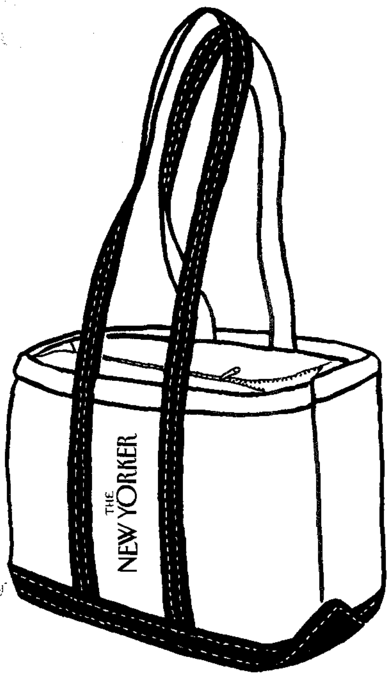

GOD, ALLAH, BRAHMA, YAHWEH, ADI-BUDDHA, TIRAWA-ATIUS, TA'AROA, & ASSOCIATES
D. Fradon

train? I have never quite believed it."

Authors in their style and behavior exasperate him but also give him comradely comfort. He reads Macaulay in the dead of night and finds "quite fortifying" the dying historian's rounding out his narrative "with the same high morality and thoroughness" as throughout. On the night of his seventy-fourth birthday, depressed by "not being able to make love, not being able to swim or take much exercise and now, with my lower teeth gone, not being able to eat anything but the softest food," Wilson wakes after bad dreams "feeling horrible." The medicine is at hand: "But [I] read Macaulay and somewhat regained my equanimity and my inspiration to live." Balzac, though Wilson laments his "preposterous" improbabilities and oppressive "murkiness and squalor," becomes the critic's faithful companion, novel after novel, like a raffish buddy indulged for his irrepressible vitality by a superior, staider friend. "Happily sunk in Balzac again" is one of the last journal entries.

Wilson's final twelve years were productive. In 1960, he was publishing "Apologies to the Iroquois" and fending off prosecution for tax delinquency, an embarrassment that was to flavor his pessimistic introduction to "Patriotic Gore" and inspire his book-length diatribe "The Cold War and the Income Tax." As the decade wore on, he pursued his interest in the Dead Sea Scrolls, in Hungary and its language, in Canada and its literature, in the history of upper New York State. Books and articles were generated from all these interests; his travels in Europe in 1963 and 1964 fattened a reissue of "Europe Without Baedeker"; his Jerusalem visit of 1967 figured in an amplified reissue of "The Dead Sea Scrolls." A collection of three plays was brought out; his youthful novel "I Thought of Daisy" was reprinted with the even more youthful story "Galahad." To raise money for his tax troubles, he sold his papers to Yale; perhaps this valedictory move stimulated his delving into his journals to produce "A Prelude" and "Upstate." "Upstate" became a modest best-seller. Two more collections—"A Window on Russia" and "The Devils and Canon Barham"—followed, the latter after his death. Wilson was, in short, the model of an elderly, honored author industriously tidying up his desk. Yet his journals record a fearful struggle with physical deterioration—fitful impotence, virtual toothlessness, gout, heart at-

SMART DUCK!



High. Wide. Handsome. And zipper-topped for security. The only bag you'll need for everything from schlepping to picnicking in the park. Navy-trimmed heavy duty canvas, double layered on the bottom and triple stitched. Approximately 15" by 11" by 6". With extra long handles.

To order *The New Yorker Tote Bag*, call toll-free:

1-800-336-5510

or, send check or money order for
$32.00* plus $3 shipping and handling per bag.

**The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept.672121,
Des Moines, IA 50336-0214**

**Offer available only in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY, & OH, please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery ©1993 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

tacks—and a dark apathy in regard to his life and to life itself.

His intimations of "the relative feebleness and futility of human lives" form a bass undertone to his scurry of socializing, drinking, award-receiving, reading, and writing:

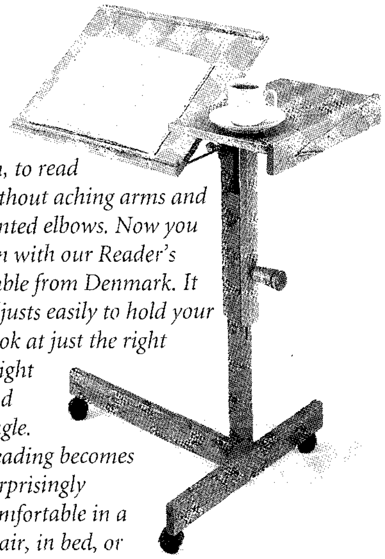
> When you realize that it won't be so long before you fade out of life, the activities of so short-lived human beings begin to seem rather futile and the beings themselves flimsy. Does it really matter that much? And all that energy and worry expended on merely getting themselves reproduced!
>
> The subjects we study with such care seem of transitory unreal interest. . . . Is it worth it to impose the order—bound to be superficial and specious—of literature and scientific theory on the mess of our human exploits?
>
> Surrounded by the void of the universe, we agitate ourselves, one sometimes feels, to very dubious purpose. Our little lives soon go out, and is it really at all surprising that in order to fulfill our immediate desires, we should put out other lives, send them off into the void? Eventually, we shall go blank—what difference does it make if they do?
>
> A feeling, the older I get—which I never expected to have—that earthly matters are hardly worth the effort. . . . Soon I'll be fading out of it, why bother to read books, meet people, travel to foreign countries?

He had not expected to have such a feeling, this man of insatiable curiosity and appetite, and keeps returning to it in his journals, as if the sensation of indifference and removal were in its way precious; it is as close as Wilson comes to mysticism—St. John of the Cross's "dark night of the soul," Buddhism's Nirvana and nonattachment, the "*lauter Nichts*" ("pure Nothing") that summed up God for Meister Eckehart. Wilson, the descendant of Presbyterian divines, has worked through to the opinion of Ecclesiastes: "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all *is* vanity and vexation of spirit."

Six months to the day before he died, he inscribed this journal entry:

> *December 12, 1971, Wellfleet.* When I look back, I feel quite definitely divided from my earlier self, who cared about things in a way I no longer do. All that comedy and conflict of human activity—one gets to feel cut off from all that. One cannot even imagine any more the time when one had once participated. One ought perhaps to have died before reaching this point, when one still had the illusion of participating. All that energy expanded to peter out! One looks down on an empty arena. What were we all doing there?—running about, jostling and shout-

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in natural cherry, dark cherry, teak, oak or black ash.

$199 + **$11.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT45, Delray, FL 33445

**A human being is not,
in any proper sense,
a human being
until being educated.**

Horace Mann

WAGNER COLLEGE
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

**SEND A BIT OF THE
VERMONT WOODS
FOR CHRISTMAS**

22 inch Balsam Wreath
w. red velvet bow, cones
and berries, enclosed
gift card . . . $23.85 ppd.

Cedar-Pine "indoor"
wreaths & garlands. MC/VISA

FREE BROCHURE!

Northeast Kingdom Balsam
Dept NY93, W. Glover, VT 05875

1-800-322-YULE

NATIVE ARTS

- Eskimo Prints, Sculpture & Tapestries
- N.W. Coast Indian Art
- S.W. Indian Jewelry
- African Sculpture

"Portrait Mask" *Kwakiutl*
Randy Stiglitz $600

Arctic Artistry
original eskimo sculpture
and other native art
2 Spring Street
Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706
(914) 478-7179
Gallery Hours
Wed.-Fri. - 12:30-4:30 p.m
Sat. - 12-4 p.m.
Also by appointment
30 min. from
Grand Central Station

> ing, exchanging vital gossip—involved in great world wars now as trivial and futile as we used to think the Balkan wars were.

His dismissal of the two World Wars, like his famous description, in the introduction to "Patriotic Gore," of any war as no more moral than a battle between voracious sea slugs, transfers to the relativities of real politics the Swiftian scorn he had come to feel for mankind: "Reading the newspapers, and even the world's literature, I find that I more and more feel a boredom with and scorn for the human race." But acedia breeds inactivity, and activity was Wilson's nature. Reading those same newspapers, he discovered a surprising exemplar:

> *The knowledge that death is not far away*, that I shall soon disappear like a puff of smoke, has the effect of making earthly affairs seem unimportant and human beings more and more ignoble. It is harder to take human life seriously, including one's own passions and achievements and efforts. In my tendency toward this state of mind, I have found Pope John fortifying. When over 80 and knowing he is doomed [by cancer], he gives all the energy left him to his council which will modernize the Church.

Not that Wilson in his decline went soft on religion. Though his work on the Dead Sea Scrolls brought him into amiable contact with intelligent Jesuits, he stopped reading a book by Father Martin D'Arcy with the remark "I can't enter into the point of view of someone who talks about this love between God and the human race." He sat Wilfrid Sheed down at a party and complained that "I couldn't even understand the idea about Christ: sent down by the Father to suffer and redeem the human race. If you believe this, you will be forgiven. What sense does this make?" He commented on the moon landing, "Heaven and God are not up there," and marvelled that "we have not yet completely sloughed off the absurdities of those old theologies . . . that have been hanging around our lives for thousands of years." A Wilson to whom human religiosity seemed less bizarre might have been, in some respects, a more sensitive critic, and one who might not so often have resorted to a tone of incredulous arraignment in his appraisals; but a brisk and dauntless rationalism was his religion—his version of Presbyterian rectitude—and it is hard to imagine him otherwise. In what he called "the dark defile of age," he stoically paid the price of an illusionless depression, relieved by generous helpings of alcohol. When a Boston hospital offered him a pacemaker to regularize the beat of his failing heart, he refused it as another useless illusion, confiding to his journal, "I don't want electrodes attached to my heart, and I suspect that this is simply the latest medical fad."

THE events of the tumultuous sixties but lightly dented his carapace and tended to confirm his impression "that all the horrors of a hateful, convulsive and chaotic civilization are closing in on you from every side." He took a visit to the Kennedys' White House rather sourly in stride. He was anti-Vietnam, within a larger opposition to the whole Cold War and the taxes that financed it. In the "sunlit hell" of Naples, Florida, he observed that "our enthusiasm for McGovern was coldly received" by one of the rich retirees of their acquaintance. He felt claustrophobic in this retirement paradise: "The people here are almost incredible, and yet they represent the American Dream. I said that it was like living in prison." The liberating social revolutions of his last decade no more engaged him than the new writing of the period—though he took a keen fancy to the comedy team of Nichols and May, especially to Elaine May, and kept going to the movies. He went alone to "Campus Confidential" ("frankly pornographic to a degree that I didn't know was possible for a publicly shown film") and in his last month gave two popular movies the briefest possible review: "Two movies: *Godfather* and *French Connection*, bang bang." In 1961, he wrote:

> I find that I am a man of the twenties. I still expect something exciting: drinks, animated conversation, gaiety: an uninhibited exchange of ideas. Scott Fitzgerald's idea that somewhere things were "glimmering."

Yet Wilson's creative art—foremost, his two books of fiction, "I Thought of Daisy" and "Memoirs of Hecate County"—does not glimmer; it glowers. Shadows of the macabre, of dissolute behavior and mental breakdown are what one remembers. His imagination was saturnine, and the resonance—the gravitas, as they say now—of his criticism derives in part from a tug from below the lucid expository surface. As the shadows close around him in these journals, Wilson seems, with his Balzac, his Martinis, and his night thoughts, animatedly at home. ♦

If you have loved ones who love words, they'd love a gift subscription to

VERBATIM,
THE LANGUAGE QUARTERLY.

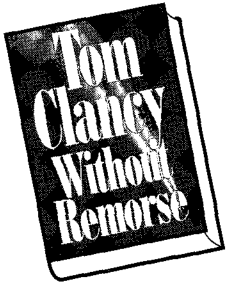
Its informative, entertaining articles, lively correspondence, amusing short pieces, incisive book reviews have delighted readers worldwide since 1974.

$16.50 a year

FREE!
(to new subscribers only)
The **Diamond Jubilee Issue** ($6.50 value) will be sent to recipients with a card identifying you as the donor.

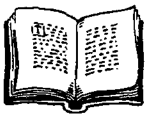
VERBATIM
P.O. Box 78008
Indianapolis, IN 46278-0008

VISA/MasterCard customers may phone
(800) 999-2266
(Refund if not pleased with first issue.)



BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333



FINE BOOKS
MAKE
FINE GIFTS

We have a fine selection!
FINE BINDINGS ✻ SETS ✻ TRAVEL
ILLUSTRATED ✻ LITERATURE ✻ SPORT
JAMES CUMMINS BOOKSELLER
699 MADISON AVENUE (62/63 ST.) NYC
212-688-6441 ✻ MON-SAT 10-6

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

MEMOIRS

Kafka Was the Rage

by Anatole Broyard
(Carol Southern; $18)

IN 1946, the twenty-six-year-old Anatole Broyard went straight from the Army to Greenwich Village—a place where not only Kafka but also Action painting, psychoanalysis, and bar-hopping were the rage. Almost immediately, he writes, he fell into an obsessive relationship with a painter (and scorner of underwear) named Sheri Donatti, who was a spectacularly neurotic disciple of Anaïs Nin; opened a secondhand bookshop; and began hanging around with such luminaries as Auden, Karen Horney, and Meyer Schapiro. Books and sex, it turns out, were what most Villagers lived on in those days—a diet so thrilling and volatile that, at least in Broyard's case, it wasn't easy to distinguish between the two. "Until we became sophisticated about it," he writes, "sex was everything Freud said it was." In later years, Broyard moved to the suburbs and became a brilliant and famously prickly critic for the *Times*, a man who demanded so much from books that it seemed he could never be satisfied—not even, apparently, by this stylish, wise, and funny little memoir, which he left unfinished at the time of his death, in 1990. In fact, it's the best thing he ever wrote, and an essential guide to that now sadly vanished era when rents were cheap, talk was an art, and everyone walked around in a state of intellectual and physical tumescence.

Pushed Back to Strength

by Gloria Wade-Gayles
(Beacon; $20)

IN these graceful autobiographical essays, Wade-Gayles remembers a childhood spent in a close-knit black community that taught her courage and self-esteem, and describes an adulthood that has repeatedly tested and proved the value of that world. Raised primarily by her mother and grandmother, she grew up in the forties in a clean and proudly self-sufficient Memphis housing project. While downtown confronted her with virulent Jim Crowism, "the mirror white people held before us, the one they had systematically shattered for distorted reflections," her segregated neighborhood provided "the mirror in which we saw ourselves whole." Imbuing ostensibly private events with political significance, Wade-Gayles leavens passion with irony and humor. In the book's most effective chapter, she punctuates memories of the civil-rights movement—demonstrations, jailings, and the Mississippi Summer—with dry reports on her straightened hair, the one concession she had made to the distorted mirror. But her point in these pages is not simply that the personal is political. Written to reach a wide range of readers, this book is an elegy for a time when the personal *was* political for African-Americans, and an expression of hope and determination that it will be so again.

No Place Like Utopia: Modern Architecture and the Company We Kept

by Peter Blake
(Knopf; $27.50)

AS a writer and editor for *Architectural Forum* from the nineteen-fifties to the seventies, Peter Blake watched modernism's rise and fall at close range. He participated in the rise with all his heart, introducing Le Corbusier to potential clients, attending modernist salons at Philip Johnson's Glass House, organizing model-home exhibitions in the garden at the Museum of Modern Art, designing modernist buildings of his own. In the nineteen-sixties, Jane Jacobs, his colleague at *Forum*, and the architect Robert Venturi started calling modernism destructive and dull. Blake found himself agreeing with some of their criticisms but horrified by the buildings the criticisms inspired. The early chapters of this very readable memoir are lively with anecdotes and sharp summaries of achievements: Eero Saarinen is a prolific appropriationist rather than a visionary, and Louis Kahn a master responsible for a number of hopelessly nonfunctional buildings. But the last chapters fall into a repetitive, narrow-minded rant about the emptiness of everything that has been built since 1970. Blake does not even mention the likes of Frank Gehry and Michael Graves, let alone admit that their work has redeeming qualities, nor does he acknowledge that architectural fashions should always be expected to shift.

Before Night Falls

by Reinaldo Arenas; translated from the Spanish by Dolores M. Koch
(Viking; $25)

NO wonder Castro's henchmen hated Reinaldo Arenas: an anarchic personality is anathema to control freaks. Arenas was a monster of desire (when he was twenty-five, he estimated that he'd had sex with five thousand men), but he paid for his voracity and for publishing his novels abroad when they were suppressed at home: eventually, he found himself in a tiny cell, where one light bulb burned night and day. After a few months of interrogations, he caved in and signed a confession. He slipped out of the country during the Mariel boat lift and wound up in New York, and he killed himself there in 1990, before AIDS could finish the job. His memoirs are fuelled less by literary passion than by the urge to expose every intellectual who put a knife in his back, and the pages are heavy with names, since—with a few heroic exceptions (and Arenas makes no claim to heroism)—in the culture of terror everybody rats on everybody. You can't hate everybody, though, and Arenas isn't so much bitter as bitchy. With great gay flair, he goes down dishing. For all its grimness, his testament has an appealing absurdist crackle, partly because of the comic-opera chaos that is the Cuba of his memory, and partly, no doubt, because living under a system that insists that a lie is the truth hones your sense of the ridiculous. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

TO MR. WINSLOW

BY IAN FRAZIER

On June 1st, in the afternoon, four teen-agers approached a forty-two-year-old drama teacher named Allyn Winslow on Quaker Hill, in Brooklyn's Prospect Park, and tried to steal his new mountain bike. When he resisted and rode away, they shot him four times with a .22-calibre pistol. He rode down the hill to the cobbled path leading to the Picnic House, fell off his bike, and died. The TV news that evening showed the bike on the grass, and his body, covered by a sheet, next to it. I recognized the spot where he lay. I take my daughter to the pond nearby to throw bread to the ducks. She and I had sat there, or near there.

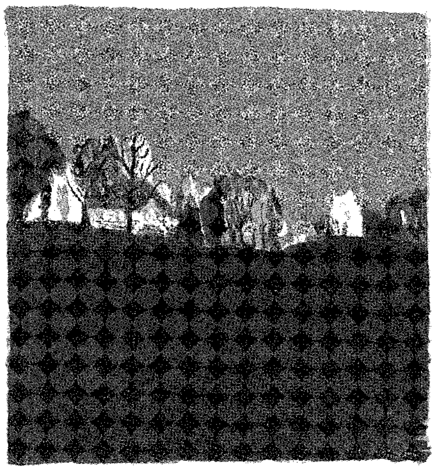
I walked by the spot the next day. It was marked by a wad of discarded surgical tape and an inside-out surgical glove. The day after, when I went by there I saw a Timberland shoebox with a bouquet of flowers in it, and a glass wine carafe with more flowers. In the shoebox was a piece of lined paper on which someone had written in blue ink: "To the biker Mr. Winslow, May you be in a better place with angels on a cloud." These words echoed in the media as reporters quoted and misquoted them. Men and women were carrying microphones and TV cameras in the vicinity, and if you weren't careful they would interview you. About a week later, an American flag had been stuck into the ground next to the shoebox. There was a bunch of papers in a clear-plastic envelope, and the one on top said, "AVENGE THIS ACT OF COWARDICE." In and around the shoebox were notes addressed to Mr. Winslow and his wife and their two children; a blue-and-white striped ribbon; a ceramic pipe; a bike rider's reflector badge in the image of a peace sign; a red-and-white bandanna; a flyer from the Guardian Angels organization; and an announcement of an upcoming service to be held in his memory.

The following week, the accumulation around the shoebox had grown. The flowers in it and in the wine carafe were fresh—roses, peonies, yellow freesias. Someone had arranged many pinecones and sprigs of oak leaves in a circle on the perimeter. In the ground by the flag was a cross made of wood, bound with red ribbon and draped with a string of purple glass beads, and, near the cross, a photocopy of a newspaper photograph of Allyn Winslow. A Dover edition of Shakespeare's "Complete Sonnets" rested on a pedestal made of a cross-section of a branch from a London Plane tree. There were also several anti-N.R.A. stickers, a blue candle in a plastic cup, and a five of spades from a pack of Bicycle playing cards. Chunks of paving stones held down a poster showing the number of people killed in 1990 by handguns in various countries: thirteen in Sweden, ninety-one in Switzerland, eighty-seven in Japan, sixty-eight in Canada, ten thousand five hundred and sixty-seven in the United States. A girl visiting the park on a class picnic asked another girl, "Is he buried here?"

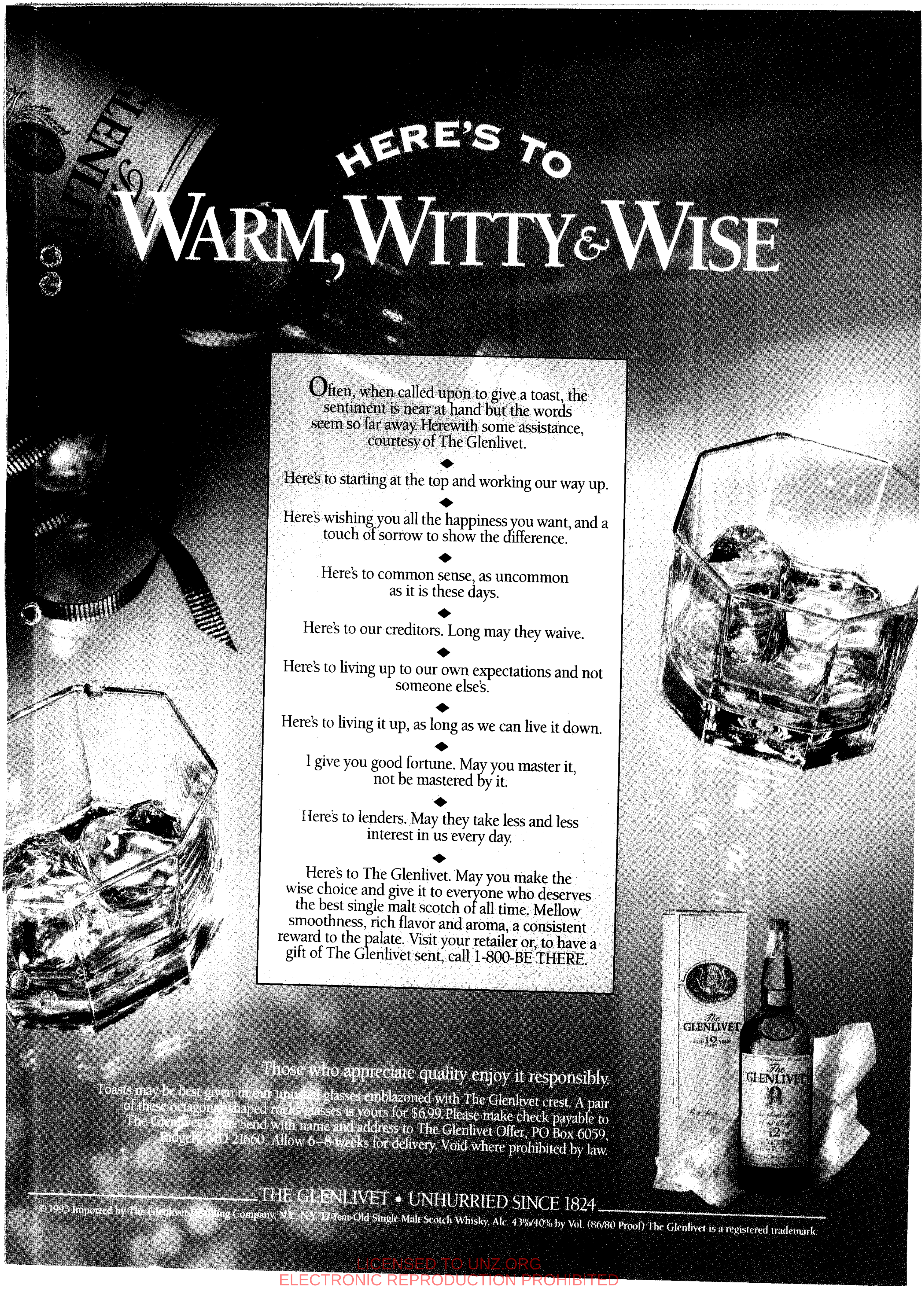
A week or two later, many of the items had vanished. Someone had burned the flag, but the charred flagpole remained. The cross, broken off at the base, lay on the ground. The plastic cup with the candle was cracked. The grass around the spot was worn down in a circle and littered with dried flower stems. The carafe had a big chip out of the top. The shoebox had begun to sag. The papers were gone, except for a rain-stained sign saying, "To Honor, To Mourn Allyn Winslow," and a pamphlet, "Verses of Comfort, Assurance and Salvation."

By mid-July, the shoebox was in pieces. There were a few rocks, two small forked branches stuck in the ground, the ashes of a small fire, and a "You gotta have Park!" button. By mid-August, the tramped-down grass had begun to grow back. I noticed a piece of red-and-white string and a scrap from the shoebox. By September, so little of the memorial remained that the spot was hard to find. A closer look revealed the burned patch, some red-and-white string now faded to pink, and flower stems so scattered and broken you'd have to know what they were to recognize them.

Just now—a bright, chilly fall day—I went by the place again. Color in the park's trees had reached its peak. In a grove of buckskin-brown oaks, yellow shot up the fountain of a ginkgo tree. A flock of pigeons rose all at once and glided to a new part of the Long Meadow, circling once before landing, like a dog before it lies down. A police car slipped around the corner of the Picnic House, a one-man police scooter rode down the path, a police helicopter flew by just above the trees. At first, I could find no trace of the memorial at all: grass and clover have reclaimed the bared dirt. I got down on one knee, muddying my pants. Finally, I found a wooden stake broken off about half an inch above the ground: the base of the memorial cross, probably—the only sign of the unmeasured sorrows that converge here. ♦



GARY PANTER



HERE'S TO WARM, WITTY & WISE

Often, when called upon to give a toast, the sentiment is near at hand but the words seem so far away. Herewith some assistance, courtesy of The Glenlivet.

◆

Here's to starting at the top and working our way up.

◆

Here's wishing you all the happiness you want, and a touch of sorrow to show the difference.

◆

Here's to common sense, as uncommon as it is these days.

◆

Here's to our creditors. Long may they waive.

◆

Here's to living up to our own expectations and not someone else's.

◆

Here's to living it up, as long as we can live it down.

◆

I give you good fortune. May you master it, not be mastered by it.

◆

Here's to lenders. May they take less and less interest in us every day.

◆

Here's to The Glenlivet. May you make the wise choice and give it to everyone who deserves the best single malt scotch of all time. Mellow smoothness, rich flavor and aroma, a consistent reward to the palate. Visit your retailer or, to have a gift of The Glenlivet sent, call 1-800-BE THERE.

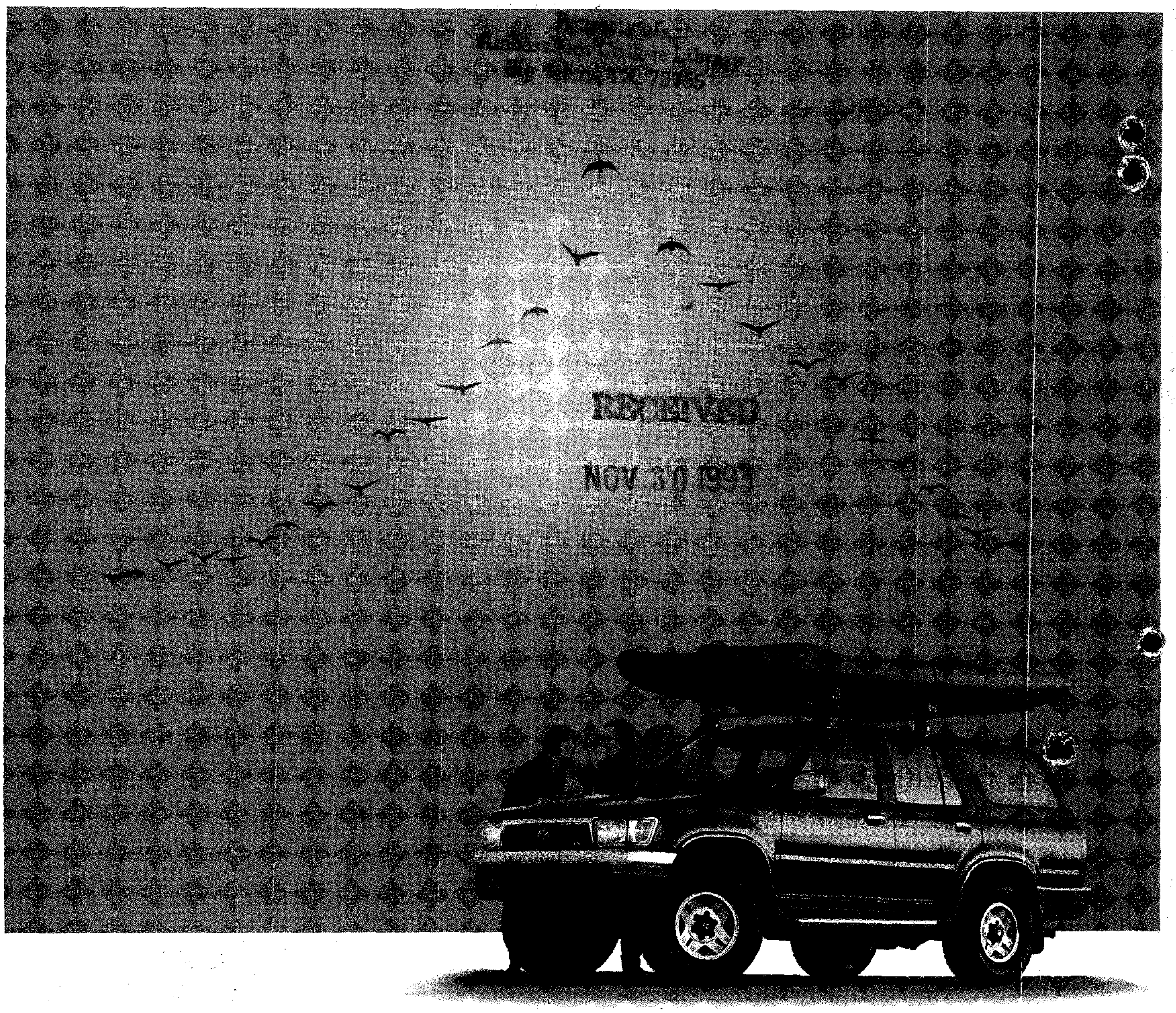
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

Toasts may be best given in our unusual glasses emblazoned with The Glenlivet crest. A pair of these octagonal-shaped rocks glasses is yours for $6.99. Please make check payable to The Glenlivet Offer. Send with name and address to The Glenlivet Offer, PO Box 6059, Ridgely, MD 21660. Allow 6–8 weeks for delivery. Void where prohibited by law.

THE GLENLIVET • UNHURRIED SINCE 1824

© 1993 Imported by The Glenlivet Distilling Company, N.Y., N.Y. 12-Year-Old Single Malt Scotch Whisky, Alc. 43%/40% by Vol. (86/80 Proof) The Glenlivet is a registered trademark.

No Matter How Far The Journey The Need To Make It Home Is Basic.



RECEIVED
NOV 30 1993

Why is it the farther away we travel the more we think about home? Is it the fear of not making it back? Or is it just our natural instinct.

Whatever the reason, here's some peace of mind: The Toyota 4Runner. With a reputation for reliability that's made the competition, well, a little bit envious.

Not to mention, the 4Runner has also been ranked by its owners as the Best Compact Sport Utility Vehicle in Initial Quality for three years running.*

Impressive? Yes. But not as impressive as what the rugged 4Runner carries on every journey. Like a 150-horsepower V6 engine. "Shift-on-the-move" 4WDemand. Rear Anti-lock Brakes.** Side-door impact beams. And a host of other creature comforts. Things some people call luxury, we just call basic. The 1994 Toyota 4Runner SR5 V6. For the way there. For the way back.

TOYOTA 4Runner

"I love what you do for me."

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a 4Runner brochure and the location of your nearest dealer. Toyota reminds you to *Tread Lightly!*™ on public and private land.

*J.D. Power and Associates 1991-1993 Initial Quality Studies℠ 1993 study based on a total of 11,719 consumer responses indicating owner-reported problems during the first 90 days of ownership. Includes compact sport utility vehicles. **Available 4-wheel ABS on SR5 V6 models. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. ©1993 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.